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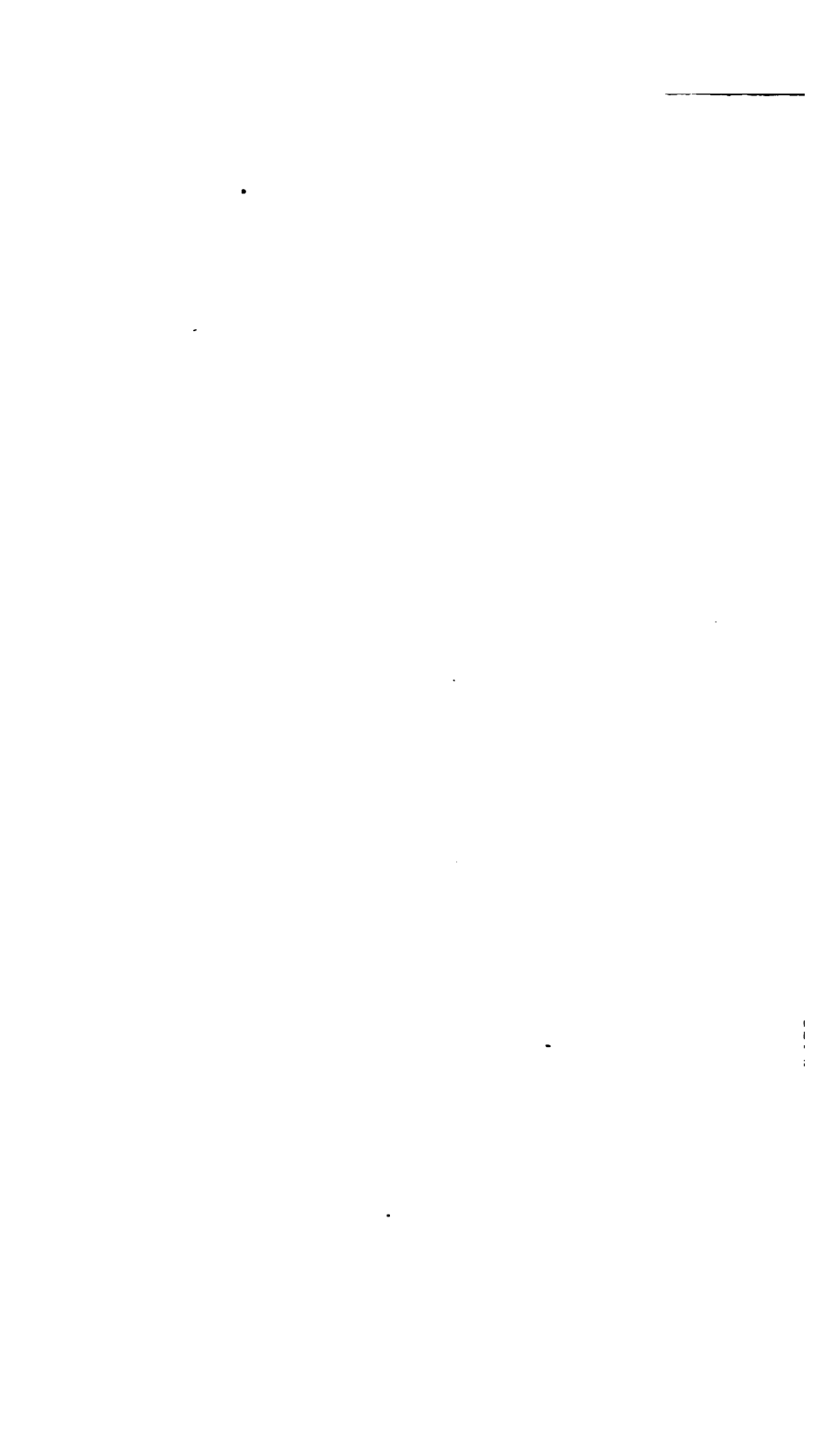
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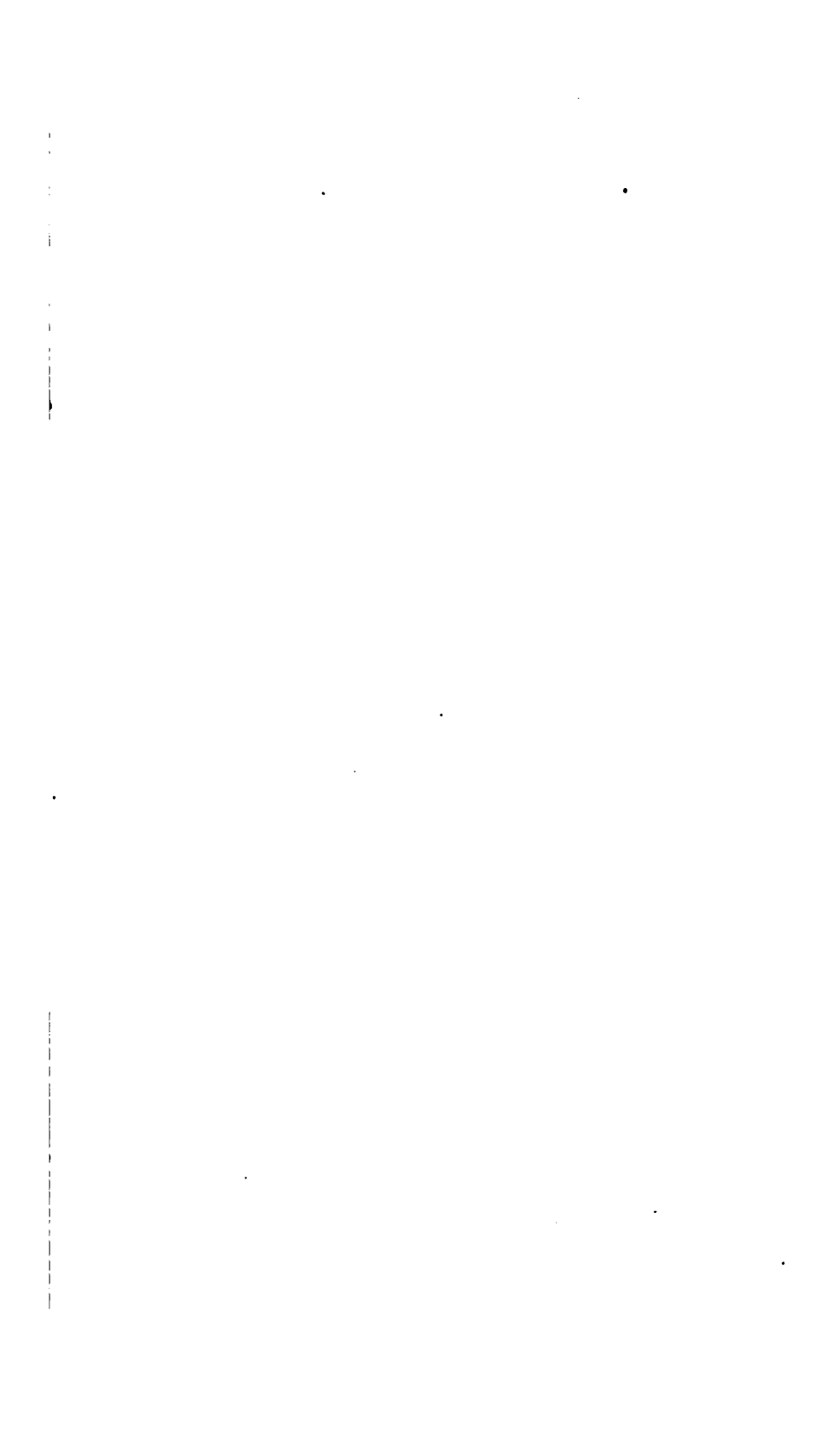
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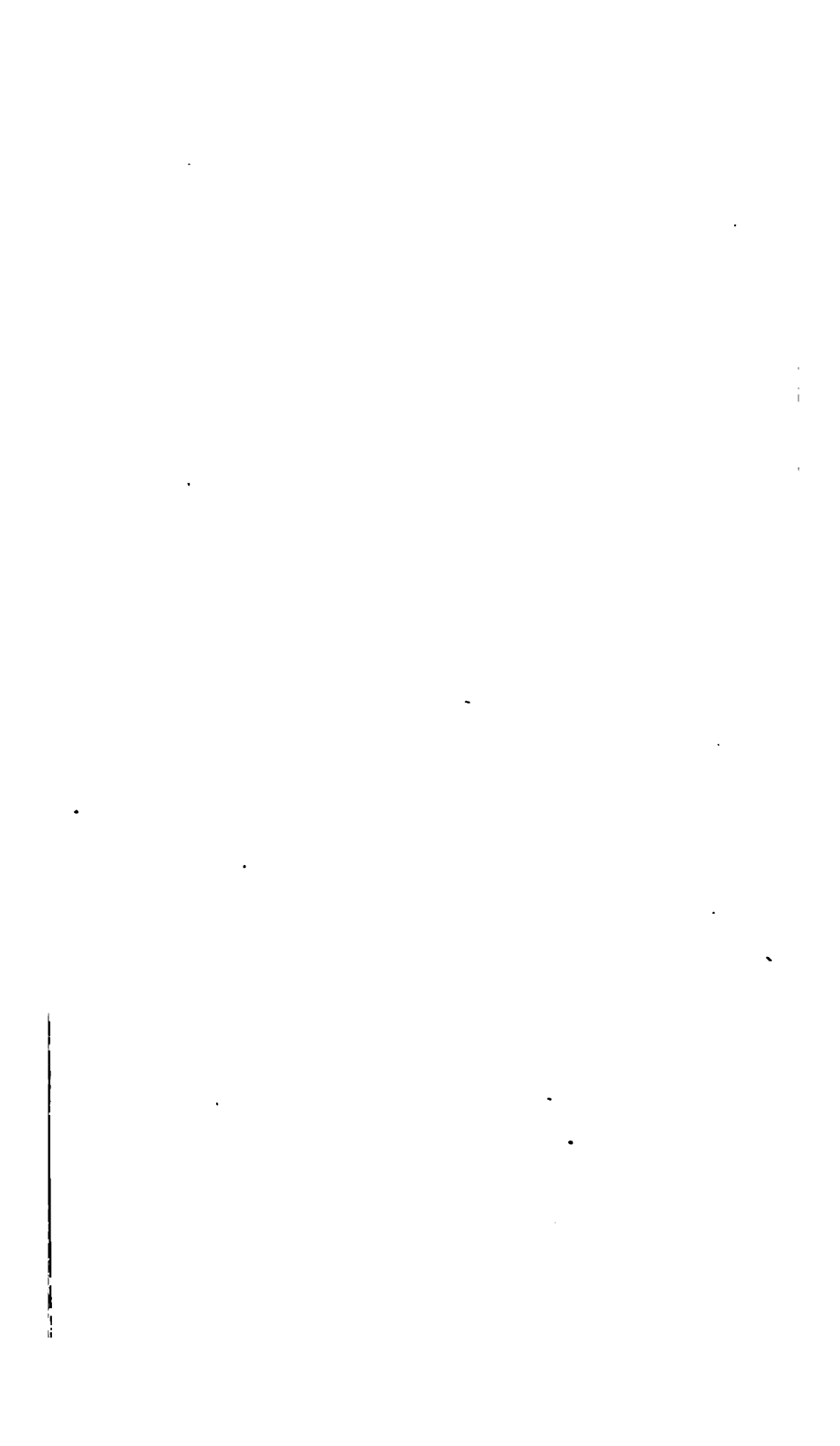


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*Sir Robert Thomas Milnes
- Deputy - General of - Dorset.*

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THE
MARINE OFFICER;

OR,
SKETCHES OF SERVICE.

BY

SIR ROBERT STEELE, KNT.

DEPUTY LIEUTENANT OF DORSET.



"Our marines have marched across deserts—have raised batteries—have stormed and taken towns."

Lord Palmerston's Speech in the House of Commons.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LONDON:
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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

The Fairy Queen of England,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED BY

HER MAJESTY'S MOST FAITHFUL

SOLDIER, SERVANT AND SUBJECT,

THE AUTHOR.



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THE
MARINE OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

Early scenes—My father and mother—My mother's charity—
First military ardour—First love—Visit Portsmouth—First
view of the sea—Portsmouth Hill—Portsea—Turn out of the
Guard—The Commander-in-Chief—Military honours—The
platform—The telegraph—The obliging lieutenant—Em-
bark in the Magnificent's boat.

It was at the breaking out of the war, shortly
after the peace of Amiens, that I received my
commission as second lieutenant in the 135th
company of Royal Marines.

Even at this distance of time, I love to recur
to those days. I was hardly fourteen years old
—had never left home; and had been most

tenderly brought up by my mother, who loved me more dearly perhaps, (if that were possible), than she loved either of my brothers and sisters. My father was a man of the utmost piety and virtue ; a being so primitive and single minded, so totally without guile, that when I first read " the Vicar of Wakefield," his resemblance to that delightful character was so striking, and made such a lasting impression on my mind, that I never think of Goldsmith or his amiable vicar, but my dear father stands before me.

Some further insight into my father's character may be gathered from my mother's declaration, that she had never, during the long course of her wedded life, seen him in any way affected by wine, except once—which was on the memorable occasion of the general illumination and national rejoicings, when George the Third recovered from his first mental illness ;—moreover, my father was never known to speak ill of any body, or heard to swear, or seen in a passion. The spice of " devil," therefore, that might be detected in me, in the course of my varied career, must be attributed to the constitution of my indulgent mother ; who was a woman of great beauty and accomplishments,

of lofty bearing and unconquerable spirit; and who, had she been born to a higher destiny, and become the consort of a minister of state instead of the wife of a minister of religion, would have cut a figure in the world. But she did her duty in that state of life into which it had pleased God to call her.

My mother was remarkably kind to the poor, and whenever any of her indigent neighbours were sick, she went to see them herself, and in cases where it was desirable, sent them daily "something comfortable" from our own table—invariably helping them before herself, and sending one of her own children with it. How often have I been despatched to carry the hot plates with the napkin over them. "Now take this, my dear Rheuben, to poor Mrs. Eldridge," she would say, "that lazy, good for nothing husband of hers went reeling by just now, fresh from the public house, little heeding to provide for his sick wife, and increasing family."

"Don't speak harshly of your neighbours, Nancy," said my mild father, who looked rather anxious when he saw the choice bits of the chicken popped between the plates I was to carry.

" Now don't you be selfish, Robert," retorted my warm-hearted mother, adding, in order to reconcile him to the arrangement, " here is the other wing for you."

My father looked up from his plate, and gave a nod of assent, for he was too much occupied to speak.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the frequent benedictions on my mother's name when I reached the chamber of the sick with the welcome supply. " God bless your good mother, my pretty boy," they would often say, raising their attenuated arms to heaven, while the dim eye was brightened with a tear. " God bless your mother !" Even now, man as I am, and getting an old man too, and she sleeps the long sleep, I still love to repeat the blessing, and have taught my children to repeat it too—" God bless our mother !"

If I have tarried somewhat tediously over the qualities of my parents, I have only stepped back one generation. I thought it no more than right to shew the reader from whom I sprung ; and in doing so, I have not taken a tythe of the time required for even glancing at the pedigree of a Spanish grandee, or an English grey-hound.

My first military ardour, and my earliest sentiment, (it was scarcely a passion), for female beauty, were, like the Siamese twins, born together. The first was inspired by the turn out and drill of the volunteers of our village to resist Bonaparte's threatened invasion. The second was kindled by the wild black eyes of Charlotte Wentworth. I seem to see her now, in all the bloom and freshness of youth. She was a clear brunette, such as I have since met on the banks of the Guadalquiver. A moss rose bud, or a strawberry just ripe were a fit type of her beauty. With a soft, voluptuous, though restless expression in her eyes, she moved so lightly on her small and pretty feet, that she seemed to win the way as she went, and only wanted the heart stirring, flashing castanet to complete her resemblance to the renowned Maja, of the south of Spain. Must I own it? I used to long for Sunday, chiefly that I might see her; and during the divine service I frequently forgot my prayers, while I watched and worshipped her eyes! I remember thrashing a boy bigger than myself, till he ran away, merely because she was looking out of the window, and must necessarily witness the fray!

In after years, when I read the sorrows of Werter, she came to my mind ; and all through life, I have never heard the name of Charlotte, that I have not thought of Charlotte Wentworth.

It was on a sunny morning, very early in the spring of 1803, when from the top of Portsdown Hill, I first beheld the sea. I was in our one horse chaise, (just such a chaise as Doctor Syntax rode in, when he went to take possession of his living), on a little seat drawn out between my father and mother, who were going to pay a visit to some friends at Portsmouth. My dear mother always loved an agreeable surprise, and they had determined to say nothing, till rising to the summit of the hill, from the beautiful vale of Southwick, the whole view burst upon my dazzled sight. " Good heavens !" I exclaimed, " what is that ! oh ! the sea ! the sea ! the ships ! the ocean ! papa ! mama ! the sea ! the sea ! "

My raptures were inexpressible, and I burst into tears.

We stopped at the top of the hill, and full before us, lay the broad bosom of the ocean covered with ships—the channel fleet, consisting of more than thirty sail of the line, with

frigates, sloops, brigs, schooners, bombs and cutters, extending all along the vast anchorage of Spithead, and reaching almost to St. Helens where the light squadron, ready for sea, lay at single anchor, with their sails unfurled. On the right, the Southampton water, running along the banks of Hampshire, beyond that the New Forest, and sweeping on we saw the Needle rocks, through which ships were threading their way; and the lovely Isle of Wight, the garden of England, glowing in pastoral beauty, with its hills, its vales, its woods, its sparkling villages and spires, and the town of Ryde rising like Venus from the sea; and the mother bank and the Indiamen going in search of the costly treasures of the East. Then again, Porchester Castle, and the garrison of Portsmouth, with its regular lines and fortifications, its bridges and draw-bridges, scarps and counter-scarps, bastions and basins, curtains, dykes and glacis; the ships in harbour, and the ships going out of harbour; ships in ordinary and ships fitting for service. Farther off lay Gosport, and "the Hard," and the noble hospital at Haslar. Hundreds of troops were drilling outside the garrison walls, marching and firing; the music of the

military bands was borne along the wind ; the thunder of the canon roared on the water ; the white waves rolled on the distant beach ; and far beyond, the renowned white cliffs of Albion sparkled in the sun.

All these magnificent objects combined, (any one of which would make a picture)—presented a vast panorama, and were more than enough to fill the heart and intoxicate the brain of an enthusiastic boy of my age.

When the allied sovereigns visited England in 1814, at the glorious termination of the war, the Prince Regent brought them to this spot ; and the moment the view burst upon them, a Congreve rocket was sent up. Instantly the fleets, the fortresses and the troops, fired simultaneously a royal salute ;—the yards of all the ships were manned ; colours and banners were flying on the masts or floating on the walls ; a thousand instruments played the national hymn and Rule Britannia ; and the imperial visitors were heard to declare they had never witnessed a finer scene.

As we descended the steep hill, and passed the village of Cosham, and along the road leading to the oyster beds at Emsworth, I had time to

recover myself, and was settled into a sort of reverie, when the rattling of the draw-bridge, over which we passed into the island of Portsea, recalled me to what was going on. We were passing over the second bridge, when a general officer galloped up, followed by a numerous staff. The guard was turned out and presented arms, while the drums beat two distinct rolls, which I afterwards learnt, indicated his rank of lieutenant-general. The general having stopped a few minutes to give some orders to the officer who commanded the guard, we were enabled to reach the military barracks at Hilsea, as soon as he did, when we found all the regiments under arms, waiting his Excellency's arrival to review them.

Presently after, the trampling of horses was heard, a trumpet announced his approach, and the commander-in-chief appeared in front of the line. "Present arms!" was the word of command given by the colonel at the head of the brigade. This was followed by three motions, as regular as the vibration of a clock. Then, each man held his musket out before him—not a limb, not a muscle moved—the brigade looked like a wall of men. You might have heard a

pin drop for a second, when all at once, the bands struck up " the Duke of York's march," the drums and fife's rolled, and the commander-in-chief with the gallant bearing of one who seemed born to command, saluted the troops in return. " Shoulder arms !" with two steady motions, every musket was carried to the shoulder, and the men resumed their fixed and statue-like appearance. The music ceased for a moment and then played a beautiful air, as the general proceeded to the extreme right of the line, and rode down before it, minutely inspecting every rank and file as he went along.

At this moment, I decidedly imbibed what my eldest sister used to laugh at and call " the scarlet fever ;" and it soon began to rage within me.

We now proceeded on our road, and in about twenty minutes, we passed by the guarded ways, and finally through the inner gate, entering the walls of the only regularly fortified town, in free and happy England. We went down the High Street and alighted at the George Hotel, immediately in front of the residence of the naval commander-in-chief, and which is now called the Admiralty House.

Whatever notion I might have formed of the

gaiety and excitement going on in so famous a place as Portsmouth in the time of war, was infinitely surpassed by the reality. One could hardly walk for groups of officers, in the most beautiful and costly uniforms ; army and navy ; horse and foot ; Hanoverian and British, were to be seen, single and together, arm in arm, loitering, laughing, quizzing, &c. in short, in all the aspects of military lounging. Still in the midst of this seeming disorder, the utmost order and discipline prevailed. Every non-commissioned officer or soldier that passed or met an officer, stopped, turned and saluted by bringing his hand with a sort of curved flourish up to his cap, then letting his arm fall with equal precision and decorum, and proceeding on his way.

I was quite delighted to see these honours rendered to youths not bigger than myself, who seemed to me, although so young, to have attained the summit of human happiness, by being officers in splendid dresses, and claiming such a salam, as I had supposed, could not be out-done before the Sultan at Constantinople. The soldiers even saluted the little midshipmen, who, though no bigger than my brother

Harry, swaggered along under the lee, as they called it, of a gold-laced scraper, having at their sides a small scimitar, like those worn by the Turks in the Arabian Night's Entertainments.

A breakfast at a sea-port, especially after a long drive, is a very appetising affair ; and although my dear father needed no provocative, (as he assured my mother), a fine plate of shrimps, just out of the sea, appeared upon the table, to his no small gratification and delight.

Motley's Hampshire Telegraph gave us a list of all the ships in port ; and after running them over, it was agreed, that as soon as we had called upon our friends, Mr. and Mrs. M., and accepted their anticipated invitation to dine and sleep, we should take a wherry, and row off, (my dear mother having declared against sailing in a skiff), to see the Magnificent of 74 guns, at Spithead. This ship was chosen because we had an acquaintance on board in the surgeon, who was brother to " the Doctor " at home, who had helped to bring us all into the world.

On reaching the platform ; and the fine battery of guns upon it, I was struck with the

view. The grand panorama we had seen from Portsdown Hill was here brought close to me, and I looked over the waters of the dark blue sea, which seemed almost under my feet, and longed to be upon it. I viewed the floating castles at Spithead with the utmost curiosity; I inspected and touched the cannon, and examined the balls which were piled in racks by their side; and while I was wandering about, and wondering at all these things, bang! off went one of the great guns just behind me! I was electrified, but not frightened, and turning round, saw that the men at the Station House were making signals, which were repeated by the flag ship at Spithead. I asked the man at the signal house on the platform what it meant. He said it was for the *Euryalus* frigate to start; "and there she is, with her anchor a trip already," he exclaimed. In a few minutes more all her sails were set, and she stood out to sea with a top-gallant breeze.

By enquiring and listening, I found out that the order for her sailing had come down from London by telegraph in three minutes. She lay at single anchor, and was hove short; so that

in a quarter of an hour from the time the order was issued from the Admiralty in London, the Euryalus had sailed from Spithead. Truly might the illustrious Nelson have said upon this, as he did upon a more memorable occasion, " Well done, Blackwood ! "

On our arrival at the Sallyport, we had the good fortune to see a large boat with a " crown " and " Magnificent " painted on her stern sheets. Hang it, thought I, it will be far better, if we can go on board in that boat, instead of paddling off in a common wherry with only two oars. " Why there's no more comparison, father," said I, " than there is between going over to Winton in the mail, or Collyer's coach with six horses, and drawling and shaking over the seven miles in Alexander's cart for a shilling."

" You're right, my boy," said my father ; " besides if we can get off in that boat, we shall have nothing to pay ; and a penny saved is a penny got, you know."

While this conversation was going on, down came two officers, one in blue, with white facings, collar and cuffs ; the other in scarlet, with

a gold epaulette on his right shoulder. " Cockswain, all hands in the boat !" said the officer in blue.

" Aye, aye Sir, Magnificent's away !" hallooed several voices at once. The fellows jumped on board like grasshoppers, and in an instant eight oars were poised in the air—the gang board was put out, and a boat hook was held up by two men, for the officers to steady themselves as they mounted from the beach to the boat. The cockswain, who had the rudder in his right hand, touched his hat with his left, the sentinel at the stairs carried arms ; the officers had descended one step ;—now or never—came into my mind, and I felt the blood mantle in my cheeks, as I started forward, and said to the officer in blue, " Sir ! Sir !" and I bowed to him as I spoke, " may I ask, if you are going to the Magnificent ?"

" Yes, my fine fellow," he good humouredly replied, " do you want a passage ?"

" Thank you, Sir, but is Doctor Jones on board ?"

" Why really I don't know—but come off and see."

“ But, Sir, my papa and mama wish to go also to see our friend the surgeon.”

“ To be sure they shall ; and have you no sister who would like to go ?”

He said this with an arch smile, and shaking me by the hand, turned round, went back the step he had descended, and took his gold laced cocked hat quite off, to my dear father and mother.

Never have I since seen the good breeding of the heart more exemplified than on this occasion.

“ Pray don’t mention it,” said the lieutenant, in answer to some apologies that were addressed to him by my parents. “ Our doctor is a capital fellow, I will give you a passage on board with great pleasure. Here Macleod,” he said to his companion, who I found afterwards to be an officer of the marines embarked in the *Magnificent*, “ do hand this lady into the boat, while I take care of my young friend here. The soldiers, Madam, do the *comme il faut* thing better than we do. Macleod is quite a lady’s man.”

CHAPTER II.

Visit to the *Magnificent*—Anecdote of Admiral Duckworth and Captain Bowen—A crack ship and a crack captain—Singular whim of the captain—Determination to be an officer of marines—Application for a commission—Disappointment—Sudden value of distant relationships—Ordered to attend at the Admiralty—Departure for London—The chief clerk—The major and his son—Interview with the Lords Commissioners—Certificated—Regimentals—Return home.

WE were no sooner embarked, than we were off the beach in a trice. My sensation on first being afloat was perfectly inspiring. I felt as if I was on a sea-horse, or mounted on the Hypogriff of Wieland; and had hardly recovered my senses, when the word “in bow” was given by the cockswain; and a shrill whistle from the boatswain’s mate’s call, announced our arrival alongside the *Magnificent*.

“Send down the chair, on deck there, Mr.

Patten," said the lieutenant to a midshipman on the gangway.

"Aye, aye, Sir," was the ready reply ; and "a whip for the chair," said the midshipman to the boatswain's mate ; and down came a painted half cask, suspended by slings, with a seat in it, and covered with a flag. Into this my dear mother was placed, and after another whistle from the deck, and "haul taught, hoist away," my mother was carried into the air like a balloon, and then lowered down, and deposited on board.

My father, who, God love him ! was in the goodly case of Dr. Syntax some years after he had taken possession of his living, looked wistfully and in evident distress up the ship's side. He had never clambered or soared in the air since the bird's-nesting days of his childhood, and he stood for a moment the silent emblem of despair. His piety and learning had procured him the silk apron, which he sported upon this and other remarkable occasions, but the meaning or use of which, over his unmentionables, the sailors could by no means divine. Then his hat was pinched up on each side behind, as if, (as the joker of the

boat said to the marine officer's servant in livery), he had been corking in the cable tier, and had used his castor for a night-cap. His straight cut black coat and waistcoat with slash pockets and his ruffles, (for he was a conservative of old customs to the day of his death), gave him a very clerical cast. In short, he bore the stamp of the church, and in truth perfectly personified her meekness, mildness and humility.

For my part, I seized the middle rope of the three, which was covered with green baize, and held out by boys, standing on the ship's side, and after scrambling as high as the bellfry, ultimately got safe on board.

"Remain where you are, Sir," said the captain kindly to my father, who had come to the gangway, "and we'll send the chair down for you."

Saying and doing go together afloat; so in the twinkling of an eye, my father had a bird's eye view, (as he called it), of the ship, and then quick as lightning, like black eyed Susan's lover, "on the deck he stood."

To my father, a line of battle ship was not so overwhelming a novelty as it was to my mo-

ther and myself. He had visited Lord Howe's fleet on its arrival at Spithead after the glorious 1st of June 1794, and had been introduced to the great commander himself. He had also seen the illustrious leader of the van, in that immortal fight, the gallant Graves, whose name was added to the list of peers, for his distinguished services upon that and other occasions. He had also made the acquaintance of the brave Bowen, master of the commander-in-chief's ship, the Queen Charlotte.

And here let me stop my narrative for a moment, to relate a pleasant anecdote of the said master and his celebrated chief. During the heat of the action, Bowen was, in his usual deliberate manner, when speaking to the admiral, "my lording" him at every sentence, when the admiral exclaimed: "For heaven's sake don't 'my lord' me so just now, Bowen."

"Why, my lord, what must I call your lordship then?" said the steady master at the helm.

"Call me 'Black Dick,' " (his sobriquet amongst the sailors), replied the admiral. "Call me any thing, but damn it, Bowen, break their line!" and Bowen did break their line, and for

so doing, was made a post-captain by George the Third.

The Magnificent was a crack ship, and was commanded by a crack captain, who was a bit of a tartar, and a connection, if not a relation, of the first Lord of the Admiralty. Nevertheless the dock yard paint was not of the right sort, or right colour—so His Majesty's ship was painted out of the captain's pocket. Patent yellow was the go at that time;—and certainly she did credit to his taste. "There she lay," as old Admiral Duckworth used to lisp out, "like a duck upon the water, Sir." Her masts, yards and rigging defied all criticism; not a rope yarn was hanging upon a shroud; her sails were beautifully furled; her decks, white as the kitchen table of an epicure; every man was in place, and the cook either in the galley or to the fore sheet. In fact, the whole arrangement and discipline of the ship was admirable. But if it was objected to the cultivation of the sugar cane, that the plant was watered by the tears of the negro, I fear we must not enquire, if we would not censure, the means by which the iron breechings of the cannonades on board were polished. At this moment of my

history, I must not pause to ask if the iron did not frequently "enter the soul" of the sailor before the mast. It is, however, a great blessing to have lived to see slavery abolished, and the quondam tyrant of the deck made, in some measure, responsible for the exercise of his power.

Amongst the whims of the captain of the *Magnificent*, he had a great fancy for the number of the days of the year. He would have three hundred and sixty-five of every thing on board, that he could possibly stow away. His wardrobe, therefore, consisted of three hundred and sixty-five shirts, hose and handkerchiefs; his port, claret, sherry and champaign, amounted to the same mystical number; and so of many other matters. But poor fellow he did not live long to enjoy, or to use these things; for he was drowned by the upsetting of his boat near the Black Rocks or *Pierre's Noir* soon afterwards. It was a singular coincidence that on the same fatal spot, the ship he had commanded, the *Magnificent* herself, was wrecked, the 25th of March 1804, and totally lost, while forming a part of the in-shore squadron of the channel fleet, under the Honourable Admiral Cornwallis.

The officers and crew were providentially saved, eighty-six of them were made prisoners by the French, while the gallant ship herself, with all the stores and artillery, split upon the rocks and sunk.

But let me proceed more regularly in my description of our visit to the *Magnificent*, which doubtless greatly influenced, if it did not positively decide, my subsequent choice of life.

We were conducted all over her, and shown the various stores and store-rooms of the warrant officers, the purser, gunner, boatswain and carpenter; the sick bay, too, where there was as much order, cleanliness and arrangement as in a county hospital. We were also allowed to see all the cabins; and the accommodation afforded to each rank, was pointed out,—from the lordly luxury of the captain, to the six feet by two, in which the seaman slung his hammock, and slept as many a potentate would give his crown to sleep. What a contrast between the comforts of the ward-room, where all the commissioned officers messed together, with the pell-mell of the reefer's establishment under the tiller, or in the starboard or larboard births in the cock-pit!

On the main-deck we saw the quarters of the strong detachment of marines, (more than a hundred), embarked on board. I had previously seen them under arms on the quarter-deck, in the most admirable state of discipline and equipment, and heard the captain of the ship say, they were at once the ornament and stay of his power.

The result of all this varied examination was, that I liked the sea, and at the same time *burned to be a soldier*. I therefore at once determined that if I was old enough, tall enough, and had interest enough, I would get a commission in the Royal Marines. Accordingly, before we went on shore, I asked all sorts of questions, and received the most obliging answers from the captain of the marines and his lieutenants, as to the mode of proceeding necessary to realise my wishes. I found that although very tall for my years, I wanted more than an inch of the height at which recruits were taken, and that I must get a mark in, some how or other, to bring myself to the age required by the regulations under which commissions were granted at the Admiralty.

My first step to obtain the object of my

young ambition was, to get my dear mother's consent, and then her co-operation, if not her active intervention ; and I began the moment the boat in which we were to land was clear of the ship. In vain did she urge the danger, and the pangs of separation, or as we passed the buoy of the wreck, point out where the Royal William of ninety-eight guns had gone down at her anchors, with the admiral and every soul on board. The skirmishing continued between us with little intermission till bed-time ; and when she had blessed me and was about to leave me, I made one desperate effort to win her to my purpose. I threw my arms about her neck, and implored her to let me go " where glory waited me." The tears stole down her cheeks, and fell hot upon mine ; but at last she kissed me, and with an effort to smile, promised to do all she could with my father.

From this hour I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, as I had hitherto done. My days were feverish, and my nights restless ; and I grew languid, thin, and melancholy. Even the visits we paid to the dock yards, however, the beautiful objects and processes we witnessed there

agreed with my predilection, did not amuse me. At last a review was talked of, and that for a time engrossed all my faculties. Both my father and mother were by this time convinced that war was to be my *métier*, and “per mare per terram,” my motto.

The family vehicle was once more in requisition ; we took leave of our friends, and returned over Portsdown Hill, to a home that I felt, for the first time, had no longer a charm for me ; and my brothers and sisters as they crowded round me and heard my tale of wonders, were only welcome in proportion as they sympathized in my new joys, hopes, and fears.

A commission in the marines was only to be obtained by interest with the first Lord of the Admiralty or some of his colleagues or supporters in Parliament ; and my father had never as he said, dabbled in elections, or made a merit of giving his vote.

“ But, father,” said I, as we were conning the case over one evening after tea, “ the first Lord of the Admiralty *was* Sir John Jervis, and *is* the Earl St. Vincent. It was he, and I read it only yesterday, who gained

the great victory over the Spanish fleet. He must be a good and generous, because he is a great man. Do write to him, and tell him I shall die if I do not obtain a commission, and that I only wish to die in the service of my country."

"My dear enthusiastic boy," replied my father, "there can be no real greatness without goodness. Many great captains have been merciless conquerors. At the same time, I know that Lord St. Vincent has many fine qualities and I have endeavoured to approach him through our noble neighbour and his Lordship's near relation at Rose Hill. Such was in fact the case, and after several days of anxious waiting and regular morning attendance at the letter box long before it was opened, the post-master at last handed me a double letter, for which there was "nothing to pay," I seized it and pressed it to my lips. It was franked by a peer, with the motto "tache sans tache," on the seal. I flew with the precious packet to my father, to whom it was addressed, and gave it to him with a pair of scissors that he might not destroy the seal. I panted like a culprit awaiting a reprieve as he opened it,

and almost fainted in despair when he read as follows :

Admiralty, 1803.

“ My dear William,

“ Sons and near relations of marine officers are the first to be provided for. My list of candidates for commissions overflows. The demand is far greater than my means of supply ; but has your protégé no relation in the corps, to bring him within the rule, which in justice to the service, I have laid down ?

“ Very much yours,

“ ST. VINCENT.”

This damper, this cruel disappointment, was forwarded from Rose Hill, with the usual expression of regret upon such occasions.

On reading the letter over and over again, there did appear a little peg to hang a hope upon ; and never did country cousin sixteen times removed, more patiently and perseveringly try to make out a something like a connection with a great man for a little purpose, than I did to create some affinity with somebody or anybody in the royal marines. We all know what is to be done

by patience and perseverance. They enabled me to prevail on my reluctant father to go over the list again and again, of all his cousins and connections; for my mother, coming from Wales and being the only child of an orphan, we had no chance or hope from her branch of the family tree.

It was bed time, and my father had been for some minutes in a doze or brown study, when at last he hummed and twirled his thumbs, and said very drily to himself, "How very extraordinary—nay, what a seeming fatality it is, that I should all along have forgotten that my pretty cousin Elizabeth Ricketts, married an officer in the marines! Yes!" he continued musingly, "the marines, and his father was in the corps before him; for the old gentleman was, as I have heard, at the famous battle of Bunker's Hill, where the marines gained the day; and they wear the laurels to this hour."

"To be sure," I observed, "I remember noticing the laurel on the buttons of the marine officers on board the Magnificent, and asked what it meant, and they said it was gained at Bunker's Hill, in America."

After a moment's pause my father said, with

one of his blindest smiles, "We must write or go to cousin Ricketts."

I almost screamed with joy, and tumbled over my little brother in rushing to my father's arms. "Come, father!" exclaimed I, "let us go—never write when you can see and speak; never do that by proxy which you can do yourself—is a motto of yours, you know father. Let us be off together, let us——." In short a curtain council was held, and it was agreed first, to establish our relationship in the corps, and then to procure the interest and influence of the members for the county, as well as a letter to the Admiralty from one or both the members for the adjoining city.

All these matters having at length been brought to bear, we very soon received a letter, marked "free," and bearing on its printed cover these words :—

"ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE."

The reader may guess, for I cannot describe my joy on perusing the letter expressing the directions of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that Mr. Rheuben Meerhay should at-

tend the board to be examined as to his fitness for a commission in the royal marines,

“ Why, my dear, you must take the child to London, then,” said my mother, and a tear as big as a pearl glistened in her blue eye.

My father assented with a heavy “ Yes.”

“ To be sure, mother, dear mother,” said I, light as a cricket, and I kissed off the tear, “ I should see London, you know, and the Tower, and the arms and ancient armour, and Westminster Abbey, where they bury the brave, before I go abroad—that is, before I go on foreign service.”

“ Bless the boy !” said my mother, “ his head is certainly turned ;” and more tears came from the fountain of her heart and stole silently, one after another, down her cheeks.

The journey to London was like all such journeys, interesting to those who had never travelled before, and burthensome to those who had to pay the piper.

We went to the Salopian at Charing Cross, to be near the Admiralty, and the day after our arrival, precisely as the Horse Guards struck two, we passed under the anchor at the Admiralty, enquired for the marine office, and an-

nounced ourselves to the chief clerk, Mr. O'Flaherty, a gentleman of the weazle species, as will hereafter appear. Mr. O'Flaherty enquired our business, asked my name, turned to a list upon his table, said it was all right, and desired us to be seated. This Mr. O'F— was a spare sinister-looking man, pale as plaster, with hollow cheeks, and little twinkling darkish green eyes, which, when motionless, looked like burnt holes in a blanket. He had a supercilious snub nose, with a dash of the mulberry on the tip of it, and lank straight hair, but no hips or calves to his legs, so that, when he pulled them from under his desk, and stood up, he looked like a disclosed purser's dip, or a long sixteen. Behind his large and very ugly ears he carried his pen. Oh ! little did I then think that by one stroke of that weapon, my promotion and prospects in the gradation corps of marines, might be either advanced or retarded for several years.

Soon after we sat down, there was a gentle tap at the door, when in walked Major Rodel of the marines, with master Rodel his eldest son, whom he presented, with great humility to the principal clerk. Young Rodel, who was also it seemed

a candidate for the corps, was squat, short, thick, and what the sailors call Dogger-built, with a good deal of that breed about him, which, when crossed with the terrier, makes a most certain drawer of a badger. I—and I say it with all modesty—was a different looking fellow altogether. And it may be owned, for I fear it will be too manifest in the course of these Memoirs that I have rather an overweening opinion of myself, not to mention a perfect self-confidence. Moreover, I have some heart and soul; and have always declared that an ounce of heart, is worth a pound of head. In addition to which, nature and my adored mother were both abundantly kind to me. I was the very image of my mother, blue—very blue eyes,—aquiline nose—head well put on—shoulders well thrown back—small hands and feet—fair and curly hair, and too clear a complexion for a boy,—for my very blood spoke in my cheeks. Then, there was a laughing, open premature expression in my face, which brought me many a kiss, before I knew the value of the precious donation.

Such was the sparkling boy, who, having been

duly summoned by the messenger of the board, now ascended the stone stair case, at the Admiralty. The door of a large and handsomely furnished apartment (called the Board Room,) was thrown open, and I immediately found myself in the presence of the Lords Commissioners.

The first object that arrested my attention, (and I looked stedfastly at it,) was a standard for measuring persons, and it was apparently placed at the regulated height for the service. I recollected my high heels, and drew myself up like a peacock ; for we had taken the precaution, as I wanted a good inch of the standard, to go to Gilbert in Old Bond Street, and get a pair of Hessians, with heels of the time of Louis XIV. luckily these did their duty so effectually, that I was not even placed under the standard.

“ Well, young gentleman,” said the president of the board, addressing me, “ you wish to have a commission in the Royal Marines.”

“ If you please my Lord,” I replied.

“ How old are you ? Where were you educated ? where do you live ?”

All these questions were severally put and answered.

“ And what’s your father, Sir ?” asked a thick individual, who sat on the left of the President at board. Thinks I to myself, I wonder what that signifies to you. I however looked at him full in the face, and said, “ My father, Sir, is a gentleman.”

“ I thought,” said Captain Gambier, (since Lord Gambier, then one of the naval lords, and who always had a kindly leaning to the church,) “ that is, I understood your father to be a clergyman.”

The president looked up, “ Yes, my Lords, so he is by profession,” said I ; “ but I thought the question referred to his birth.”

“ Sit down,” said the president. Mr. Marsden,” (to the secretary at the bottom of the table) “ give him his certificate.”

Mr. Rodel was now called for, and in he walked, supported by the paternal Major, in his rear. My retiring parent, not having been asked for, left all to providence ; but the Major was too old a soldier to give away a chance. And very luckily it was, that he came into his son’s relief ; for although I had rather a girlish look, and my mother used to say my face became a bonnet, Rodel had no chance with me, and the impression he made

upon the board, was not too flattering. After the usual questions, all of which the Major, (who acted as sponsor and god father, as well as father, to master Rodel) immediately answered, the candidate was desired to place himself under the standard ; when the president observed, “ Why, Major Rodel, I am very sorry, but your son is at least about two inches below the standard, and—”

This brought the Major to the front. He put out his fore foot, drew himself up and said—“ My Lord, why Richard is all but as tall as I am ;” to be sure the Major was about as broad as he was long), “ besides gentlemen,” (addressing the board) “ I have a large family—I was wounded at Acre with Sir Sidney Smith—I have served thirty-six years in the corps ; and look, my Lords,” (turning master Rodel round like a top, and seizing him by the nape, “ why he’s got a neck like a bull.”

Their Lordships could not resist the appeal, and young Rodel was added to the strength, if not to the height of the corps ; while all this was going on, having received my certificate from the secretary, and bowed to and thanked the board, I descended the staircase, a happier and a

greater person than I had mounted it, and having found my father still sitting as if on thorns in Mr. O'Flaherty's office, I handed him the certificate; which he opened, and we read these precious words—

“ Admiralty Office.

“ Rheuben Meerhay, Gentlemen, recommended for a commission in the royal marines, by Major General Averne. Passed the board.

“ W. MARSDEN.”

“ I congratulate you, young gentleman,” said O'Flaherty. “ You will have the goodness, Sir,” (to my father) “ to leave that certificate with me, as your son has been recommended by General Averne. I shall take care that he is appointed to the Portsmouth division, and he will receive his commission at head quarters, when he has been reported fit for duty by the adjutant. Meanwhile,” (in a subdued voice,) “ have you any particular person, to whom you would wish to give a preference, in furnishing his equipments ?”

“ Equipments sir ? ” repeated my primitive parent, “ what equipments ? ”

“ Why his outfit—his uniform his appointments to be sure, and by and by his sea kit. At least two hundred pounds will be required to start him properly.”

“ Then God must help me,” said my alarmed sire ; but as if suddenly recollecting himself, he said in another key, “ who would you recommend Mr. O’ Flaherty ? any friend of yours ? ”

“ No—not any friend of mine certainly ; for I am not concerned, or in any way interested ; but if you were at a loss where to go, I would just give you this bit of an address of Messrs. Plater and Company, of *Cheapside*, and I have no hesitation in saying, and I dare say you will agree with me, that you cannot go to a better side of the city.”

My good father thanked him, and took the address ; but from some cautious quality in his character he did not say enough, or perhaps he had already said, or seemed to say, too much upon the subject. Neither on leaving the office did he (as I recollect) shake the hand or press the palm of the chief clerk.

For my part, I was so happy that I paid little attention to these things at the moment ; but

when the Admiralty list came out, and our standing and seniority in the corps was known, I had too much reason to remember and regret them ; for some young officers who went up to pass the board, long after I had joined the division, stood above me upon the list of second lieutenants, and above them, of course, stood the first born of Major Rodel. I therefore strongly advise all parents and guardians having sons or wards destined to a gradation corps, to make their ground good with the hireling who makes out the list, especially if they are to come in, as I did, at a large augmentation, on the breaking out of a war.

To Cheapside and Plater and Co., however, we went for the sake of the pattern and regulation, and ordered to the amount of fifty instead of two-hundred pounds sterling ; for which we got a uniform, coat and epaulettes, waistcoat and regimental small clothes, cocked hat and feather, sword—knot, sash and belt.—These, with a pair of long jack boots, such as Frederick of Prussia was wont to wear, attired me cap a pied. Moreover I had an iron queue two feet long, bound round with black ribbon, of the same German school and taste, and tied to the last ringlet of my auburn hair, which was cut close all over my

head, and pomatumed and powdered, till I looked more like the monkey that had seen the world, than the natural and unsophisticated boy I was destined for a long time to remain. Nevertheless on my return to the country, I took great pride in putting my uniform all on ; I appeared in it at church the only sunday I was at home ; I wore it at an assize ball, to the great amusement of Charlotte Wentworth, and several other spinsters ; and paid visits in it, to some of the nobles, clergy and gentry of the vicinity.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Portsmouth—Winchester—William of Wykeham—Winchester school—Effect of music—The deaf woman—Southampton — Portsmouth — Drill—My commission—First guard—Launching of the Rodney—The accident—Military funerals.

At length the day approached that was fixed for me to leave home ; and I felt—what no language can give utterance to. When a youth is, for the last time perhaps, lingering on the bursting bosom of his mother, or receiving a parting blessing from his father, which will follow him like a vision, and hover over him and support him in the hour of trial— what does he not feel !—

I never can forget the scene or the pang of parting. My brothers had been amazingly taken with my uniform. One had put on the hat and feather, and studied himself in the great glass in

the drawing room ; while the other buckled on the sword, and admired his shadow as he strutted in the sun. My sisters, and particularly the eldest, seemed to like me better, and to kiss me more frequently, than before I became an officer.—In short, it was all charming except the separation ; and that, we all dreaded. We had been brought up together ; had never known any but the mild rule of our parents ; had been educated at home, and never experienced the sorrows of a school, and were strangers therefore to those half yearly absences which often engender indifference. Parents and children, we were all in all to each other. The going to the wars, and to the sea therefore, of so considerable a person as myself, brought desolation into our dwelling. The very servants were in tears.

“ Poor master Rheuben ! dear master Rheuben ! sweet master Rheuben ! ” were the endearing epithets applied to me respectively by our cook, —house-maid, and very pretty nursery-maid, as I bid them adieu.—Then the noise of the mail is heard coming over the distant hill, —at least two miles off. It is a clear moonlight still evening in May. How rapidly—too rapidly they come. They enter the village—the horn sounds

—the horses rattle past the house—the coach stops at the Dolphin,—my place is taken—“fare-well”—one convulsive embrace from my mother—one quick kiss to each brother and sister—one more (the last) kiss to my mother! and I am in the mail by the side of my father, whirling to Southampton.

As we descended St. Giles’s Hill, famous for its annual fair, its roast pork and its cheese, and passed through old Winchester, our usual haunt for change, gaiety and recreation, and with the sights and wonders of which my earliest recollections were associated, I clung to its ivy-grown and venerable walls, as the last link of connection between me, and those I had left behind.

As we rolled on, and passed the fine gothic cathedral, I could not help calling to mind the solemn aspect of its interior—its deep, dim aisles—the magnificent flight of steps leading to its rich choir, with its exquisite carved work. The beautiful altar, with its fine painting by West, the raising of Lazarus from the dead. And then the coffins of the old saxon Heptarchy, upon the veil of the temple; and the tomb of Rufus; and—but the mail rattles on, and I have hardly time to think, ere we seem to fly past the celebrated

college founded by William of Wykeham in 1373.

Here let us stop for a moment to breathe a sigh upon the tomb of this great and good man. . .

This learned and illustrious prelate, whose name is held in veneration by succeeding generations, was adored and almost canonized by every class in the vicinity. Robert South, Bishop of London, who had profited by his munificence, being educated here many years afterwards, became his biographer, and thus admirably described him, "He was raised to the highest order of human beings, namely those who lead a life of active beneficence directed by wisdom."

William of Wykeham (the very name has a spell in it,) was born in the contiguous village of Wickham, in 1324. He was Bishop of Winchester during the reigns of Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was for some time Lord Chancellor of England. He advised Edward to build Windsor Castle, that bright gem in the crown of England, with which the stiff and stately Versailles or the Spanish gridiron (the Escorial) is not to be compared, and San Ildefonso and the like are but humble

imitations ;—moreover Wykeham of Wykeham founded *this*, (the famous School of Winchester) and also the new College at Oxford, towards the close of the same monarch's reign ; and after much persecution and trouble, he completed and permanently endowed them, on the accession of Richard the Second, when they were called the " Sainte Marie College of Wynchestre," and the " Sainte Marie College of Wynchestre in Oxenford."—It was granted by Providence for William of Wykeham to live to witness the prosperity of his holy work, and to see others following his good example.—He died on the 27th of September 1404, in the eightieth year of his age, and was buried, in the magnificent tomb he had prepared for himself in the cathedral of his Diocese. His monument is kept in repair at the joint expense of the colleges which he founded. In this celebrated college, (especially dear to me from my father's having been brought up in it,) six thousand nine hundred and thirty-two scholars had been admitted on the foundation, from the earliest record 1393 to 1815 ; some idea of its scale may be formed from the fact that the present school room is 90 feet long, 37 feet broad, and of proportionate height.—The chapel

is a fine specimen of gothic architecture, and the cloisters are beautiful. And the meadow ! where we used to sport when on a “ *remedy*” or a play day, I went to see the many I knew amongst the two hundred who generally attended the school, seventy of whom were born on the foundation—oh ! that gay—that smiling meadow, whereon the “ *Toga tataris*,” was thrown aside by my companions as we gambolled on the banks of the clear trout stream which ran through it, and wound its way along through the valley to the Southampton water.

Ah ! those were happy days ! and as we flew past the spot which recalled them to my memory, I could not help actually murmuring to myself the very words and music, of the song we used to sing, in praise of that “ sweet home” I had just left—perhaps for ever ! “ *Dulce, dulce Domum !*”*

There is nothing which brings persons and circumstances so palpably before you as music. A few bars of the Cachucha have carried me quicker than sound, from the Park in London,

* Rhimes of the song, always sung by the Winchester boys, at the summer vacation.

to the Prado at Madrid ; and I have, as in a dream, seen and embraced again, the beautiful brunette, who set my young blood on fire, when last I heard those notes from her guitar, in the gardens at Seville. I have seemed to wander with her on the Moorish Well, and in the orange grove, when she breathed love, and we felt, or the refreshing waters play around us, as we strayed by the light of that moon, which *she* declared, and almost convinced me, was better than the sun of England.

We have left Winchester, and far behind us, the royal residence of Charles, which being abandoned, had become, first, an asylum for the refugees at the French Revolution, and now a barrack for troops. We have passed St. Cross, and Otterborne, and presently reached the beautiful avenue of trees, leading to Southampton ; and now we are spanking along, the horses have done their work—they snuff the gale, and need no urging home ; when lo ! an old woman in her market cart, stops the way ! In vain did the coachman bawl, or the guardsman blow his horn. They swore and blew, and blew and swore, again—crash ! over went the old woman and her cart. Not a word was heard—nothing

to be seen—we pull up in great alarm—the guard alights—sees nothing—hears nothing. He calls—no answer.

“ Take one of the lamps, Ben.”

Ben took the lamp, he found the horse and cart, tossed clean into the ditch, and the old woman, neither frightened nor hurt, but deaf as any adder, and squatted in the middle of the road, taking a pinch of snuff. Finding no harm done, we proceeded to the always pretty, but now handsome Borough of Southampton ; though it was abused in those days, (as pretty things frequently are), for its bay windows, long alleys, and old maids. But the yacht club have corrected, more or less, all these complaints. The alleys have become fine streets ; the windows are adorned with pretty faces ; and the maids, (not the old ones, however,) have grown into mothers and grandmothers ; and Southampton is become a gay, and fashionable town.

After passing a day with our good friend Hungerford, a fellow of infinite anecdote, we proceeded, in a sailing vessel, (for then we had no steamers), to Portsmouth.

One word *en passant* of poor Hungerford.

He had seen a little of every thing, and knew something of every body. In short, he was a perfect reference, for all the minor events of the country, and could, by his good-humoured facetiousness, make one cry, or laugh at pleasure. His jokes, to be sure, were somewhat of the oldest, but not the worse for that, for an old joke, like an old slipper, wears the easier, instead of wearing out. So when Hungerford told me I was like a young bear, with all my sorrows to come, said I should be too happy to see soft tommy for breakfast, after a long cruize, and predicted, that although I could not make a better, I might possibly become a greater man than my father, every body laughed at the wit, as if it had been his own. At Portsmouth, I regularly mounted my regimentals, and was presented to the general, who had so kindly recommended me to the Admiralty, at the instance of my father's cousin, who was in the corps, and having been duly installed in my quarters, introduced to the adjutant, and put under his instructions ; my head having been filled with advice, my heart with gratitude, and my purse with money, by my generous, and doating father, we embraced

each other, he locked me in his arms ; we wept, and parted ; he went home, and I went to drill.

Having been taught to dance, nay, having actually danced the minuet de la cour, at the court of my dancing master, at St. John's House, Winton, with great éclat, the "heads up," "shoulders back," " chests out," and " stomachs in," which puzzles the uninitiated, came quite naturally to me, and I got through my facings in a week. The marching, countermarching, and goose step, with the manual, and platoon exercise, took more time ; but the flesh was strong, and the spirit willing, and at the end of a month, the adjutant reported me fit for duty.

I was in the divisional orders for the dock yard guard, the following day ; but before the parade, trooping and marching off the guard took place, I was sent for by the commanding officer, who after expressing his surprise and pleasure, that I was so soon off the adjutant's list, and entitled to receive my commission, declared that it was with great satisfaction he presented it to me, in the name of the King, who expected zealous, un-

wearied, and loyal service, in return for the trust, with which His Majesty had been graciously pleased to honour me.

I bowed, and thanked the general, received my commission and retired. When I got to my room, and examined this, to me, invaluable treasure, I found it was on stamped parchment, the duty and fees on which cost £2. 14s. 6d. I opened it, and read as follows :

“ George R”——(the King’s sign manual.)

“ George the Third by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom, of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. To our trusty and well beloved Rheuben Meerhay gentleman greeting, we do by these presents, constitute, and appoint you, to be second lieutenant to our one hundred and thirty-fifth company of royal marines. You are therefore carefully, and diligently to discharge the duty of second lieutenant, by exercising and well disciplining, both the inferior officers and marines of the company, and we do hereby command them, to obey you as their second lieutenant, and you are to observe, and follow, such orders and directions, from time to time, as you shall receive from our high-

admiral, or commissioners for executing the office of high-admiral, for the time being, or from your captain, or any other, your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust hereby reposed in you.

Given at our court at St. James's, the tenth day of June, 1803, in the forty-third year of our reign—

By His Majesty's Command.

P. STEPHENS.

J. GAMBIER.

H. NEALE.

Entered in the Admiralty.

W. MARSDEN.

Entered in the War Office.

R. LUKIN.

Rheuben Meerhay Gentleman, second Lieutenant of the hundred and thirty-fifth company of marines I have kept this commission always by me ; and after a lapse of more than thirty-three years, I at this instant look on it, (as I remember, my first young love); with melancholy pleasure. It is

almost as fresh as when I received it, and kissed it, and pressed it to my heart, bating however, an indelible mark upon it, which will be satisfactorily accounted for ten years hence.

I had just deposited my commission in my writing desk, and turned one of Bramah's keys upon it, when the quarter drum beat, and I went to parade ; fell in with the guard commanded by Captain Savage, (the gallant and meritorious officer Sir John Boscarven Savage, Knt. and K.C.H. lately at the head of the corps), and after the usual inspection and forms, we were marched off in quick time to our post.

Ahab, going up to Ramoth Gilead to battle, could not have felt more flushed with military ardour than I did. Full of enthusiasm ; already attracting and beginning to feel the attraction of female loveliness ; I held my head high, and felt a gallant bearing, as, to the gay tune of " Bonnets over the Border," we tripped along the gun wharf wall, passed the shops and the lasses on the hard, and halted at the gates, of perhaps the finest arsenal in the world.

The usual ceremony, the parole and countersign having been demanded and given, the great gates were thrown open, we were received with

presented arms by the old guard, and then relieved it of its duties.

As the gloaming came on, the parole and countersign were changed, and another watch word, which came in a sealed paper to Captain Savage, was given to each sentinel on his post.—The frequent visits to each factionnaire, as he walked his lonely ground ; the challenge of the look out on board ; the ships of war, lying in the harbour ; the sound of the bells on board striking the hour ; the oars of some distant boat rowing guard, breaking on the stillness of the night ;—each and all of these occupied and interested me deeply.

When I returned from my rounds, I threw my military cloak about me, and lay down in my jack boots, on the wooden sofa, which with a deal table and four chairs comprised the furniture in the guard room, and presently fell into as sound a sleep as if I had been on a bed of down.

At the expiration of an hour, the sergeant appeared with his lantern, to remind me it was time to go my rounds again.

At length morning came, and we in our turn were relieved ; and so ended a memorable epoch in a recruit's life—his first guard.

A few days afterwards I went to see that interesting sight the launching of a first rate man of war. To those who have seen this splendid exhibition frequently, it is no longer marvellous ; but to those who have never been present when a great ship, pierced for a 120 guns, and calculated to receive a thousand men, and their provisions and stores and munitions of war, for half a year,—to those who have never seen this stupendous mass of timber, this astonishing construction and work of art, glide from the stocks, on which her keel was laid down, into the bosom of the ocean, it is a show never to be forgotten. The morning was beautiful, and the provincial paper having announced the launch, hundreds and thousands of persons flocked from all parts of the country ; many came from the Isle of Wight, and some came even from London. The dock yard was crammed ; the beautiful residence of the commissioner Sir Charles Saxton, was filled with company, as well as the houses of the principal officers. The newly launched vessel, was to be called the “ Rodney,” after the great naval hero of that ilk.*

* Sir John Brydges Rodney, K B. afterwards Lord Rodney on the 9th and 12th. of April 1782 defeated the French fleet,

The delight and curiosity, with which I anticipated the launch, was not a little increased, when it was known that the heir apparent, the Prince of Wales, his uncle, the first Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King, and Elfi Bey, were to be present on the occasion. I had never seen either a Prince of the blood, or an Eastern Bashaw.

commanded by the Count de Grasse in the West Indies. The country residence of this noble family was in my own immediate neighbourhood, and at the funeral of the second Lord, which happened in 1802, I had gone down into the vault and seen the coffin of the illustrious Admiral, covered with crimson velvet, and a coronet upon it.—I had besides already experienced the kindness of his grand-son the present and third Lord ; during my whole life, I have never met a more amiable and gentlemanly person. At Lord Rodney's mansion, I used to stare and wonder at the large paintings of the famous battle, before alluded to. There was Sir George's flag ship, the *Formidable*, engaging the French Admiral ; and the *Hercules* ranging the enemy's line, from van to rear.—In another picture was an English ship pouring a whole broadside into the *Ville de Paris* ; and so well, as I have heard, did she reserve her fire for the particular moment when they were along-side, that within half a minute every gun fore and aft, was discharged at a distance of no more than fifty yards apart. In this famous sea-fight Lieutenant Howell of the *Hercules* first introduced the mode of loading with two round shot, next the cartridge, and only one wad outside ; and with much advantage to the service. It is therefore just and fitting that his name should be associated with that of his great commander.

When therefore they appeared followed by their respective trains, and aids-de-camp, wearing the most beautiful uniforms, covered with orders and decorations, of the most costly and dazzling description, I was dumb with surprise and admiration, I felt as if enchanted, and only recovered my self-possession, to join in the acclamations, especially those which greeted the Prince of Wales; who as he sat with commanding dignity on his proud charger, appeared to my boyish fancy, nothing less than a demi-god.

At high water (about 2. P.M. on that day), the launch took place; and the Prince of Wales having dismounted, and received from the commissioner the bottle of wine, with which the vessel was to be "christened," this grand spectacle was at its acmé. The royal standard of England, the union jack, with ensigns and flags of all nations, colors, and descriptions, were floating from the Rodney; her decks were crowded with well dressed persons of both sexes, boats of every sort and size, from the ten-oared cutter to the purser's barge, from the gilded pinnacle of the yacht to the dingy punt of the collier, with a whole shoal of wherries and little boats, lay on their oars, or paddled in the offing, the

entire harbour was covered, and it seemed as if all the sea-spirits had risen from the deep, and floated above the tide. The boats were evidently anxious, yet fearful to approach the vessel, as the sudden swell she would make, as she broke on the water, might upset them, or possibly suck them down, as she buried herself in the waves. The space close to the slips on which the launch was built, was jammed with people ; many thousands were round about, and the bridges between the basins were crowded to excess. Every inch was occupied ; you might almost walk upon their heads, except that the children were borne upon the shoulders of many. On the bridge nearest the launch, there was, if possible, a more dense congregation than any where else ; it even bent under the pressure of human beings ; but nobody noticed it, for nobody thought of danger, at that moment all was expectation and excitement. Yet there was such an awful stillness, that you might hear the dropping of a nail. At length the rocket hissed in the air, the single blows of the ship-wright were distinctly heard, knocking away the last, the only shore, that sustained the mighty fabric — “ she moves !

she moves !” cried the crowd. Then, at that instant, “ Success to the Rodney !” was heard from the lips of the Prince of Wales, as he dashed the bottle of ruby wine upon her bows ; and down—down she glided, amidst the roar of cannon, the burst of music, and the deafening cheers of half a million of people ! Every hat was in the air, and every voice was upon the breeze, while the Rodney burst through the waves, and floated on the Ocean.

But alas ! how often do triumph and calamity go hand in hand, or wait upon each other !

At the instant, I have vainly endeavoured to describe, a noise like near thunder, or the falling of an avalanche, was heard, heart-rending shrieks, and prayers for mercy, burst upon the ear ; and screams, as if from the bottom of the sea, rose up to appal the myriads of hearts that were, the instant before, filled with rejoicing. The bridge ! the bridge is broken !” exclaimed a thousand tongues at once : and so alas ! it was, and hundreds of both sexes, and all ages, had been precipitated into the abyss, and died—spite of every human effort to save them—died in the deep ! Figure to yourself the earth opening, and swallowing up those who were treading lightly upon its surface ! Imagine

if you can, the last spectacle of the deluge ; the son struggling to succour the father, but in vain, the agonized, mad mother, hoping (in vain), that she has saved her child, and then smiling as she sinks for ever, a whole family clinging to the branch of a tree near their drowned dwelling, which breaks, and they are washing away. Think of human nature, in all her sublimity, as well as in all her agony and despair, as represented in that terrible judgment on the sin of a former world, and you may have an idea of the awful catastrophe, at Portsmouth. I can think of none other so apposite, so terrifically like.

Amongst those who were drowned by the falling of the bridge, were two superior officers, of regiments quartered at Haslar ; and they, according to the custom of the service, were buried with military honours. There is something singularly impressive in a funeral. I never meet a hearse or a procession of the dead, without a monitor striking hard at my heart, and saying, " To this complexion you must come at last." If I am walking, I stop ; if riding, I pull up ; and always follow that good example, so invariable in France, of taking off my hat, as the corpse is carried by. Amongst the many characteristic traits related of Napoleon, none has pleased me

more, than that delineated in the picture which represents him after a battle, meeting a waggon of dying prisoners. He takes off his hat, salutes them respectfully, and exclaims, "*Honneur aux braves !*" And in truth, nobody should be more sensible than a soldier of the sad certainty, that in the midst of life we are in death.

There is a peculiarity in a military funeral, (for I have not seen it at any other), which is very becoming the occasion. Death levels all ranks, or according to the words of scripture, the last are first, and the first last. The junior ranks precede the senior, in the order of this procession. At the head you see the firing party, the strength of which is regulated according to the rank of the deceased. At the burial I am now speaking of, it consisted of a whole battalion, which preceded the catafalque with arms reversed. Then came the body, carried by sergeants of the respective regiments commanded by the deceased. The palls were borne by colonels commanding. On the coffins were laid the gold medals, gained on the memorable 21st of March, 1801, (at the battle of Canopus near Alexandria, where Abercromby received his death wound ;) and their swords, gorgets, and

other appointments. Then followed their chargers richly caparisoned, with their military boots attached to the saddles. This last item in the appointment of the ceremony, has a singular effect, not wholly divested of the ludicrous, yet still touching and impressive. The horse too, without a rider ! what a type of death ! Then the ensigns, second and first lieutenants, captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, colonels, mixed with officers of other branches of the service, according to their seniority and rank : and *last of all*, the naval and military commanders-in-chief. The dead march in Saul is performed by the band, with muffled drums ; the procession arrives at the grave, the order to "halt," and "reverse arms rest," is given to the guard, who have now paced onwards, placed the muzzle of their musquets upon their right foot, drawn back their left, and laid their head over their hands, on the butt of their firelock. In this expressive position they remain, while the service for the dead is performed, and until the ashes of the deceased are mingled with the dust. Then the guard recovers arms, primes, loads, and fires three vollies : and the last rites are performed.

Things now resume their accustomed order.

Each officer takes his proper place, and they all march off to their respective quarters, to some such lively air, as "go to the devil and shake yourself."

CHAPTER IV.

A grand review—General Whitelocke—A garrison ball—The points of precedence settled—My first attendance at a court-martial—Corporal punishment—Military execution—Love and beauty—Join the Princess Royal, Captain Vashon—The billet-doux—An amour—Captain Albemarle Restie—The Earl of Northesk—Sir Joseph Yorke—Captain Vashon.

WHILE the royal Dukes remained at Portsmouth, a grand review took place, of all the troops of the garrison, including the brigade under Lord Charles Somerset at Gosport. The spot chosen for the purpose was South Sea Common. The Lieut. Governor of Portsmouth, and commander in chief of all the troops in the south west district, (which comprehends Wiltshire, Dorsetshire and Hampshire), was General Whitelocke. He was the first general officer I had ever seen commanding several thousand men ; and at a parade or sham fight he was a

most formidable personage. His very look might have terrified a civilian. It must in candour be added that he was of a really lofty bearing, and looked the character he assumed most admirably. I used to get as near him as I dared at the trooping of the guards, which took place every morning at half past ten, immediately after our own parade. Down he used to march, I remember, with his aids-de-camp, brigade major, town major, town adjutant, and suite : such a swell ! accompanied often by several of the captains of the fleet at Spithead or in harbour. He used to take his stand in front of the old government house on the grand parade. The lieutenants came from the Crown, and the reefers from the Blue Posts (for in those days every rank had its rendez-vous), to increase the crowd of spectators.

Amongst the *militia* corps, doing duty in the garrison, was the *Cheshire*. One sunny morning I recollect that regiment furnished almost all the reliefs, and was in its full strength upon the parade, having the artillery only upon its flank. But neither their appearance, nor any thing else about the *Cheshire militia*, pleased the future hero of Buenos Ayres ; for as they passed him in

slow time, the officers saluting, he called to the colonel in a great rage, saying, " March those d——d cheesemongers off the parade, Sir. I don't wish to see them in quick time, except when they are getting out of my sight !"

" Halt ! to your respective posts—quick march !" roared the colonel, red with rage at such *grossièreté*. But he was too good a soldier even to murmur a reply.

The review before their royal highnesses was conducted in General Whitelocke's most happy manner, and greatly was I pleased to find the marines were to be divided into battalions, and to form part of the review. The line upon the common extended for about three quarters of a mile, and was composed of three brigades, each brigade being under the command of an officer of high rank. Upon the flanks of each brigade were several field pieces ; and the commander in chief surrounded by his staff was in front of the whole.

On the appearance of the royal princes, the artillery fired 21 guns, and the whole line presented arms ; while *fourteen* military bands, struck up, at the same instant of time, " God save the King !" This was truly a noble and

beautiful sight ; for when the artillery was heard at Spithead, it was a signal for the whole fleet to man yards, and every ship fired a royal salute. The combined effect *per mare, per terram*, was perfect. Nothing can be seen afloat more attractive than the appearance of a large fleet, with its yards manned ; all the crews dressed alike ; blue jackets, white trowsers and straw hats ; all standing out in the yards, and even upon the truck of the royal pole. But this is a spectacle which must be seen to be understood. At the moment that I have just alluded to, forward rode the thrice plumed Prince of Wales—who with well poised bridle-hand, threw his pawing charger on his haunches, and gracefully acknowledged the general salute ; or perhaps in prettier phrase, the palfrey pawed and the Prince pulled off his hat.

After H. R. H. had passed along the ranks, General Whitelocke broke the line into an open column of companies, right in front ; and as he rode before the heir apparent, at the head of this fine body of men, looking every inch a general, who could have believed it possible that within four short years his pretensions would have been put to the proof on actual service, and been found wanting ? that his name would have been

blotted from the list of the British army, and his life all but forfeited to the injured honor of his country? Still he lived on — declaring he was a martyr — consoled himself at whist at Clifton—and did not let his disgrace break his heart !—Perhaps he was right !

Shortly after the period just referred to, I attended a garrison ball, at the Green Rooms at Portsmouth ; on which occasion a question was mooted, that puzzled the heralds not a little, and put the master of the ceremonies *au désespoir* ; and I do not believe it has been satisfactorily settled to this hour. The naval commander in chief had a beautiful daughter ; and a naval baronet in the immediate neighbourhood had a rival belle, and one who would not cede the pas, to the flying bunting of command. They both came to the *soirée dansante* ; both had partners ; both claimed precedence ; and each urged her right to lead. One because the papa's flag was up, and he was in command of the port, the other because, whether her papa's flag was up or down, she was the eldest daughter of a baronet, and by the table of precedence, &c. &c., &c.

For one hour was this knotty point under discussion. The master of the ceremonies was at

a non plus. He would write to Sir Isaac Heard—he would go to Bath and consult—"Aye, aye, Sir," said a rattling reefer, "go and get your head shaved." The card tables were consulted—the tea tables were referred to. What was to be done? The dance could not begin. At last—"Lord help the M. C.," said an old major of marines, "why the room is broad enough in the beam, make two sets, and let *them both* lead off."

The happy suggestion was adopted ; they started together, and went smiling down, upon parallel lines, each the leading star of her own sphere.

I was about this time placed in a situation, above all others, painful and full of perplexity to a kindly disposition, and a heart so youthful and unpractised in the world as mine then was. One captain, two first lieutenants and one second lieutenant, besides myself, were in orders, "to assemble and sit on a divisional court martial, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before it." By the same minute, prisoners were to be informed of their approaching trial, and witnesses were directed to be in attendance on the court, which was to meet the following morn-

ing, immediately after the mounting of the guard. A few months before, I had seen twenty-five lashes inflicted on a soldier quartered at Winchester, for some irregularity: He had been sentenced to two hundred ; but the rest of the sentence was remitted by the commanding officer. I shuddered and sickened at the idea of being myself a party to the condemnation of *a man*—that being whom God had created in his own image—to such mingled agony and degradation. I had attended the Crown and Nisi Prius Courts, held for the offenders against civil law, at the castle of Winchester ; I had heard the solemn Lens, and the sportive Jekyl plead ; I had witnessed the awful judgment tempered by mercy of the bench. I therefore felt as deeply and acutely as a boy of fifteen could feel anything,—the task imposed upon me, in being made the judge of men old enough to be my father. It is true, the officers who composed the court-martial with me, were the majority of them officers of long experience. The captain and president had been twenty years in the service, and the first lieutenants were of mature age. But I, being the *youngest* of all, was to pronounce my judgment *first* ; it being the duty of

the president to take the opinions of each member seriatim ; beginning with the junior, and then to express his own opinion. The court martial had assembled in the orderly room ; the first prisoner was brought in ; and the court was sworn. The accused had his uniform jacket turned inside out ; and a file with fixed bayonets, were placed on each side of him, to prevent his escape. Poor fellow ! as he took his stand, he threw a furtive glance on each of us, and then his anxious, unsettled eye met mine. Heaven knows what he saw, or thought he saw there—perhaps commiseration or pity , for I felt both :—but he paused and looked for a moment as though he would say, “ For the love of God, do not flog me ! ”

The charges against him were now read by the acting judge advocate, who was usually the office adjutant of the division. “ The prisoner had got drunk and made away with his necessaries,” or in other words, he had sold some of his military appointments.

Evidence was called, his guilt was proved, and the culprit put upon his defence. He had nothing to allege, except contrition for the past, promises for good behaviour in the future, and

a reliance upon our mercy. But he called the officers and non-commissioned officers of his company who spoke favorably to his character.

The court was now cleared, the notes of the president read over, and my opinion called for, " Sir," I said, " I feel as if I never could consent to sentence a man to be flogged like a dog, for not only does the hide of the hound protect him greatly from the laceration of the lash, but he may bite and defend himself, and afterwards run away. Whereas the poor soldier can do neither, without being hung for mutiny, or shot for desertion. You observed, Sir," I continued, " that the prisoner had been convicted upon two gross offences. Drunkenness, and selling his necessaries. The first offence, from what I recollect to have occurred at our own mess room, (on the King's birth-day, the 4th of June last week, when the naval commander-in-chief dined with us) may I think, be met with some extenuation ; and the second and graver offence, of selling his kit, proceeded from, and was in a great measure a consequence of the first ; inasmuch as it is in evidence that he sold his things, while he was in a state of intoxication. It is therefore with great

deference to you, and my brother officers Mr. President to propose, that the sentence of the court shall be : that the prisoner be kept in solitary confinement for one week, that he shall not be allowed to go out of barracks on leave for one month, and that he be severely reprimanded and admonished by you in open court, and informed, that if he commits so great a breach of military discipline again, he will be brought to the halberts and flogged."

The individual opinions of other members of a court martial, those present are bound not to divulge. I will therefore only add, that after some discussion, and a few hints that selling necessaries invariably incurred the lash, the prisoner was called in, and sentenced ; but *not* to be flogged. From that hour to the present, I have never changed my opinion. I have always held in detestation, corporal or canine punishment in the service, and have opposed it to the utmost of my limited power ; yes ! after thirty-three years' experience at home and abroad, ashore and afloat, with foreign and British troops, in and out of campaign, in peace and in war, I am still decidedly against this demora-

lizing and degrading infliction of the cat, even with the adjunct of a court martial, but without court martial, as in the navy ! at the caprice of a captain ! But of this anon, when in the course of my duty, I shall be embarked in his majesty's fleet.

At the period I am now treating of,—the breaking out of a war,—example, the only legitimate end of all punishment, was sometimes necessary as a means to establish order, and maintain discipline.

Threatened as we were by invasion from a powerful and enterprising enemy, England was put upon her metal, and she could not in justice to the nation, who had risen *en masse* for her defence, suffer individuals to cheat her interests or compromise her honor. The military levies in the united kingdom have always been made with great fairness, and with due consideration for individual rights ; and they form a strong contrast to the crimping, kidnapping, body-snatching, man stealing system ; by which base means, a part of the British fleet has been manned, and which was a far greater outrage upon the rights of man, and upon every

civil privilege, than the Napoleon method of renewing his armies by conscription. When, as in England, men are recruited by the temptation of a bounty, — when they thus become volunteers for the profession of arms—they have no excuse for negligence or desertion. Bloody persecution and tyranny can alone extenuate the latter, or a breach of faith on the part of the government. All the troops, within my recollection have been raised by beat of drum, and a free engagement, or by volunteering for a bounty from the militia to the line. Now unquestionably these men are bound by every consideration to serve their time. But to such a degree had deception and desertion arrived, at the time I speak of, that it was found necessary to make an example in the district, and a soldier, who had received several bounties from different regiments, and had as frequently absconded, and was at last taken, had been tried by a general court martial, and sentenced to death, and was ordered for execution on *Ports-down* Hill.

How circumstances change the appearance of places, as well as persons! This grand green hill, from which I had first exultingly seen the

sea, and on which I had only a few days before been revelling in all the humours of the famous free-mart fair, was now to become a scene of the deepest tragedy ; there death was to be attended by all the chilling circumstances of a military execution ; every disposable soldier in the district was there assembled, to see a comrade shot for desertion. Generals Whitelock and Avere were there, with the respective corps, under their command, amounting to many thousands of men, who capped the hill like a wreath, in the centre of which was formed a vast square. The deserter was brought to the ground in a covered caravan, followed by a cart, in which was his coffin. He was dressed in a white jacket and trowsers, and descended from the van with a firm step. The coffin was then taken out from the cart, and carried by six soldiers of his regiment, who had black crape round their arms. The wretched man was then obliged to lay his hand upon his coffin, and while the muffled drums rolled, and the bands played a dead march, he was led all round the troops, who stood with shouldered arms to look at him. When this sorrowful procession was finished, he was taken

into the middle of the square, when the men of his own company, to whom it had fallen by lot to execute him, had been drawn up, with their muskets loaded with ball. A bandage was put round his eyes, and he knelt down a few paces before the firing party. A handkerchief was then put into his hand, and after a pause of a moment, the words, "Ready! Present!" were heard. After another pause, while you might count one,—*he dropped the handkerchief,*) the last fatal signal, that he was resigned,) and they shot him dead. He fell back, with his arms stretched out; and as we were formed into open columns of companies, and marched past the body, he looked so fresh and composed, that if a ball, which had pierced his brain, had not been followed by a streak of blood, one might have supposed him to sleep.

So died the deserter, and I will confess, that my nature less-rebelled at this spectacle, dismal as it was, than it has always done, when I have been compelled to see a fellow man, endowed with the same senses, faculties, and attributes as myself, not to speak of equality of soul tied up to a tree, as if it was planted in the earth for

such a use, or to a grating and the living flesh cut from his back, sometimes with, often without, the ceremony of a court martial. In the present case, example was necessary, and the deserter perished: but the soldier's tear fell upon his grave; for from the haughty general-in-chief, to the humble drummer, hardly a cheek was dry. If no one murmured at his unhappy fate, all lamented it.

In the fine weather, how delightful were the aquatic parties we made from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight; to sail over to Ryde in a beautiful yawl, with the awning spread, or to force her along with the oars, to the song of Row brothers row, chaunted in chorus by the lovely voices that were with us; while ever and anon, the band which followed in our wake, discoursed sweet music. To go with the sun, and return by the clear moonlight; to woo the breeze, and peradventure something less uncertain, was enchanting; for say what you will, we must believe with Moore, that

" There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream."

It was on one of these excursions, that I first

met Eliza, with her golden tresses, and soft blue eye. For years did she haunt me, and never shall I quite forget her. In those days Portsmouth held within its iron walls, some of the most beautiful women I ever remember to have seen, and whom the witches of Lancashire, the Houris of Spain, the Circassians of the Mediterranean, or the graces of Gaul have never outshone. In all attempts to describe female beauty, one is constantly reminded of Byron's bride of Abydos, in which, whilst endeavouring to represent Zuleika, he enthusiastically exclaims—

“ Who hath not proved how feebly, words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with it, even delight,
This changing cheek, his sinking heart repress
The might, the majesty of loveliness.”

I fully agree with him in these sentiments, and think it impossible for words to do justice to the subject. I shall therefore merely mention that there was the noble and majestic Cawdor, like Egypt's queen; and the graceful and

Grecian Lady de Clifford ; and Miss Montagu, afterwards, Lady Gore ; and Miss Holloway, afterwards Lady Otway. Who, that saw, has ever forgotten the perfect harmony of Miss Montagu's features ! such a study for Canova ! or the laughing Euphrosyne, the Hebe of her day, Miss Holloway, her exquisite roundness of form, her heart-piercing eyes ! Well might these admirals' daughters capture, and marry two of the most brilliant officers of the British navy ! Then for the honour of the corps, there was the soft, the winning, the bewitching Clara, with her sylph-like figure, rich auburn hair, and clear complexion. You might almost see her pure blood circulate in her blue veins. I have watched it kindle, and mount in her cheeks, to summer warmth, then suddenly fall, and if prudence pointed, sink down to zero. She too, married a sailor, who had been posted for good conduct.

During the short time I had remained in the garrison of Portsmouth, I studied its classical disposition, its wonderful means of defence ; I visited its works, and its outworks, over and over again ; I superintended the erection of

Martello Towers for the protection of various parts of the coast ; I examined the beautiful fortress of Monkton near Gosport, and inspected the magnificent hospital at Haslar, the foster sister of Greenwich,—where if one should happen to be maimed or wounded in the service, he will be comforted if not cured, by the love, the gratitude, and the ample provision of old England. Here is no golden dome without like that of the Invalids at Paris, encrusted by Napoleon to dazzle the eyes of the Parisians against the dishonour of a defeat ; but within, there is all gold can buy or a sense of lasting obligation can bestow.

Amongst the line of battle ships, about to reinforce the channel fleet, under Admiral the Honourable William Cornwallis off Brest, were four three deckers each carrying 98 guns. They were ready for sea, having their stores and provisions and in every respect prepared to sail except not having their complement of men on board. They had, however, dropped down to St. Helens, and lay at anchor there. They consisted of the Windsor Castle, Captain Bertie ; the Britannia, Captain the Earl of Northesk ; the Prince George, Captain Joseph Sidney Yorke ; and the

Princess Royal, Captain James Vashon. On board of the last named ship, I was, by the following memorandum in the order of the division, directed to embark.

D. O. second lieutenant Rheuben Meerhay and one private (meaning my regimental servant) to embark to morrow on board his Majesty's ship Princess Royal, to relieve second lieutenant George Wright invalided."

" I am off then, at last," said I ; so I packed up, ordered the boat belonging to the division, went down to St. Helens, joined the Princess Royal and was presented by my superior officer Captain Noble of the marines, to Captain Vashon.

On going on this new element, I had one grief, that preyed deeply upon me. I had learnt a lesson " by heart," that I have since perhaps, too often repeated. I cannot remember when my decided preference for every thing feminine first began ; for even in infancy, I always chose the petticoats. If I was to walk out with a male or a female servant, I

invariably ran to the maid; and my mother's maid, Mary White, was my favourite, as well as I was hers. When she put me to bed, and tucked me in, and kissed me, I kissed her affectionately again; and as I grew older, and she still caressed me, I loved those caresses, and returned her fondness with boyish ardour.

Amongst the many fond beings, who had come to Portsmouth to see the last of their lovers, was one remarkable for every thing but the immaculacy of her virtue. She rode well, she dressed well, danced well — and looked — an angel! but she *was* alas! — she was in brief, — a woman — a *very* pretty, but rather naughty woman! I had seen her, and fallen in love with her. She had seen me, and had — but the reader will pardon my confusion. Suffice it to say that a small note, *so* neatly folded, *so* sweetly scented, *so* prettily sealed, was secretly emancipated from a silk bag, by a soft white hand, and slyly slipped into mine. While I am making my confession, I may as well go on. It contained the following words :

“ I count on your discretion, and on the gal

lantry of your profession; *get the countersign, come, and be silent.*"

Could I do less ? assuredly not. I met her on the ramparts at night, gave the watch word to the sentinel ; we wandered alone, and heard the waves break gently on the pebbled beach below. She talked to me of poetry and love—regretted that I was going away—sighed—smiled in the moonlight—a tear fell on my cheek.

I could no more, *l'amour était plus fort que moi*. We parted, to meet again and again, and I employed the intervals in repeating to myself what I still deem the truest triplet that ever came from a poet's pen :

" Love rules the court, the camp, the grove;
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heav'n and heav'n is love."

I had many a time broken over a fence, and pilfered a peach, and those peaches were sweeter than any other I ever tasted :—but of all sweet

things in or out of gardens, commend me to a stolen kiss.

I saw Fanny on the eve of sailing, and we wept;—I thought at the time I should never love again : no more I did, till at the expiration of some months' cruise off Ushant the Princess Royal bore up by signal from the channel fleet, and after a few hours' run before a strong south west gale, anchored in Cawsand Bay. When I went on deck the next morning, all the beauties of Mount Edgcumbe burst on my sea weary eye. Let me now return to the squadron at St. Helen's—these four ships were very like each other ; so like that a landsman could not tell them apart. But the respective captains commanding them, were very unlike and only resembled each other in gallantry.

To begin with Captain Albermarle Bertie, of the Windsor Castle,—who was I think the senior officer. He was connected with the noble house of Ancaster a well bred man ; a mild disciplinarian ; a good officer, and a keen sportsman. I met him many long years afterwards in the hunting field, and while the hounds were trying for a fox, we smoked a segar under the lee by

the cover side, and talked of the deeds of other times.

The Britannia was commanded by Captain the Earl of Northesk, who a few months afterwards had his flag flying and was third in command at the greatest naval battle on record, as the magic word "Trafalgar," now borne on the escutcheon of his ancient house, will testify to generations yet unborn. The good blood of William Carnegie seventh Earl of Northesk could only be equalled by his good nature. As his ancestry was proud, so did he bear his honours meekly. What a contrast to some flashy upstarts, whose community of naval rank and service, put them on temporary equality with him! It was in the reign of David the Second, that John de Balinhard received from his sovereign the estates of Carnegy, from which, as is customary in Scotland, he took the name. From him descended Sir David, created in 1410 Lord Carnegy of Kennaird who, after various vicissitudes experienced by his immediate successors, was followed by Sir John, first Lord Lowe in 1639, who became Earl of Ethre, Lord Lowe and Eglismonde in 1647. These titles were exchanged by patent in 1662 for those of Earl of Northesk

and Lord Rosehill. From this illustrious stock came five other earls in regular succession. The last who was also an admiral, died in 1792 and was succeeded, as I have already stated, by Northesk of Trafalgar.

I have dwelt with gratitude and pride on this name, as it was the noble Northesk who first recommended me for my commission. His Lordship died in 1831—and having lost his eldest son, George Lord Rosehill, a midshipman, who perished on board the *Blenheim*, bearing the flag of the brave Admiral Troubridge when she foundered in the Indian seas in February 1807,—he was succeeded by his second son, William Hopebourn Carnegie, the the present and 8th Earl.

Captain Joseph Sidney Yorke who commanded the *Prince George* used to boast, that he was in parliament when he was a reefer. He was exceedingly vain of his birth ;—but setting aside a certain impatience of control (even of self-control) which carried him into occasional excesses, as we shall hereafter see, he was a jovial and pleasant fellow, especially on shore. With young people, he was extremely popular at first ;—he

dazzled and captivated the inexperienced mind ; and was a great favourite with the ladies. He made long speeches out of the House of Commons, and laughable ones in ; which, with the advantage of having one brother a Secretary of State, and subsequently first lord of the admiralty, and another, Vice-roy of Ireland, enabled him to perform, what the soldiers called wonders and the sailors miracles. As a proof of his ubiquity, he had his flag flying, and commanded a squadron at Lisbon, while he kept his seat, as a junior Lord of the Admiralty. He, moreover, actually converted an *Island in the Cattegat, into a 50 gun ship* ; ultimately he became a remarkable exception to the statutes laid down by the Prince Regent, at the augmentation of the Bath in 1815 ; for at the close of the war, he was made a knight commander of that most honourable order, although he had not appeared in the London Gazette, as required by the regulations. But then he was the brother of men in power. And Rear Admiral Yorke was in parliament and had married (*en secondes noces*) the Dowager Marchioness of Clanricarde. &c. In short, all these things combined were sufficient to

get their possessor to be first dubbed a knight bachelor and then a commander of the Bath *malgré* his lack of service !

James Vashon, Esq. was Captain, as I have already stated, of my ship the Princess Royal. Jemmy Vashon, (his sobriquet between decks) was an out and outer of the old school ; he would stamp, and swear, and threaten to flog, till he was black in the face,—“ Main top there ! main top, ahoy I say ! d——m, I’ll make you answer ! I’ll pick your ears, you precious rascal !”

It blew great guns, and his voice was carried away like a feather. “ Give me a trumpet, sir,” (to his first lieutenant) “ a trumpet Mr. Shed,” (to the second lieutenant)—“ not a trumpet on deck, by God ! d —— you altogether !” and away he’d bolt into his cabin for his own, and after a few moments came back as cool as an oyster.

He was a compound of opposites: sweet and sour ; bitter and agreeable ; weak and efficient ; angry and forgiving. Take him in either of these veins separately, and he was repulsive, or engaging, as the case might be. Put his character together, take him for all in all, and he was like a bowl of good punch :—you could regale with

him when present, regret him when absent ; you would like to bottle him up, and cork him down, and conserve him to all time, as a good fellow and a capital commander.

CHAPTER V.

Rumour respecting the Flotilla at Boulogne—Preparations—
Dine with the four captains—Reminiscences of Lord Howe's
victory of 1st June.

It so happened one stormy day, that I had the "pleasure and honour," to meet the four captains, of the ships at St. Helen's, at dinner, and to have them all to myself; and a great treat it was. There was a rumour set about by a prolific yankee, who had just arrived from sea, of a movement amongst the Flotilla at Boulogne; and Jack Holloway, as they called the harbour admiral (the commander-in-chief, Admiral Montagu, having his flag flying at Spithead), said he would shift his Bunting from the Old Gladiator receiving hulk, in the harbour, to one of our squadron, to be ready to meet the invasion; and which, upon a subsequent alarm, he actually

did. All was hurry scurry ; Blue Peter (the signal for all hands to repair on board), was flying from every ship ; and the squadron at St. Helen's, hove short, and was ready to trip its anchors. I only got down to the sally port, just as the four captains were embarking in the Tender to the squadron, and a beautiful water witch she was ; and having asked for, and obtained a passage, I stepped on board. The wind was dead against us ; so we kept beating windward, and by squalls and changes lost upon one jack, what we had gained upon another. In the course of an hour, the breeze had freshened to a gale, and before we were to windward of Spithead, it blew a little hurricane. Sea upon sea broke over the cutter, and we were all as wet as shags.

“ Let us bear up,” said the member of parliament, who had a peculiar antipathy to rolling at anchor. “ The flat bottoms are safe enough for the present, and we may just as well warm our heels at the George in High Street, as cool them in the agreeable expectation of seeing of Old Jack, on board the Prince George at St. Helen's.”

The quiet Lord acquiesced ; Bertie and Vashon shewed no cause, or rule, against the

motion ; the helm was accordingly put up, the Tender paid roundly off, we scudded before the wind, gave leg bail to the sea, and were soon passing the platform into the harbour again.

“ Let us dine together,” said the son of Yorke, “ and you, soldier of the royal marines,” said he to me, “ come and dine with us at four bells.”

Punctually, at the hour named, (six o'clock) you may be pretty sure, I presented myself at the George Hotel. It is, as I have already mentioned, amongst the peculiarities of the naval service, that its respective ranks do not associate, either on shore, or on board. You never see captains, lieutenants, and midshipmen together. They do not even frequent the same taverns. At all the sea ports, each grade has its peculiar haunt. At Portsmouth, for instance, the George Inn and Parade Coffee House were patronized by the captains ; the Crown by the lieutenants and marine officers ; and the Blue Posts, by the middys and mates. But to do him justice (and as he used to say of himself), Joseph Sidney Yorke, “ had a soul above buttons,” and he chose every now and then, to kick invidious distinctions overboard.

At all events, I was bidden to the feast on the present occasion ; and on my name being announced by the head waiter, I was ushered into the captain's room. There I found the seventh Earl of Northesk pulling, with all his might and main, at a pair of damp hessians—he could neither bowse them on, nor haul them off. In vain did he tug and almost split his wind ; in vain did the naval senator imitate the pipe of haul taught or belay, pipe or roar out stamp and go ; the Earl stamped, but the boots would not go ; till at last, panting for breath, and with the powder and perspiration streaming down his mild, but heated physiognomy, he gave up the contest, and deliberately cutting off his boots, emancipated his pedestals, and ensconced them in a pair of easy slippers.

“ Dinner immediately, Mr. Waiter,” called out the impatient and hungry little Vashon. “ Coming directly, your honour,” replied the ready waiter. “ Dinner for the Lion,” resounded below, and presently in marched Mr. Palmer of the George, followed by Miss Palmer, and the maid, and the waiters, each respectively laden with fish, flesh, and fowl, and every delicacy of Portsmouth market.

We had finished our dinner, the claret and

olives were on the table, the fire had been stirred, and the last waiter had retired, when the jovial Joseph, thus addressed the captain of the Windsor Castle.

“ Come, tell us, Bertie the Brave, thou who commanded the Thundering Thunderer, under Howe, did the *Révolutionnaire* of (I think) 110 guns, and certainly one of the heaviest, and best fought of the enemy’s ships, strike to the *Audacious*, and afterwards hoist her colors? (and if she did, she deserved to be sunk), or did she not? I am speaking of what happened at the first brush, on the 28th of May, Pitt’s birth-day by the way.”

“ No,” said Bertie, “ I am persuaded she did not. Her colors might have been shot away, but I do not believe she struck.”

“ But Bertie,” said the pertinacious little Vashon, “ *on dit* that you were hailed in the Thunderer, and desired to take possession of the prize.”

“ Not a bit of it,” persisted Bertie. “ My ship, with the Russel, Marlborough, and Belleophon, which carried Pasley’s flag, were to windward of our fleet, and when the look out frigate made the signal, soon after four bells,

(six in the morning) for a strange sail, and immediately after for a strange fleet, directly to windward, we being, as I before stated, the weathermost division, answered the commander-in-chief's signal, to reconnoitre. At nine, the enemy wore, and bore down upon us, and we then counted twenty-six sail of the line, and five frigates. I well remember their names, and strength. There was the

Montagne. . .	120	guns.
Révolutionnaire. .	110	„
Républicain.	110	„
Terrible. .	110	„
Indomptable. .	80	„
Jacobin. . .	80	„
Juste. . .	80	„
Scipion. .	80	„
Achille. . .	74	„
Amérique. .	74	„
Convention.	74	„
Entreprenant.	74	„
Eole. .	74	„
Gasparin. . .	74	„
Jemmapes. .	74	„
Impétueux.	74	„

Montagnard.	.	74 guns.
Mont Blanc.	.	74 „
Mucius.	.	74 „
Neptune.	.	74 „
Northumberland.	.	74 „
Vainqueur.	.	74 „
Tyrannicide.	.	74 „
Tourville.	.	74 „
Patriote.	.	74 „
Pelletier.	.	74 „

They were under the command of Admiral Joyeuse, and the inspection of a member of the convention, Bon Saint André, who was sent to see him fight. "Our fleet," said Lord Northesk, "consisted of the

Queen Charlotte, 100 guns, commander-in-chief, union at the main.

First captain, Sir Roger Curtis.

Second captain, Sir A. S. Douglas.

Royal Sovereign, 100 guns, Admiral Graves, blue at the main, led the van.

Captain, Henry Nichols.

Royal George, 100 guns.

Admiral, Sir Alexander Hood, blue at the main.

Captain, Billy Domett.

Barfleur, 98 guns.

Rear Admiral, George Bowyer, red at the mizen.

Captain, Cuthbert Collingwood.

Impregnable, 98 guns.

Rear Admiral, B. Caldwell, red at the mizen.

Captain, George Westcott.

Queen, 98 guns.

Rear Admiral, Alan Gardner, white at the mizen.

Captain, John Hutt.

Glory, 98 guns, Captain, J. Elphinstone.

Gibraltar, 80 guns, Captain, J. Mackenzie.

Cæsar, 80 guns, Captain Molloy.

Thunderer, 74 guns, your ship, Bertie.

Tremendous, 74 guns, Captain Bigott.

Russell, 74 guns, Captain Payne.

Ramilies, 74 guns, Captain Harvey.

Orion, 74 guns, Captain Duckworth.

Montagu, 74 guns, Captain Montagu.

Marlborough, 74 guns, the Honorable Captain Berkeley.

Majestic, 74 guns, Captain C. Cotton.

Invincible, 74 guns, Honorable Tom Pakenham.

Bellerophon, 74 guns.

Rear Admiral, Thomas Pasley, white at the mizen.

Captain, William Hope.

Defence, 74 guns, Captain, J. Gambier.

Culloden, 74 guns, J. Schomberg.

Audacious, 74 guns, W. Parker.

Brunswick, 74 guns, Captain, J. Harvey.

Leviathan, 74 guns, Captain, Lord Hugh Seymour.

Valiant, 74 guns, Captain, J. Pringle.

Alfred, 74 guns, Captain, J. Bazeley.
exactly twenty-six."

"Faith, Northesk, you shall be chancellor of the exchequer. It is not every Earl that can count twenty-six without his fingers," said Sir Joseph, patting the Scotch peer, good humouredly on the shoulder. They all agreed, as to the equality of number, in the ships of the line, thus,

	British.	French.
Ships in number.	26	26
Guns.	2,172	2,190
Crews.	17,241	20,065

“So that the French admiral had eighteen guns, and two thousand eight hundred and twenty-four more fighting men, than Lord Howe. At the same time, it must in fairness be stated, that we had seven three deckers, while they had but four, which, however, still left *them the advantage*, in size, tonnage, and weight of metal, as well as in the number of guns and men.”

“Now, soldier, you must be aid-de-camp,” said the president to me, “and ring the bell for some more claret.”

The bell was rung, and the claret presently appeared. “Well, now we have got in a fresh supply of bordeaux,” said Captain Vashon, “and the subject cannot be dry, let us have your version of the business, Bertie. Lord Howe’s official letter is certainly not exact. He wrote on the spur of the moment, and in the excitement of triumph, on the morning of the 2nd of June, and confined himself to a general report of his victory, on the preceding day ; and his Lordship referred the Lords of the Admiralty, to the bearer of his despatches, Sir Roger Curtis, for the preceding details ; and as the commander-in-chief, certainly stated, and believed, that one of the enemy’s ships was sunk during the action,

which did *not* sink, surely others, with inferior means of information, may have supposed a ship to have struck, when in fact, her colors were only shot away. Tell us then exactly what happened, on the 28th and 29th of May."

"You sailed from Spithead, I think on the 2nd of May," observed Lord Northesk; "therefore begin with the beginning."

"Yes, after a snug winter in port," murmured Sir Joseph, "and you had a convoy besides, had you not?"

"Yes," replied Captain Bertie, "which parted company off the Lizard, on the 4th, escorted to their different destinations, by various men of war. Leaving Lord Howe with only twenty-six sail of the line, out of a forest of masts, amounting to 150 sail; one third of which carried pennants. With this reduced force however, the commander-in-chief proceeded off Brest, and on reconnoitering close in, there lay the French fleet, quiet enough. So we kept standing off and on, and hovering near, till the 19th, when the reconnoitring frigates were again sent into Brest, and came out signalizing that the game was gone. We presently after, fell in

with an American, who told us, they had been out several days."

"But how the deuce, if you were hovering, as you called it," said Sir Joseph, "did they slip through your fingers?"

"Because," rejoined Bertie, "between the 5th, the day we first reconnoitered the harbour, and the 19th, the day we found they were flown, we had run into the latitude, in which we knew an immense fleet was expected to cross, on its way from America, and to protect which, we naturally imagined, if the Brest fleet did put to sea, it would proceed."

"You had better have hovered over them," observed Jemmy Vashon.

"We afterwards found," continued Bertie, "that the grand fleet of France, as it was called, under Admiral Villaut, consisting of the ships, we just now called over, and sixteen frigates, had sailed from Brest on the 16th of May, and it is hardly credible, but on the very next day, the 17th, they actually passed so near us, in a thick fog, that they were within hearing of our fog signals. Yes, they distinctly heard our bells and drums. But on the morning of the 18th,

when the fog cleared away, we were entirely out of sight of each other. So even if we had done nothing but hover, friend Vashon, they might equally have escaped us."

Vashon gave him a nod, and winked at the chair.

"On the 19th, in the evening," continued Captain Bertie, "the Venus--"

"Let us drink to the handsome goddess!" interrupted Sir Joseph; and the Paphian Queen was toasted in a bumper.

"The Venus frigate," resumed Bertie, "joined us, from Rear Admiral Montagu's squadron, and from the intelligence brought by her, Lord Howe the next morning, hauled close to the wind, made all sail, and steered a west south west course; for he apprehended Montagu's division might be attacked by the overwhelming fleet of the French admiral. By noon we were enabled to make a good course west and by south, and nothing occurred till about two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, when the look out ships made the signal for a strange fleet, which proved to be part of a convoy from Lisbon, captured on the 6th by the Brest fleet. Out of fifteen or sixteen sail, which appeared, we secured ten. Their

crews were removed, and the vessels burnt, because Lord Howe would not reduce his force, by drafting men to keep possession of them. The rest escaped.

“ I think his Lordship might have managed to earn the salvage,” observed the cautious Carnegie.

“ May I ask, sir, what the “ salvage” means ? said I, looking inquisitively at the noble Lord.

“ Why the salvage,” answered the ever ready Sir Joseph,⁵ “ is money awarded to the recaptors of merchants’ ships, or to those who may help to save a ship or cargo from wreck. It is generally paid by underwriters, or those who insure trading vessels during their voyage.”

“ The prisoners,” Bertie proceeded, “ informed us, that when they parted from the Brest fleet, on the evening of the 19th, it was in such and such a latitude, and longitude ; and that it then consisted of twenty-six sail of the line, and four frigates. They told us moreover, that there was a member of the national convention on board ; that they were full of fight, that they meant to use red-hot shot ; and that they were determined to engage us yard-arm to yard-arm.

As soon as Lord Howe got the inspiring news that the prey was, as it were, within our spring, we spared no canvass, and made a long board towards them, but on the 22nd the wind headed us, and drove us to the southward. On the morning of the 23rd, a Dutch dogger and two or three prizes which had left the French on the 21st. found themselves amongst us. We took out their men, and sunk them. At noon this day the wind again favoured us, and we were nearly in the same latitude and longitude that the enemy had been in on the 21st. The wind again came contrary, and we had no incident, or accident, till the 25th, when a French line of battle ship, with a merchant ship in tow, was descried at a great distance to windward, while two more sail were discovered to the eastward. Chace was immediately given by the Audacious and Niger, to the eastward, and by our whole fleet towards the two decker to windward. The latter vessel cast off her prize, and got away by decided superiority of sailing. The merchant ship proved to be an American laden with wine, and the man of war, the Audacieux of 74 guns, on her way to join the grand fleet. The other two vessels were the *Républicaine*, corvette, and

the Inconnue brig, which were captured and destroyed. Having tacked in the chace, Lord Howe at noon, again hauled to the wind, on the starboard tack, with the wind at north and by east. At dawn on the 26th we again tacked, and at noon, the wind having shifted, we steered to the northward. On the morning of the 27th, having got to the northward of the latitude, in which the commander-in-chief calculated the French admiral would be cruising, for his anxiously expected convoy, we bore up, and ran to the eastward, with the wind which had drawn to the southward on our starboard quarter. "Now, now," said Bertie with more emphasis, "we come again to the morning of the 28th. The Island of Ushant bore about north and by east, distance about 100 leagues ; a fresh breeze blowing, and a pitching sea, when, as I began by stating, the look out frigates made signals for the enemy's fleet. I will not repeat the details already given you, but after various efforts, evolutions, and manœuvres, the Belle-*rophon*, (bearing Paisley's flag, and commanded by that admirable fellow, William Hope), at about six P. M. opened her fire upon the *Révolutionnaire*, in which attack, she was afterwards

assisted, as circumstances would permit, by other ships in our division. At about seven, the *Bellerophon* bore down on the main body of our fleet, to repair damages, while the *Révolutionnaire*, who was much punished, and had lost her mizen mast, fell to leeward. In this state she was for a short time engaged by the *Leviathan*, till the *Audacious* came up; when the *Leviathan* proceeded to the next ship in the enemy's line, and the *Audacious*, placing herself on the *Révolutionnaire's* quarter, threw in a furious fire. The *Russel*, which lay some distance to leeward of her, also sent some shot, till she was recalled by signal. The *Audacious* and *Révolutionnaire* now became closely engaged, "and I am aware," said Captain Bertie, with some excitement, "that the forecastle men of the *Audacious*, as well as some hands on board the *Russel*, said at the time, not only that the *Révolutionnaire* struck, but that my ship the *Thunderer*, was hailed and desired to take possession of her. But by whom was I hailed? This question, which I have been asking for the last ten years, has never been answered. Now, in the first place," said he, warming as he went out "the *Russel* was not close enough to suffer any

loss from the Révolutionnaire's fire, and therefore certainly not near enough to say, if her colors were hauled down or shot away. Moreover, she was recalled before the Révolutionnaire was any thing like *beat* ; and the Audacious herself was so cut to pieces, by the superior force of her tremendous opponent, (who looked over her as a grenadier would look down on a drummer) that she could hardly get clear of the enemy's line. Besides, what hesitation could I have in stopping *out of danger*, (I thought I saw the proud sailor's manly heart throb in his bosom, and his lip quivered when he said *out of danger*) to take possession of a *beaten* ship, had I been requested to do so, or had I even seen the necessity of doing so ? No, the Révolutionnaire did not strike, she bore away."

As the captain said " away," he emptied his heel tap, and with so much force did *he strike* his glass as he put it on the table, that it went by the stem, and shivered to pieces.

" Come," said Jemmy Vashon, whose heart was always in the right place, " let us drink the glorious memory of the 1st of June, and your health, Bertie."

A chord was touched, that vibrated through

and through me, like electricity. The toast was drunk, and Bertie went on with the action.

“ At day light on the 29th, nine sail of the enemy only appeared, about a league to windward, and they made an effort to get hold of the *Audacious*, who was repairing her damages. But she bore up, and foiled them, and a thick haze enveloped us all from each other. When the fog cleared away, the *Audacieux* and a frigate, were seen coming down to assist the *Révolutionnaire*, who lay between the respective fleets, without a mast standing. At this moment she was passed by her old opponent the *Audacious*; the latter having again put before the wind, in a most crippled state intending to join the body of our fleet. At this time the *Audacieux* took the *Révolutionnaire* in tow, and carried her afterwards in safety to Rochefort. “ It was remarkable enough,” said Sir Joseph Yorke, “ that the *Audacious*, which belaboured, and the *Audacieux* which saved, the *Révolutionnaire* were namesakes.”

“ So it was,” observed Lord Northesk; “ and I remember this identity of names caused great confusion, in all the French accounts.”

“ And if I am not mistaken,” said Captain Vashon, “ our Audacious was subsequently so pressed by the enemy, in her shattered state, as to be definitely obliged to continue before the wind, and seek shelter in Torbay.”

“ Exactly !” exclaimed the other three captains in a broadside.

Bertie now resumed, “ Almost the whole of the 29th was passed in sharp sparring between different ships of the respective fleets ; in which partial contest, (partial, be it understood, entirely owing to the French, who always had the weather gage, from the first moment they saw us on the morning of the 28th, and could therefore at any time have brought on a general action), in this partial contest, I say, the Queen, Royal George, and Royal Sovereign, (which latter bore the flag of Admiral Graves) suffered considerably. But at the close of this day, Lord Howe and the British fleet *had won the weather gage*.

“ Check mate to the Frenchman !” said Sir Joseph.

Bertie went on. “ At sun down on the 29th, the two fleets were about ten miles apart. As night came on, the weather thickened, and it was not before nine the next morning that it

cleared a little, and a part of the enemy's fleet was seen on the starboard tack in the north west. Lord Howe immediately bore up in chace; but the cursed fog returned, and the French fleet was again out of sight; and so thick did it continue all day, that we could not at times see the next ship ahead of us. The fleet therefore became scattered. At about nine on the morning of the 31st, the weather once more cleared, and we again hastened to regain our respective stations. At noon the enemy were made out to the northward, and at 2 P. M. the commander-in-chief bore up, and the French fleet formed their line on the larboard tack to receive us. Between five and six o'clock, our heavy sailors not being up, we hauled our wind, also on the larboard tack, and waited for them to join, and take their respective stations. At this time no doubt, a general action might have been brought on; but Lord Howe preferred having all his ships in hand. Having therefore made the necessary dispositions, and taken every precaution to prevent the possibility of the enemy getting away from us in the dark, he waited till daylight for the grand attack. On the morning of the 1st of June, we had a moderate breeze, a

smooth sea, and the French fleet a few leagues off on our lee bow. We bore up—closed upon the enemy to about four miles—hove to—and Lord Howe made a general signal for the fleet to go to breakfast !”

“ A devilish cool fellow ; and with a good appetite too,” thought I.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Howe's Official Dispatches.

"AND now," said Captain Bertie, "having brought our operations to this point I refer you to Lord Howe's official letter, for the rest of the day."

"Bravo ! bravo ! bravo !" exclaimed the Triumvirate of fraternal captains ; while I simply, but, with much earnestness, said, " Oh ! I wish I could see the letter !"

"And so you shall, young gentleman," replied the crusty, but good-natured Vashon. "Yorke, you are within reach, touch the bell, and we'll send the waiter to Motley's. He has all the gazettes bound up for his library, and he can give us what we want." The waiter came, went, and brought the book ; Sir Joseph opened it at the page, and handed it to me.

“ Now, soldier of the royal marines,” said the merry knight, “ mount that chair, and read us the dispatch, with a clear, distinct, and audible voice. Suit the word to the action, and the action to the word, with this special observance, that you o’er step not the modesty of nature.”

I blushed and obeyed. I fancied I could read pretty well, and *au fond* perhaps, I was not very sorry, at this call upon my elocution.

“ Bless the boy !” said the amiable peer, “ he blushes like a demoiselle. Give him a glass of champaign.”

I felt that I became redder still, as I refused, bowed, thanked him, and began.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY WEDNESDAY,
JULY, 11, 1794.

Admiralty Office, June, 10.

Sir Roger Curtis, first captain to the Admiral Earl Howe, arrived this evening with a despatch from his Lordship to Mr. Stevens, of which the following is a copy :

Queen Charlotte at sea, June 2, 1794. Ushant
E, half N. 140 leagues.

Sir,

Thinking it may not be necessary to make a more particular report of my proceedings with the fleet, for the present information of the Lords commissioners of the Admiralty, I confine my communication chiefly in this despatch, to the occurrences when in presence of the enemy yesterday :

Finding on my return off Brest on the 19th past, that the French fleet had a few days before put to sea, and receiving in the same evening, advice from Rear Admiral Montague, I deemed it requisite to endeavour to form a junction with the rear admiral as soon as possible, and proceeded immediately for the station on which he meant to wait the return of the Venus.

But having gained very credible intelligence on the 21st of the same month, whereby I had reason to suppose, the French fleet was then but a few leagues further to the westward, the course before steered, was altered accordingly. On the morning of the 28th the enemy was discovered far to windward, and partial actions were

engaged with them that evening, and the next day.

The weather gage having been obtained in the progress of the last mentioned day, and the fleet being in a situation for bringing the enemy to close action the first instant, the ships bore up together for that purpose between seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

The French, their force consisting of twenty-six ships of the line, opposed to His Majesty's fleet of twenty-five, (the Audacious having parted company with the sternmost ship of the enemy's line, captured in the night of the 28th) waited for the action, and sustained the attack with their customary resolution.

In less than an hour after the close action commenced in the centre, the French admiral engaged by the Queen Charlotte, crowded off, and was followed by most of the ships of his van, in condition to convey sail after him, leaving us with about ten or twelve of his crippled, or totally dismasted ships, exclusive of one sunk in the engagement. The Queen Charlotte had then lost her fore top mast, and her main top mast, fell over the side soon after.

The greater number of the other ships of the British fleet, were at this time so disabled or widely separated, and under such circumstances with respect to those ships of the enemy in a state for action, and with which the firing was still continued, that two or three even of their dismantled ships, attempting to get away under their sprit sail singly, or smaller, sail raised on the stump of the foremast could not be detained.

Seven however, remained in our possession, one of which sunk, before the adequate assistance could be given to her crew, but many were saved.

The Brunswick having lost her mizen mast in the action, and drifted to leeward of the French retreating ships, was obliged to put away large to the northward from them, but not seeing her chased by the enemy in that predicament, I flatter myself she may arrive in safety at Plymouth, all the other twenty-four ships of His Majesty's fleet assembled later in the day, and I am preparing to return with them, as soon as the captured ships of the enemy are secured, to Spithead. The material injury to His Majesty's ships, I understand, is confined principally to

their masts and yards, which I conclude will be speedily replaced.

I have not yet been able to collect regular accounts of the killed and wounded in the different ships. Captain Montagu is the only officer of his rank who fell in the action, the numbers of both descriptions, will, I hope, prove small, the nature of the service considered ; but I have the concern of being obliged to add on the same subject, that Admiral Graves has received a wound in the arm, and that Rear Admirals Bowyer and Pasley, and Captain Hutt of the Queen, have each had a leg taken off, they are however, (I have the satisfaction to hear), in a favourable state under these misfortunes ; in the captured ships, the numbers of killed and wounded, appear to be very considerable.

Though I shall have on the subject of these different actions with the enemy, distinguished examples hereafter to report, I presume the determined bravery of the several ranks of officers and men, employed under my authority, will already have been sufficiently denoted by the effects of their spirited exertions, and I trust, I shall be excused for postponing the more detailed narration of the other transactions of the fleet

thereon, for being communicated at a future opportunity, more especially, as my first Captain, Sir Roger Curtis, who is charged with this despatch, will be able to give the farther information, the Lords commissioners of the Admiralty may at this time require. It is incumbent on me nevertheless, now to add, that I am greatly indebted to him for his councils, as well as conduct, in every branch of my official duty, and I have similar assistance in the late occurrences to acknowledge of my second captain, Sir Andrew Douglass,

I am &c.

Howe

List of French ships captured on the first day of June, 1794.

La Juste. .	80 guns.
Sans Pareille. .	80 „
L'Américaine. .	74 „
L'Achille. .	74 „
Northumberland. .	74 „
L'Impétueux. .	74 „
Le Vengeur. .	74 „, sunk.

When I had finished reading this important,

and interesting document, and had descended from my rostrum, and received applause of my auditors, the questionable points were again discussed, and it seemed to be finally agreed that the Révolutionnaire did *not* strike on the 28th, nor did any line of battle ship sink during the action of the first of June ; but that after the Vengeur had been taken possession of by the Orion, she went down, and more than half her crew were lost. Great praise was also accorded to the French admiral, for the style in which he recovered his beaten ships, the Indomptable and Tyrannicide, which, with some other, Lord Howe, certainly considered himself entitled to, for he reckoned them amongst his captures. It was also agreed on all hands, that the enemy showed decided pluck ; for if he had not sought a general action, he had not attempted to sneak off, or evade one. Moreover, Lord Northesk mentioned, as we broke up, that, with that happy manner of reconciling themselves to all sorts of events however onward, which the French so entirely possess, they insisted they had *gained* a victory on the memorable 1st of June ; because, while the contest was going on, the large convoy from America, which has al-

ready been mentioned, slipped by the hostile fleets, and got safely into the harbour of Brest, Whatever opinion, however, the French nation chose to form of the event of the battle, it produced the utmost joy and exultation in England.

When Lord Howe, with a great part of the British fleet and their prizes, anchored at Spithead, the King, with his consort, court and family, left Windsor Castle for Portsmouth, where they embarked under a royal salute, and went on board the Queen Charlotte; from which gallant ship, the commander-in-chief's flag was shifted to a frigate, and the royal standard of England floated at her main. There, on his quarter-deck, stood George the Third, surveying the proud array, amidst the thunder of cannon, which spoke from the sea to the heavens, and from the heavens to the sea, proclaiming victory. Then he saw the tri-colour flag of Republican France, quivering in the breeze, beneath his own triumphant banner. There he stood, the mighty monarch of the deep, about to bestow the guerdon of high desert on his gallant seamen and marines. His Majesty first presented a rich diamond-hilted sword to the

commander-in-chief, Richard, fourth Viscount, and first Earl Howe, upon whom he presently conferred the most noble order of the garter, and he was also appointed general of marines.

The next in rank, as well as renown, was the gallant Graves, Admiral of the blue, and the leader of the van in this grand contest. Upon him, who was not able to appear before his sovereign, from the state of his wound, a gold medal and chain was conferred, and he was immediately raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Graves, Baron of Gravesend; a most fit name to be ennobled, independantly of this achievement, for four of the Admiral's cousins were also distinguished admirals of the British fleet.

Gold medals and chains were also bestowed on Admiral Sir Alexander Hood, on Rear Admiral Gardner, and on the captain of the fleet, Sir Roger Curtis. Rear Admirals Pasley and Bowyer were not sufficiently recovered from their dangerous wounds to be present, but the same honours were conferred upon them, as well as medals and decorations upon other distinguished officers of the fleet.

The King remained several hours on board, and he renewed his visit the following day, after which His Majesty landed at Southampton, and from thence, with his royal court and family returned to Windsor.

On reviewing these great and interesting events, one is forcibly struck by the tact and good taste which marked all Lord Howe's proceedings; for although, as a commander-in-chief, he had too much reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of some of the commanders who served under him, he let the gallant and glorious bearing of the majority shed a lustre upon the whole; so that notwithstanding he could not, as a just and incorruptible officer, praise them all, he incriminated none; and he contented himself, on handing to the government his supplementary statement of the individual conduct of his ships, by concluding his report, with this well-earned tribute to those, who had, in his own comprehensive words, "particular claim upon his attention," and who were "the Admirals Graves and Sir Alexander Hood; the Rear Admirals Bowyer, Gardner and Pasley; the Captains Lord Hugh Seymour, Pakenham,

Berkely, Gambier, John Harvey, Payne, Parker, Henry Harvey, Pringle, Duckworth and Elphinstone. Special notice," he continues, "is also due to Captains Nichols of the Sovereign, and Hope of the Bellerophon, who became charged with, and well conducted those ships, when the wounded flag officers under whom they served respectively therein, were no longer able to remain at their posts ; and Lieutenants Monckton of the Marlborough, and Donnelly of the Montagu, in similar situations. These selections, however," (his Lordship adds, with admirable grace and humanity), "should not be construed to the disadvantage of other commanders, who may have been equally deserving the approbation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, although I am not enabled to make a particular statement of their merits."

It is almost needless to add, that all these officers, received honorary distinctions, as a reward for the pre-eminent merit they displayed on board their respective ships, and which was notified to them by the following letter, with a medal

“ My Lord, or Sir,

“ The King having been pleased to order a certain number of gold medals to be struck, in commemoration of the victory obtained by His Majesty’s fleet, under the command of Earl Howe, over that of the enemy, in the actions of the 28th and 29th of May, and 1st of June 1794, I am commanded by His Majesty to present to you, one of the medals above mentioned ; and to signify His Majesty’s pleasure, that you should wear it when in your uniform, in the manner described by the directions, which (together with the medal and ribband belonging to it), I have the honour to transmit to you, I am also commanded by His Majesty to acquaint you, that had it been possible for all the officers on whom His Majesty is pleased to confer this mark of his approbation, to attend personally in London, His Majesty would have presented the medal to each of them in person. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

“ SPENCER.”

“ The Admirals to wear the medal suspended by a ribband round their necks, the captains to wear it from a button hole on the left side, the colour of the ribband blue and white.”

Our total loss in this great battle during the three days' operations, amounted to two hundred and ninety killed, and eight hundred and fifty-eight wounded.

CHAPTER VII.

Effects of the storm of 1803 — Tyranny of impressment—Scenes on board the *Puissant*, receiving vessel—Press gang on shore—The rescue—Convicts—Corporal punishment—Its ill-effects on the navy—Ameliorations—Court Martials.

I now return to my own humble narrative, from which I have been led away by that (to me) interesting accident, which brought me into personal contact with the distinguished men, from whose instructive conversation, I gleaned most of the foregoing facts.

The hurricane which had blown me amongst the four sea captains to dinner, (a lobster amongst the leviathans,) had played old mischief in the country, and spread desolation along the coast. As we expected to go to sea, every body was anxious to get early on board, and

as we passed down the streets, the untiled houses, and whole stacks of chimneys, which had been thrown down by the violence of the wind, presented a melancholy appearance. Several wrecks were on the South Sea Beach, and vessels that had drifted, and had still the signal of distress flying ; but no boats dared venture to give assistance. Others had been driven amongst the breakers, and were yet to be saved by great exertions. The tide had risen higher than had been known for thirty years, several houses in the point had been washed down, and all bore sad evidences of the ravages of the storm ; and the guards of the London mail, and of other coaches, which arrived long after their time, told the most extraordinary stories of the dangers they had passed, and the destruction they had beheld.

The Regulator coach had been blown against a tree, and if the guard had not, by singular presence of mind, immediately opened both doors, and thereby allowed the blast to blow through, it was verily believed, the coach, passengers, horses, tree and all, would have been carried smack from the top of Ports-down Hill n to the sea. The guard of the mail asserted,

that a tree had fallen upon the wheel horses of the heavy Lincoln, and killed them all on the spot.

Another story was related, that a gentleman was driving his lady in a phaeton, and that both were killed by the fall of a great beech tree ; but that the horses continued their journey, and stopped at their master's door, as if nothing had happened.

Certain it is, that great damage was done, and that many valuable lives were lost. Finally, in proof of the extraordinary violence, as well as the great extent, of the hurricane of this night, it was asserted (as an illustration of the proverb touching "an ill wind,") that many thousands of trees were blown down upon strictly entailed estates throughout the kingdom, and that these "wind falls" refreshed the pockets of many a needy lord, and necessitous gentleman.

In London and elsewhere, those mansions of the rich that were strongly and well built, were not materially injured ; but most of the cheap, showy lath and plaster, and Roman cement, the "cottages of gentility" dwellings, were

scattered like packs of cards, which, in more respects than one, they resembled.

The morning following this dreadful night was bright, clear and cold. The wind had gone bang round to the north east, and we had not much difficulty in getting to the three parts manned squadron at St. Helens. The ordinary inducements for sailors to enter on board men of war, had been held out by the captains of the respective ships, without sufficient success. A horror of the capricious tyranny, and the hateful authority vested in the captain, besides better wages being given in the merchant's service, made sailors avoid a king's ship as they would a lazaretto. Recourse was therefore had to that most abhorrent proceeding, that outrage upon the rights of man, and the privileges of a Briton, the "*impressment of seamen.*"

Talk of the military conscription of France, indeed ! where all men are made liable, and the path of promotion is open to all, the conscription is no more to be compared in atrocity, to impressment, than fair play is to cheating. In fact, I have never been able to liken impressment to any thing but the hateful captures and

abductions, that were prevalent on the coast of Africa, before the abolition of the slave trade.

Picture to yourself, a fair ship returning from her voyage, and entering the British Channel. Hark to the cheering call of "land ahead!" hear that happy shout answering from below. See the sailor dash the dew from his eye, that he may behold his own, his native land less dimly. Fancy what is passing in his heart as he nears the well known port. How his pulse rises! how eagerly he searches for his cottage on the hill! There—there *she* dwells—there his boy has grown almost a man, and his girl has become a beautiful woman. Thither is he bound, there will he sleep to-night. But no! the spoiler comes! the guard boat is along side; the lieutenant of the impress service seizes him, if he is refractory, binds him like a felon, and because he is a seaman, drags him to a receiving ship, and from thence he is drafted to a man of war.

What *then* becomes of all his happy thoughts, of home, of wife, of children, of a brief interval of personal comfort after months of hardship, danger and misery? No, he is a British sailor,

and *therefore* he is to be treated like a beast of the field, that has no rights, no will, no soul to call his own !

I remember once to have seen the manner of proceeding on board His Majesty's ship, the *Puissant*, the Sheer hulk and receiving vessel, at Spithead, which was fitted, and adapted to the double capacity, of taking out old masts, and taking in young men. About once, sometimes twice a week, the captain went on board, and all the victims who had been crimped, kidnapped or caught since his previous visitation were mustered on the quarter-deck. The purser's book, was opened before him, and he called over their names, thus, "*Thomas Brown.*"

" Sir."

Captain, " Brown, don't look so blue; how long have you been at sea? and how old are you ?"

Brown, " Twenty years at sea, man and boy your honour, and I'm thirty-two year old."

Captain, " You can hand, splice, reef, steer, heave the lead, eh ! Brown ?"

Brown, " Why yes, I doubt I ought your honour."

Captain, " You shall be rated able seaman, and have the King's bounty, Brown."

Brown, " No, thanks to your honour, but I'd rather not."

Captain, " But you must and shall. His Majesty wants such hands as you are."

Brown, " But your honour, my wife and children want me more. The King can do without the like of me, but *they* can't. Besides I've bled for my country ; I served last war as a volunteer, before I was spliced and had a family, and I was wounded with Sir John Jervis in ninety-seven."

Captain, " Well, well, as you served before because you liked, you must serve again because I like. Sir John Jervis is now first Lord of the Admiralty, and Earl St. Vincent, and you may go on board either of the three deckers at St. Helens, and write to him. Go below, but once more, will you enter and take the bounty ?"

Brown, " No, captain, I can't — my children—"

Captain, " Then you'll go without the bounty that's all, and so march off."

Poor Brown would have still pleaded his services, his wound, his wife and family ; but the

master at arms, who stood by with his rattan, in his hand to impose silence, told him to shut his potatoe-trap, and go below ; and the seaman sighed as if his heart would break, and did as he was bid.

“ *Richard Jennings.* ”

“ Sir.”

Captain, “ Jennings, how long have you been to sea ? ”

Jennings, “ Four years your honour.”

Captain, “ *Where* have you served ? ”

Jennings, “ *No where* your honour.”

Captain, “ Come, sir, no slang, or I’ll marry you to the gunner’s daughter. Send a boatswain’s mate aft with a cat.”

This rather puzzled me, as I had just heard Brown allege his marriage as a reason why he should not be detained. But I afterwards discovered that the captain meant he would seize him up to a gun, and flog him, which on board ship, is delicately and facetiously called being married to the gunner’s daughter.

Jennings, “ Beg pardon, your honour, I meant I had never served on board a man of war.”

Captain, “ Time you should then, sir, and amongst other things to learn manners. Will

you enter and take the bounty as an ordinary seaman?" Jennings seemed to have heard of, if he had never felt or embraced, the gunner's daughter, and declined; but he was forced to follow poor Brown.

" *James Baker.* "

" Sir. "

Baker stepped smartly forward, a little, thin, whipper snapper fellow, without calves, with a squint, and a snub nose.

Captain, " Baker, what are you ? "

Baker, " A tailor, your worship. "

Captain, " Don't worship me, merchant tailor. What brought you here ? "

Baker, " That are liftenant and his gang sir, took I, just as I was a going home last night. "

Lieutenant, " Tell the truth, sir, you were guzzling and cackling like a goose, at the magpie and horse shoe, at the bowling green, outside of Gosport gates. "

Baker, " But I was just a going home for all that. "

" Well Mr. for all that, you are just a going abroad instead, " said the captain. " We want tailors on board as well as ashore, so you'll

drive your needle and be an idler on board one of His Majesty's ships, and to prevent your having more rest than a ground tier butt, you'll be roused up, with every watch, day and night."

Baker, (in a terrible stew) " But, your worship, I'm no sailor."

Captain, " I see that well enough, so I rate you a landsman, and make you an idler."

Baker, " My mother's a widow, your worship, and I supports her, and my two little sisters."

Captain, " What the devil's that to me, to the King, or to the service? A tailor's the most useful man, after a sail maker ; so enter, take the bounty, one pound four shillings, and send it to your mother ; moreover, allot her half your pay."

The poor tailor burst into tears, and subsequently having no alternative, entered the navy to save his poor mother from starving.

But it is not to be supposed, even if a merchant ship is fortunate enough to avoid the vigilance of the guard boat, which comes down like the hawk upon the sparrow, that her crew is safe, oh no, in port or on shore, her crew are alike besieged, betrayed, crimped and trans-

ported away. At night a lieutenant is directed to land, with a picked gang of desperadoes, and to press from all protections. He may loathe and detest the duty, as brutal and unbecoming ; but he is obliged to go ; so with a banditti who had swallowed the bounty, and were therefore entitled to be hanged if they deserted, or flogged if they flinched, and primed with an extra allowance of grog, he leaves the ship, so as to land after dark. Every man had some patch upon him, to distinguish him from the objects of their search and capture. The lieutenant and reefers, and petty officers wore their swords and dirks, but the gang who are the operatives, were only allowed to carry bludgeons, or the stretchers of the boats, for fear of murder ; though sometimes they had ship's cutlasses, or broad cutting swords. Broken heads, or dislocated limbs, are not taken into the account ; so they proceed along the high street at Portsmouth, out of the garrison to the half-way house on the road to Hilsea, where the sound of the fiddle, and the shuffle of horn-pipe, and the giddy glass, indicate that their prey is at hand. Happy, light-hearted

souls ! how little do they think their besiegers and betrayers are investing them around !

Suddenly the door is battered in breach, and the assault is made. In rush the press gang, to arms ! to arms ! defence is the cry, we are sold, kidnapped, seize the red hot poker ! tongs, fire-shovel, tables, chairs, sticks, stones, coals, any thing that comes to hand ! The women join in the fray ; screams and tears, and sighs and curses, fill the room. Every missile is called in requisition, and every available object is made a missile. The struggle is long, desperate, bloody, doubtful, but some liberty men, soldiers, (who are returning to their barracks, at Hilsea,) hear the row, join issue, and help to beat off the press gang, who left their hats and bludgeons on the scene of action.

I shall never forget, on an occasion of this kind, what a pretty figure they cut, when they returned on board, bruised, foiled, and vanquished. But the triumph of the victors was of short duration. More efficient means were immediately taken for their capture, and a few nights afterwards, they were made drunk, and discovered by the crimps, then seized and car-

ried forcibly on board, and ultimately carried to sea.

But even these means, desperate and remorseless as they were, did not suffice to complete the complement of men on board the squadron, under sailing orders at St. Helens, and an expedient at once humiliating to the service, and demoralising to the last degree, was resorted to at this period. Government gave orders that a number of convicts should be taken from the prison hulks in Portsmouth harbour, and borne as part of the crew on board the respective men of war, to the number of I think one hundred to each ship. The consequences can be more easily conceived than described. These unhappy children of crime were messed apart; but no real line of separation could be preserved, and they mingled with the rest on duty and in danger, and were sad examples upon which a cruel captain could exercise his despotic, and at that time, quite irresponsible power. "D— him, he's an old offender, a convicted vagabond, tie him up, and flog him, ad libitum, mark his back with blood, and the log board with chalk."

Such executions were of such frequent occur-

rence that the scream of agony fell upon the ear, but the heart took no heed. Having already expressed my abhorrence of corporal punishments under any circumstances, and bearing in mind, that it was cut out of the French code of discipline, in the earliest and worst times of their reckless revolution ; recollecting also that it does not exist in any other army or navy in Europe, I have no language to express my sorrow, that it should still remain a blot upon both our services, by sea and land. But if it is barbarous and brutal, in the British army, even when the result of a careful inquiry, and the examination of witnesses on oath, and the sentence of a court of officers of different grades, all duly sworn to act impartially, without prejudice or passion, to the best of their judgment, according to the written articles of war, laying open before them, with the healing power vested on the commanding officer, to remit any part of the punishment. If such, I say, be its character in the army, and under such restrictions, what does it become when any single naval captain has the authority to accuse, condemn

and execute as he pleases, under, perhaps, the influence and excitement of his own anger, unbridled, and oftentimes vicious temper.

Gracious heaven ! is it to be believed, that at this very moment, after all the reforms and correction of abuses, after the salutary changes that have been made in the criminal law of England, that now, even now, any commander of a ship wearing a pennant, from the *Britannia* with a hundred guns, to a steam boat, with no guns at all, that every such person, however ignorant, illiterate or savage he may be, has the power to tie up to the gratings at the gang way, any seaman, marine, or soldier, either in or belonging to, or taking a passage as supernumerary on board, who may incur his displeasure, and inflict a certain number of lashes on his bare and bleeding body. I do not mean to impugn or cast a slur upon any individual, when I declare that this is an arbitrary despotism, which no mortal man should possess over another.

I have served many years, on shore and afloat ; at home and abroad ; with foreign as well as with British troops ; and I have no hesitation in branding it with execration. Moreover, I foresee, and foretell, that if it is persisted

in, it will ultimately destroy the navy. To it I attribute the impossibility of manning men of war by volunteers, and the consequent impressment of seamen, and the infamous expedient of taking convicts from the hulks, to make up the crew. To it I attribute the constant desertions from the navy, and our sailors having sought shelter on board American vessels of war, and their consequent turning their hands, and the guns of the enemy against their mother country. Some stickler for discipline and the scourge, will exclaim, " they flog in the American navy, and they jump from the frying pan into the fire." This proves nothing ; for how insupportable must the frying-pan be, 'ere the poor devil jumps out of it into the fire ? In short, tyranny of any kind, brutalizes all within its pestilent atmosphere, and woe to England ! if she does not eradicate this moral dry-rot from her fleet.

I shall, in the course of these sketches, be obliged to give some examples of the detestable practice of flogging, I shall show that the best men have proved themselves unfit to be invested with such power ; and I shall show how some of the worst have abused it by flogging, on going into action, and during the action, and for which

they have fallen by the hands of their own men, who shot them in the battle.

But while I shall, from a sense of duty, bring forward these humiliating proofs of a bad system, I am ready to acknowledge, that during the last thirty years, many ameliorations have taken place in the service. The abuse in the rating, and even the practice of *fictitious* rating, on board ships, is totally changed or abolished, since the time when the sailor and the marine were crossing the admiral's Paddock at Plymouth, in which two long tailed coach horses were grazing, and Jack took a shy at one of them with a stone. "My eyes, Jack!" exclaimed the jolly marine, "don't pelt that poor fellow, he's rated quarter-master on our ship's books."

Flogging midshipmen too, is now of rare occurrence; and mast heading them, (since more than one instance of their falling victims to the practice is on record,) is done away with by order of the admiralty. Reducing non-commissioned officers of marines at the gang way, and transposing the stripes of distinction upon their arm, to stripes of disgrace upon their backs, without any trial, would, not now be tolerated. But still, at a naval court-martial,

no officer below the rank of a naval commander, is tried by his peers. No officer under the rank of commander, can sit on a naval court-martial. If therefore a lieutenant in the navy, (who takes rank with a captain in the army) is brought before a court-martial, he is tried by captains ; but if a lieutenant is driven to try his captain by a court-martial, that captain is arraigned before his brother captains. The probabilities in such a case are certainly not in favour of strict justice. In fact, it was quite an understood thing in the navy, that to try your captain by a court-martial, was to renounce all reasonable hopes of promotion in the service. In the army, however, a general court-martial is composed of all ranks, from different regiments and corps, and an ensign has ensigns for his judges.

CHAPTER VIII.

First Christmas-day on board—My first trip—Join the Channel fleet off Ushant—Our mess—The first lieutenant and his wife—The other officers—Mess conversation—Sir John Jervis's official dispatches—Reminiscences of the battle off Cape St. Vincent.

It was a dreary Christmas the first that I passed on board; and on Christmas-eve and Christmas-day, those holy days for holy men, and holidays for boys—I sighed and wished I was at home. To be sure there was real English cheer on board; roast beef and plum pudding. But the ship rolled at her anchors so heavily, and she pitched and rose so uneasily, that my sickening heart longed for rest. I felt dizzy and dying; I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and I thought it would be almost a mercy to throw me overboard. However, after eight and forty

hours' clearing out, and having endured all the prescriptions for my qualmishness usually given in such cases, (among which the fat piece of pork tied to a string, was not forgotten) the sea subsided, and my spirits rose.

It was on the morning of the 27th of December, 1803, that the boatswain's shrill pipe, followed by his roar of " All hands unmoor ship a hoy," broke upon my ear. The captain's cow, the ward-room sheep, and a pig, belonging to the gentlemen of the starboard birth below, with sea stock of all kinds, in addition to the King's allowance, had been some days on board ; women had gone wailing ashore, or smiling on board some other ship at Spithead ; and the moment was come when, for the first time, I was to bid my native land adieu.

My den or cabin being situated in what the midddy's call " Capstan Square." I was roused up, that my shutters might be lowered down, and the capstan's bars shipped for getting up the anchors. Ere long, the ship was a-weight, and her sails beautifully set, and the wind being fair, away we went to sea, in company with the squadron, and " So steady ! meet her," " Thus and no near," was the master's call. The breeze

N.E. and her head S.W. the proud ship, with her studding sails set on both sides and her royals aloft, in all the pomp of a *dame de la cour de Louis XIV*, bent her course along those chalky cliffs so often sung ; and having cleared the channel, we struck into the immeasurable waters of the Atlantic.

Inspiring, new, and exciting as all this was to me, it has been described so often and so perfectly in poetry and in prose, that I shall not dwell upon it. I was influenced by a new state of existence ; I trod on a floating castle filled with armed men ; we were bound to the enemy's coast—to the coast of France ; and if a rebellious tear did rise as " my own, my native land," sunk into the sea, I dashed it to the breeze that filled our sails.

At nightfall I confess, however, I lingered on the deck, and after beholding such a sunset as I had never seen before, I felt my heart, as it were, melt within me, and tear after tear stole silently down.

In the course of the middle watch, the wind died away ; all the light sails were taken in as useless, and we remained becalmed almost all the following day ; so that it was not till day-

break on the third day the man at the mast-head called out " land," and " strange sail," almost in the same breath. The land was the Island of Ushant, and the strange sail the Channel fleet, under that eccentric but distinguished officer, the Honorable William Cornwallis. This fleet consisted of thirteen ships of the line, and was standing under easy sail, so we were soon under the Admiral's lee, and our captain's cutter being lowered and manned, he went on board the *Ville de Paris*, to pay his respects to the Commander-in-Chief.

As we neared the Admiral, a certain number of guns were prepared on our main deck to salute his flag ; but that usual compliment was anticipated, and dispensed with by signal ; " Billy Blue," as he was characteristically called, having no fancy for forms, or any unnecessary waste of gunpowder. The rest of the St. Helen's squadron joined at the same time, and made our force equal to that of the enemy, who, however, had at least seventeen sail of the line in Brest Roads, ready for sea.

The captain returned on board, with the order of battle, the order of sailing, and other details ; and we took our station next a-stern to

the San Josef, of 110 guns, which bore the flag of the Vice-Admiral, Sir Charles Cotton. The first days of a ship's cruise, are not unlike the early stages in a coach; at the beginning you hardly know who your companions are; but by degrees you shake down into your respective places, become gradually acquainted with each, and being thrown together by circumstances, you regard each other with complacency, and feel in some sort bound to contribute to the general harmony and amusement.

Our mess was in all respects a good one. It consisted of fifteen persons; viz:—seven naval lieutenants; one captain, and three subalterns of marines; the master, the purser, the surgeon, and though last, not least in reverence, the chaplain. Here was a sufficient variety of materials to form a most agreeable and indeed instructive society. After the commander, the first lieutenant is of course the great man on board, and with the captain of marines, has much influence over the respective junior officers. I shall never forget our first lieutenant. I preserved to him all his life the greatest respect and affection, for there are few such men to be met with, either in or

out of the service ; independently of being a thorough seaman and a first rate officer, he was an elegant and accomplished gentleman. He spoke Italian and French fluently ; was a first rate draughtsman ; and moreover,

“ He was stately, young, and tall,
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall.”

Then his *cara sposa*, as he fondly used to call her, was the gentlest and the sweetest creature imaginable, and she loved her sailor, and was kind to his friends. I look back through the dim mist of years, and linger on the memory of those two, and wish (in vain !) that they were with us now. She, though not tall, was of the finest order of fine forms ; and nature had touched her looks with something that was scarcely earthly ; and purely feminine was she, and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes or the eye looks for in woman, that her image will never be worn away. He lived to a post-captain, to command a line of battle ship, and I met him long afterwards at Cadiz, changed, it is true, in “ compliment extern,” but in mind, manner, and heart, the same as ever. The second lieutenant was a

regular tar—famous at boat-sailing—unexceptionable in a squall—had an eye eternally to windward—was sure to clue up and reef in time—was fond of his girl and his glass—and of a Saturday night, whether at sea or in port, used to toast :

“ The wind that blows,

The ship that goes,

And the lass that loves a sailor, better than a soldier.”

The third lieutenant was the son of a poet, and insisted that his father's translation of the *Georgics* was equal to the original ; and we used to tease him by repeating the distich :—

Equal to Virgil, it may be perhaps,

But, then, by Jove, 'tis Doctor Trapps.

The fourth lieutenant had a fancy for poring over Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and as soon as his watch on deck was over, he used to return to his lucubration, and make notes, which we occasionally amused ourselves with shifting from one page and volume to another.

The fifth and sixth lieutenants had no peculiarity that I remember ; but the seventh, the junior, was a great economist, and talked of “ the tottle of the whole.” He used to hug his quarterly bills, and declare, that “ if

you took care of the pence, the pounds and shillings would take care of themselves." Although the youngest in the mess, except myself, he was always called Old Cooper. His coat was out of fashion, but carefully brushed, and his whole exterior pronounced him to be of great method, order and neatness. He was exceedingly respectable, but there was no spring, no elasticity about him.

I now come to my own noble captain of marines. He was a perfect bantam. His cocked hat and regulation feather were nearly as high as himself ; but he drew up and plumed himself like a pheasant ; gave a good word of command ; was a model of intrepidity and personal valour, and had served with Lord Nelson, on board the Vanguard, at the battle of Aboukir.

Of my brother subs, one was of the nabob species, and his colour copper. His father was a General in the Honorable Company's Service ; and my comrade Dudley having an indolent cast in his character, made a famous ship marine. The other was a good natured handsome youth from the west of Devon, and whenever there was a calm we used to ask him what he was going to

do? that he might reply in his vernacular dialect, "I'm going to fishing;" which he did for hours together, out of the stern windows, and caught much fish. In the autumn of the following year, he was hotly engaged in the battle of Trafalgar, and kept himself as cool as a cucumber—the admiration of all about him.

Our priest was a native of Wales, as pastoral and as without guile, as the herd upon the hill. He used to tell a story of his former captain, who was a member of Parliament, and so fond of spouting and hearing himself spout, that he occasionally borrowed his pulpit and harangued his crew in a Sunday sermon. To tell the truth, our Cambrian was better in the bottle than in the wood.

The master was a droll old fellow, with great shrewdness and natural talent, but poorly educated. He often said, "give me a quadrant, a line, and a piece of chalk, and I'll take any vessel from Indus to the Pole."

The purser was a person of better education; a great reader and retainer of what he read; had Shakspeare by heart, and used to pass days on the lockers abaft, with jovial Jack Falstaff, and the Merry Wives of Windsor. I delighted to

hear him go over his stories of battles, which he told with great exactness, always be it understood with a distinct declaration on his part, that, as purser, he was ever in the cockpit, where he could be of more use helping the doctor. "But even there," said he, "you were not safe; shot came frequently in between wind and water;" and one man he declared had his head carried off by a twenty-four pounder, while his leg was undergoing amputation. The purser was a great admirer of the actual First Lord of the Admiralty, whom he said had done much good to the service; although he must allow that some old and good hands had been rather unjustly swept out of the dock-yards, by the noble Earl's peremptory and not always discriminate regulations. "It was quite time, Cosway," said the junior lieutenant, in reply, "that the extravagance and fraud existing in His Majesty's arsenals should be put a stop to." "That may be," replied the purser; "but the result of our not having ample supplies of timber in the yards, and the consequence of such a sweeping discharge of artificers is, that no new ships have been built—to say nothing of the mistake of selling stores at the breaking out of a war. In-

deed, some go so far as to declare there were not materials to do the most pressing repairs. However," he continued, in a softened tone, "Lord St. Vincent is not the first man who was better at the head of a fleet, or an army, than at the head of a department. There was the Duke of Marlborough, for instance, the moment he began *politics*——"

"Avast there!" cried the master; "I let you go on, for I was sure you'd split upon politics at last—and now my boy, I bring you up with a wet sail. Mr. President," to the captain of marines, who was always in the chair at dinner, "I move that, according to the rules of the mess, the purser and Cooper be both fined a bottle of sherry for talking politics."

"What do you call politics?" said the junior lieutenant. "It was a mere question of expenditure."

"Why I clapped the stopper on the very word," persisted Soundings; and as there was no dissentient to the extra wine, either by givers or takers, the steward was directed by the chair to put two extra bottles (the mess allowance being a pint of wine each) upon the table.

At this moment the San Josef of 110 guns

was ranging by us to take her station in the order of sailing, having backed her main top sail, and thereby dropped astern of us to pick up her boat. "What a beautiful ship! what a bow! how majestically she rises to the sea, and then dashes it into foam as she descends," said I.

"You remember the old San Josef, Purser?" said the second lieutenant.

"To be sure I do," was the reply; "and by those main chains, into which I could now almost pitch this bit of biscuit, did Nelson board her. I belonged to the little Captain at the time, which was like a sloop alongside of her. But as for Nelson's clambering, he would go up the ladder in Jacob's vision, after fame. It was there our present First Lord of the Admiralty, whom we were rather hard upon just now when I was fined—but Mr. President, I propose the health of Sir John Jervis, now Earl of St. Vincent, who everybody knows commanded the fleet, when that very ship, the San Josef, perhaps the finest ship in the world, was taken."

"How I envy you having been in that great battle, Mr. Cosway," said I. "Perhaps you will tell us some of the particulars."

"Ah! do," said the first lieutenant. "No-

thing reconciles one to the wearying monotony of this blockading system, like the reminiscences of the glorious past, and some hope for the future."

"By the bye," said the purser; "I've got the Admiral's official letter below. I'll go for it, if you all like."

"Do—do!" we all exclaimed together. The purser left the ward room, sunk into the regions below, where day never shines, and by the light of one of his own glims, rummaged out the London Gazette Extraordinary, dated Admiralty Office, 3rd March, 1797, and having resumed his seat at the table, read aloud as follows:—

"Robert Calder, Esq., first Captain to Admiral Sir John Jervis, K.B., arrived this morning with dispatches for Mr. Nepean, of which the following are copies.

Victory, in Lagos Bay, Feb. 16th.

SIR,

"The hopes of falling in with the Spanish fleet, expressed to you in my letter of the 13th instant, were confirmed that night, by our

distinctly hearing the report of their signal guns, and by intelligence received from Captain Foote of H.M.S. Niger, who had, with equal judgment and perseverance, kept company with them for several days on my prescribed rendezvous, (which from the strong south east winds I had never been able to reach) and that they were not more than three or four leagues from us, I anxiously awaited the dawn of day, when being on the starboard tack, Cape St. Vincent bearing E. by N. eight leagues, I had the satisfaction of seeing a number of ships, at forty minutes past ten, the weather being extremely hazy. La Bonne Citoyenne made the signal, that the ships were ships of the line twenty-five in number. His Majesty's squadron under my command consisting of fifteen ships of the line, named in the margin, happily formed in the most compact order of sailing in two lines. By carrying a press of sail I was fortunate in getting in with the enemy's fleet at half past eleven o'clock, before it had time to connect and form a regular order of battle. Such a moment was not to be lost, and confident in the skill, and valour, and discipline of the officers and men, I had the happi-

ness to command, and judging that the honor of His Majesty's arms and the circumstances of the war in these seas required a considerable degree of enterprize, I felt myself justified in departing from the regular system, and passing through their fleet in a line formed with the utmost celerity, tacked, and thereby separated one third from the main body, after a partial canonnade which prevented their rejunction in the evening, and by the very great exertions of the ships, which had the good fortune to arrive up with the enemy on the larboard tack, the ships named in the margin were captured, and the action ceased about five o'clock in the evening. I enclose the most correct list I have been able to obtain of the Spanish fleet opposed to me, amounting to twenty-seven sail of the line, and also an account of the killed and wounded in H.M. ships, as well as in those taken from the enemy. The moment the latter (almost totally dismasted) and H.M. ships Captain and Cullo-den, are in a state to put to sea, I shall avail myself of the first favourable winds to proceed off Cape St. Vincent on my way to Lisbon. Captain Calder, whose able assistance has greatly

contributed to the public service during my command, is the bearer of this, and will more particularly describe to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the movements of the squadron on the 14th and the present state of it.

“ I am, etc.,

“ J. JERVIS.”

Victory, Britannia, Prince George, Blenheim, Namur, Captain, Goliah, Excellent, Orion, Colossus, Egmont, Culloden, Irresistible, Diadem.

Salvador del Mundo, 112—San Josef, 112—San Nicolas, 84—San Isidro, 74.

Santissima Trinidad, 130 guns—Mexicaira, 112—Principe d'Asturias, 112—Concepcion, 112—Conde de Regle, 112—Salvador del Mundo, 112 (taken)—San Josef, 112 (taken)—San Nicolas, 84 (taken)—Oriente, 74—Glorioso, 74—Atlante, 74—Conquestador, 74—Soberano, 74—Firme, 74—Pelayo, 74—San Gerano, 74—San Ildefonso, 74—San Juan, 74—San Francesco, 74—San Isidro, 74 (taken)—San Antonio, 74—San Pablo, 74—San Firmio, 74—Neptuna, 74—Bahama, 74; and two more of 74 guns each, names not known.

Return of British killed and wounded :

Killed	73
Wounded	227
	<hr/>
Total	300

“ It was Nelson in the *Minerve*, however, who brought us the first news of our being so near the dons,” said the second lieutenant, as the purser lay down the *Gazette* and took up his glass. “ But perhaps that circumstance was stated in the letter, the Commander-in-Chief alludes to as written by him on the 13th, the day before the action, and the very day the *Minerve* joined the fleet.”

“ But it is very odd,” I observed, “ that there is no mention in the Admiral’s public dispatch of Nelson’s having carried the *San Josef* by boarding.”

“ I tell you what,” dryly observed the senior sub of the marines ; “ Flags in some respects resemble petticoats ; they are a *wee bit* jealous now and then.”

“ It was a gloomy morning,” said the purser, “ and the Spaniards made two grand mistakes ; one was, that they imagined us part and parcel of

themselves ; and the other was, that they thought us greatly inferior in force. But the Culloden, under Captain Trowbridge, followed by the Excellent, Orion, Prince George, Blenheim, Colossus, Victory, Irresistible, Barfleur, Goliath, Britannia, Egmont, Namur, Captain, and Diadem, soon convinced them to the contrary in both instances. I like," he continued, warming as he went on, " I like to give due praise even to our enemies ; and one of the Spanish ships distinguished herself on that day in a manner that would have done honour, both as to seamanship and valour, to any man-of-war."

" That was l'Orient !" exclaimed the second lieutenant, who was also in the action. The purser assented. " It was remarkable," continued the lieutenant, " that Nelson's ship, the Captain, the smallest ship of her class, a third-rate in the service, was successively engaged in that action with three of the finest and largest ships in the world—the Santissima Trinidad, the Salvador del Mundo, and the San Josef."

" By the bye," said the parson, " what impious fellows those pious Spaniards are, to give such names to their ships. ' The most Holy

Trinity !' 'The Saviour of the World !' But in the Roman superstition——"

"Bah, Bishop !" cried the doctor, "what signifies a name ?"

"Let me go on," said the second lieutenant. "Besides those three very first rates, there was the San Nicolas upon us, a heavy eighty ; and she it was (romance as it may sound like) that was carried by boarding, from the little Captain, by the great Commodore. I was a mid of the Captain, and saw it all. It was after we had lost our foremast, and her wheel was shot away, and her rigging cut into ribbands. We were entangled between the San Josef and San Nicolas, when Nelson, raising his one arm, called out to board ; and the first man who jumped into the San Nicolas's mizen chains was Captain Berry, late first lieutenant to the Commodore. He was followed by some soldiers of the 69th regiment, who were doing duty on board as marines. Captain Miller, who commanded our ship, and to whom I was aide-de-camp, wanted to be of the party, but the Commodore, as quietly as if he was asking you to take wine, said, 'No, Miller, I must go—you stay to command here !' At this mo-

ment one of the 69th having knocked in the upper quarter gallery window, in sprung Nelson, like a mastiff into a boat-house after a water-rat. He was ably supported, as you may suppose ; now a soldier, now a sailor jumping in, one after the other, like sheep out of a pen at a fair. They found the cabin doors locked outside ; they were, however soon blown open, and a skirmish ensued, in which the Spanish Commodore was killed, as he and his men retreated to the quarter deck, pursued by our Commodore, who, when he got there, found Berry in possession of the poop, and the enemy's flag was then lowered to the feet of the future hero of the Nile."

"Then Nelson did *not* board the ship which just now passed us, the San Josef, by the quarter gallery, after all," said I.

"No, said the purser, taking up the thread the second lieutenant had just dropped ; "it was from the San Nicolas he boarded the San Josef, Captain Berry assisting him as he called it, (poor fellow ! if he had not lost his arm at that infernal business, he would not have wanted assistance) into the main chains ; and on stepping on the quarter deck, the Spanish captain presented his sword, saying :—' The ship

has struck, and the Admiral is mortally wounded.' "

At this stage of the story, our drum beat to arms, and we rose from the table, to attend the evening parade of our respective divisions.

CHAPTER IX.

Admiral Duncan's Official Despatches on the Battle of Camperdown — Reminiscences — Mutiny at the Nore — Admiral Parker — Execution of Parker and his confederates—Parker's wife—Parker's resurrection.

AFTER dinner the following day, as we sat discussing our respective glasses of old Turner's port, the subject of the great naval actions of the last war, was resumed, and Saxton, our fourth lieutenant, treated us with one of his commentaries, having been, as usual, poring over those of his learned friend Blackstone, whenever it was not his watch on deck.

"By the way, Cosway," said he, "that battle of yours with the Spaniards, though very effective in its results (and I by no means intend to disparage them) is not to be compared as a fight, with our set-to with the Dutch on the

eleventh of October following. The Dons made comparatively little play; while Mynheer hammered away at our hulls instead of our rigging, and we suffered terribly."

The purser stood out for the battle of St. Vincent; the fourth lieutenant was for Camperdown; and, in truth, he had the best of the argument; for besides being a bit of a logician, the facts were with him, as he declared he would triumphantly shew; and without more ado, he popped into his cabin, which was just behind his chair, and brought out the bold Duncan's letter, which he laid on the table exclaiming:

"So well thy words become thee as thy deeds;
They smack of honour both."

"Aptly quoted, and from Shakspeare," said the purser.

"Pray pass the letter up to the president," said I; "and I propose he reads it from the chair."

Carried, nem-con; and we heard as follows;
"Before you begin, please to pass the bottle,

Mr. President," suggested the master ; the bottle was passed accordingly.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Monday, October 16th, 1797.

Admiralty Office.

Captain Fairfax of the Venerable, arrived early this morning, with despatches from Adam Duncan Esq. Admiral of the Blue, Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's ships, employed in the North Sea, to Evan Nepean Esq. secretary of the Admiralty of which the following are copies :

Venerable at sea. 13 October, 1797.

Off the coast of Holland.

Sir,

Be pleased to acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that judging it of consequence, their Lordships should hear as early information as possible, of the defeat of the Dutch fleet, under command of Admiral de Winter, I despatched the Rose cutter at 3 P. M. on the 12th, 11th instant, with a short letter to

you, immediately after the action was ended. I have now farther to acquaint you, for their Lordships' information, that in the night of the 10th instant, after I had sent away my letter to you of that date, I placed my squadron in such a situation, as to prevent the enemy from returning to the Texel, without my falling in with them. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 11th instant, I got sight of Captain Trollope's squadron, with signals flying for an enemy to leeward. I immediately bore up, and made the signal for a general chase, and soon got sight of them, forming in a line on the larboard tack to receive us, the wind at north west. As we approached near, I made the signal for the squadron to shorten sail in order to connect them ; soon after I saw the land between Camperdown and Egmont, about nine miles to leeward of the enemy, and finding there was no time to be lost, in making the attack, I made the signal to bear up, break the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward each ship her opponent, by which I got between them and the land, which they were fast approaching. My signals were obeyed with great promptitude, and Vice Admiral Onslow in the Monarch, bore down on the enemy's rear

in the most gallant manner, his division following his example, and the action commenced at about forty minutes past twelve o'clock. The Venerable soon got through the enemy's line, and I began a close action which lasted near two hours and a half, when I observed all the masts of the Dutch Admiral's ship, to go by the board ; she was, however, defended for some time in a most gallant manner, but being over-pressed by numbers, her colours were struck, and Admiral de Winter was soon brought on board the Venerable. On looking round me, I observed the ship bearing the Vice Admiral's flag was also dismasted, and had surrendered to Vice-Admiral Onslow, and that many others had likewise struck. Finding we were in nine fathoms water, and not farther than four miles from the land, my attention was so much taken up in getting the heads of the disabled ships off shore, that I was not able to distinguish the number of ships captured, and the wind having been constantly on the land since, we have unavoidably been much dispersed, so that I have not been able to gain an exact account of them, but we have taken possession of eight or nine ; more of them had struck, but taking advantage of the

night, and being so near their own coast, they succeeded in getting off, and some of them were seen going into the Texel the next morning. It is with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction I make known to their Lordships, the very gallant behaviour of Vice-Admiral Onslow, the captains, officers, seamen and marines of the squadron, who all appeared actuated by the truly British spirit (at least those I had an opportunity of seeing). One of the enemy's ships caught fire in the action, and drove very near the Venerable, but I have the pleasure to say it was extinguished, and she is one of the ships in our possession. The squadron has suffered much in their masts, yards and rigging, and many of them had lost a number of men, however in no proportion to that of the enemy. The carnage on board the two ships that bore the Admiral's flags, has been beyond all description, these have had no less than two hundred and fifty killed and wounded on board of each ship; and here I have to lament the death of Captain Burgess of His Majesty's ship, Ardent, who brought that ship into action in the most gallant and masterly manner, but was unfortunately killed soon after; however, the ship continued

the action close, till quite disabled. The public have lost a good and gallant officer in Captain Burgess, and I, with others, a sincere friend. Captain Trollope's exertions and active good conduct, in keeping sight of the enemy's fleet, while I came up, have been truly meritorious, and will, I trust, meet a just reward. I send this by Captain Fairfax, by whose able advice I profited much during the action, and who will give their Lordships any further particulars they may wish to know. As most of the ships of the squadron are much disabled, and several of the prizes dismasted, I shall make the best of my way with them to the Nore. I herewith transmit you a list of the killed and wounded on board such of the squadron as I have been able to collect, a list of the enemy's fleet opposed to my squadron, and my line of battle on the day of action.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

ADAM DUNCAN.

At the conclusion of the despatch, which we

all applauded, the purser's having taken the hint from Paxton, went on quoting from Macbeth :

" Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meekly, hath been
So dear in his great office—"

when he was interrupted by the first lieutenant, who said, " What ship were you in, Paxton, at Camperdown ?"

" I, my dear Sir ? why I was with Onslow the brave, in the Monarch, who bore his blushing honours at the fore."

" Very true," observed somebody. " Onslow was Vice-Admiral of the red at that time. But there's not a word about your hulls in all the letter," said the purser.

" But there is about our killed and wounded, which amounts to the same thing," retorted Paxton.

" Indeed," said the chaplain, " one of the most remarkable features of that brilliant achievement (under Providence)—"

" Under Admiral Duncan, by your leave," said the doctor, who had been swallowing some heterodox tenets out of a French prize.

" I think there was the manifest interference of the divine goodness," persisted the parson, " in turning the hearts of so many wilful and wicked men, who had just before been in open mutiny and resistance to the laws of their country, to do their duty so boldly, so nobly, in defence of that country."

" Bravo ! bravo !" said the president, and we all gave signs of adhesion.

" There's something in what you say, bishop," said the master, " for of all the scenes, I ever beheld, those of the mutiny at the Nore were the most painful."

" The mutiny ran through all our fleets like a disease," said the purser.

" And it was only death that was able to cure it after all," said the doctor, alluding to the execution that had taken place.

From the general conversation that ensued, I gathered the following circumstances. At the close of 1796, the Channel fleet was in a state of mutiny. As early as January following, there was a royal proclamation offering pardon to the mutineers of the squadron at Portsmouth, who should immediately return to their duty. The mutineers at Plymouth had

already submitted, on being promised by the Admiralty, that their demands should be acceded to; but in May the mutiny broke out afresh at Spithead, like a smothered fire, and raged with redoubled fury. The fleet refused to go to sea, and when Admiral Colpoys resisted their demands, refused to receive their delegates, and ordered his marines to fire into their boat, the crew of the London rose in open defiance, deposed the Admiral, struck his flag, and hoisted their own colours. While this was going on, Rear Admiral Curtis' squadron arrived at St. Helens from Torbay, under their own delegates, but on being assured, by the leaders of the revolt, in the Channel fleet, that the Admiralty had come to their terms, they agreed to return also to their duty, and expressed themselves satisfied.

I had not yet been able to obtain any particulars of the most alarming mutiny of all, the mutiny at the Nore, to which reference had been made at the beginning of the conversation. I therefore touched the chord again, and collected the following interesting details. All those who had been present, and seen or had heard

any thing about it, contributing to the stock of information.

About the middle of May of the same year, the revolt at the Nore was at its height ; the mutineers chose a committee of twelve from each ship, who investigated the conduct, and in some cases preferred charges against the delegates themselves. Drunkenness, *par exemple*, was punished with the utmost severity. " Self-preservation," they declared, " required the utmost order and sobriety." Regular conferences were daily held at Sheerness, at which the rebel chief, Parker, (whom they dubbed Admiral Parker) presided. These incendiaries both defied and insulted the military ; they blockaded the entrance of the Thames ; hoisted the flag of revolt ; and compelled or cajoled the ships in the Medway, as well as great part of Admiral Duncan's fleet, to join them. Notwithstanding this alarming and unprecedented state of things, and the danger of allowing it to pass with impunity, Lord Spencer, who had before sent a Board of Admiralty to Portsmouth, to negotiate with the mutineers of the Channel fleet, offered, in His Majesty's name, the royal

pardon, provided they would directly return to their allegiance. But this offer, which happened to be made on the anniversary of "our wonderful deliverance from the great rebellion," the 29th of May, was audaciously rejected. How true is it, that in commotions of this kind, the dregs from the bottom usually rise upon the surface, and Admiral Parker formed no exception to the rule. This renegado had been only two years in the navy; having stepped on board a man of war from a prison in Perth, where he had been confined, to answer for debts incurred, as a little shop-keeper, in some small place in that county. He had effected his emancipation from gaol, with the parochial bounty of £30, which he took as bounty to enter as a volunteer into His Majesty's naval service. Being a cunning, active, clever fellow, he soon became a petty officer, from which rank, however, for some mal-practices, he was soon degraded, and put again before the mast. He is described to have been a man of saturnine visage, of the middle size, and of a good figure. He was about thirty-five years of age, with just learning enough to make him a dangerous or mischievous fellow on board ship, or any where else. Under

this fellow's sway, all sorts of outrages, not only upon the rules of the service, but even upon the persons of such officers as incurred the resentment of the mutineers, were unhesitatingly perpetrated. The following was the manner and process of one of the punishments, that of ducking. The victim's hands and feet having been previously bound, they were strapped upon their cot, to which a heavy shot was fastened, to make them sink. In this helpless plight, they were attached to a tackle rove at the yard arm. Thus they were hoisted up to the block, and then suddenly let go by the run, souse into the sea, where they were kept some time under water ; they were then hoisted up, and let go by the run alternately, till life was almost gone. They were then in cruel sport, hoisted up by the heels, " to let the water run off their stomachs and clean them out."

The time had arrived however, and things had at length come to such a pass, that further compromise was out of the question ; indeed it had gone too far already ; and decided measures were adopted. An Extraordinary Gazette was accordingly published, containing the King's Proclamation, forbidding under pain of death,

all intercourse with the revolted ships, either personally or by letter. This, aided by the firm and loyal conduct of the corps of marines, produced a return to order and obedience, and on the 14th of June the sham Admiral Parker and his confederates, were arrested and thrown into prison. Soon afterwards, they were severally arraigned, tried for high treason, and condemned to die. The conduct of the unhappy wife of Parker excited much commiseration at the time. Indeed when was there a Conrad without a Medora, or a Rob Roy without his Helen? The rebel's widow, was amongst the numerous examples of woman's devotion, and woman's love. The moment sentence was passed, she exerted every nerve to save him. She made out a petition to the Queen imploring mercy, and carried it to London, to Lord Moreton's house, who was Her Majesty's Chamberlain. There she was refused admittance by the lacqueys; on which she declared to them, that if Parker's life was spared, she would insure them a thousand pounds, and she showed them value to that amount. Upon this, the closed doors opened before her, and she found herself in the presence of the courtly

peer, with her petition in one hand, and her infant child in the other. All intercession was however vain ; no mercy could, with safety, be accorded to the guilty leaders of such a confederacy ; and on the 30th of the same month, Parker, with other delegates, was executed at the yard arm of the Sandwich of 74 guns at the Nore.

No sooner were his remains deposited on the burial ground at Sheerness, than his wretched widow had them taken up in the night, and brought to a public house on Little Tower Hill, London. Here great alarm and excitement was produced, not only by her raving and despair, but by the superstitious and agitated feelings, so extraordinary a proceeding would naturally cause in the vulgar mind. The lower orders of the people assembled in masses, and surrounded the house, all crying out " to see the mutineer's body." The strange story flew from mouth to mouth, over all the streets of the city, and Tower Hill was covered with a vast and dense crowd. " Parker's resurrection," as the mob called it, was attended by circumstances that threatened the public peace, and obliged the civil power to interfere ; and his widow was at

length arrested, and taken before the magistrates at Lambeth, where, in answer to the interrogatories of the bench, she declared that "she had only removed the body for the purpose of a more decent funeral."

CHAPTER X.

Jubilee and thanksgiving for the Victories under Howe, Jervis, and Duncan—The King's visit to St. Pauls—The National Procession—the Ceremonies.

“LET us turn to a brighter page in the history of ninety-seven,” said our first lieutenant, “when the King went to St. Pauls, in grand national procession, to return thanks for the three great naval victories under Howe, Jervis, and Duncan, over the French, Spanish, and Dutch fleets. The 19th of December was the day appointed for the jubilee and thanksgiving ; and as nothing so solemn and imposing had taken place, since the reign of Anne, or even during the golden days of good Queen Bess, the scene had a novelty about it, that was quite inspiring. I remember the day as if it were yesterday, and even the details of it are so fixed in my memory, that I could tell you the whole order of the procession.”

"Do so then," exclaimed two or three voices at once; and the first lieutenant proceeded to give the relation. But as I have not quite so retentive a memory as he had, I shall take leave to refresh, when needful, from the official contemporary relation of this great and solemn national ceremony. "The household troops," said the lieutenant, "consisting of the foot and horse guards, were early under arms, the infantry lined the streets, and the cavalry occupied the Park, Pall Mall and Charing-cross, assisted by the Queen's light horse, and a regiment of dragoon guards. At seven o'clock the seamen and marines, with their officers, assembled in Palace Yard; and at eight the cavalcade commenced in the following order:

A division of Marines from Chatham with their band of music.

Seamen six front with their lieutenants and petty officers, with drawn swords.

12 marines.
12 seamen.

an
artillery waggon
with
French flags,
captured.

12 marines.
12 seamen.

The following distinguished officers in their carriages.

Vice-Admiral Caldwell, 1st June, 1794.

Vice-Admiral Goodall, 14th March, 1795.

Rear-Admiral Hamilton, 23rd June, 1795.

Representatives of Admiral Earl Howe. K. G.

Admiral Lord Bridport and Admiral Lord Holham.

A division of seamen with their lieutenants, &c.

12 marines.	Artillery waggon,	12 marines.
12 seamen.	with	12 seamen.
	Spanish flags,	
	captured.	

In carriages.

Vice-Admiral Sir C. Thompson, 14th February, 1797.

Captain J. Harvey, Trinidad, 17th February, 1797.

Representatives of Admiral the Earl St. Vincent. K.B.

Rear-Admiral Harvey.

A division of seamen with their lieutenants, &c.

12 seamen.
12 marines.

Artillery waggon.
with
Dutch flags,
captured.

12 seamen.
12 marines.

In carriages.

Admiral Lord Duncan, 11th October, 1797.

Rear-Admiral Douglas, 17th August, 1797.

This officer being the representative of Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, to whom Admiral Lucas with his squadron, had capitulated in Saldanna Bay.

A strong detachment of marines from Portsmouth, with their band.

The foreign ambassadors and ministers.

The Earl of Aylesford with Francis Banker Esq.

The members of the House of Commons, in the rear of whom came the Speaker in his state coach.

Three Knights Marshalmen, clerks of the crown.

Masters in chancery and the twelve judges.

The Lords spiritual and temporal, in their robes.

The Lord High Chancellor, in his robes of state.

The Royal Cavalcade.

1. Coach, household officers of the Duke of Gloucester.

2. Coach, His royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

3. Household of the Duke of Clarence.

Detachment of life guards.

4. H. R. H. The Duke of Clarence.

5. Household of the Duke of York.

6. H. R. H. The Duke of York.

7. Ladies of the bed-chamber to the Queen.

8. Maids of honour to the Queen.

9. Equerries to Her Majesty.

10. Master of the horse to the Queen.

11. Gentlemen ushers.

12. Deputy Lord Steward.

13. Lords of the bed-chamber.

14. Master of the horse to the King.

15. Their Majesties.

Marshalsmen, state trumpeters, and life guards.

16. Mistress of the robes and lady in waiting.

17. The Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth.

18. The Princesses Sophia and Mary.

19. Attendants.

A strong body of life guards.

In this manner the procession paraded to Temple Bar, where their Majesties were received by the Lord Mayor, dressed in a crimson velvet gown, mounted on a fine grey horse elegantly caparisoned, and bearing the sword of the city, which he delivered to the King with his head uncovered. His Majesty graciously accepted this civic compliment, and immediately returned the sword to the Lord Mayor. The two sheriffs in their gowns of office with four of the common council attended to the cathedral, when the corporation received the King. The Lord Mayor carrying the sword immediately before His Majesty's carriage. At the west door of St. Paul's church the peers in their robes, attended by the king at arms, and other officers, met their Majesties. Exactly at a quarter past eleven, the great western doors of the cathedral were thrown open, and the royal procession being met by the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter in their robes, entered the sacred temple, and detachments from the first and coldstream regiments of foot guards, formed a double line from

the west door, to the dome ground floor which was flanked by two divisions of marines in the rear, and circulating within eight commanders' flags, taken from our three naval enemies, the French, the Spaniards and the Dutch, by Admirals Earl Howe, Earl St. Vincent and Viscount Duncan. Their Majesties were preceded by the Dukes of York, Clarence and Gloucester, and Prince Ernest, and followed by the five Princesses, and saluted by the troops, with rested arms, the drums, cymbals, and other instruments playing "Rule Britannia!" As soon as the King arrived at the naval circle, he stopped and spoke for some time to Lord Duncan, who held the captive colours of the Dutch Admiral de Winter. He also paused for a moment to speak to Sir Alan Gardener, who bore the principal French standard taken from that enemy on the 1st of June. At the entrance of the choir, the court of Aldermen were drawn up on the right to whom the royal visitants paid a marked respect ; on entering the choir their Majesties were seated under a crimson canopy of state. The King took his seat on the right, and her Majesty on the left. The Princesses were in a compart-

ment on the left. The Lord Chancellor was also in a distinguished seat upon the left, as was the Lord Mayor near the pulpit. The Bishop of London, and speaker of the House of Commons had honorary stations on the right. The service commenced about twelve, the vocal choir on the occasion was removed into the organ loft at the close of the first lesson, a naval procession with choral music went from the body of the church to the choir when the British Admirals advanced, with the colours above mentioned, which were supported by junior flag officers and the captains of those ships, to which they were struck. The colours were borne through the choir; where they were received by the Dean and Chapter, and by them ranged on both sides the altar in due order; the remainder of the service was gone through; Doctor Prettyman, Bishop of Lincoln, as Dean of St. Pauls, preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, from the second book of Samuel, chapter 22nd, verses 2 and 3, The service of the day being concluded, the procession returned through the choir in fuller procession than they had entered,

being joined by all the peers and commons, etc., who were present in the choirs. Their Majesties were preceded by the male branches of the family in their orders and collars of state, viz: the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Gloucester, and Prince Ernest, the Foreign Ambassadors, etc., the Bishop of London was on his Majesty's right hand, and the Bishop of Lincoln on his left ; the sword of state was borne by Earl Spencer in his robes on the right, and that of the City by the Lord Mayor on the left of the King. The King appeared in blue and gold, and the Queen in mazarine blue, with diamond head dress, the Princesses in the same coloured vests, with chained head dresses of gold and white feathers ; their Majesties were received with applause as they passed the body of the church to and fro. The gallant Lord Duncan was greeted with rapturous and repeated plaudits. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas attended the royal procession in the Windsor uniform, and were received much more favourably within the church than they had been on their passage to it. The ceremony continued till half past one, when their Majesties entered their coach of state and re-

turned to Buckingham House under a similar escort. No material accident occurred to mar the splendour of the day, which closed with great credit to those who had the conduct of its canonical, civil, and military arrangements. The service was concluded about half past two, when the procession returned in the reverse order to that in which it went, and the royal cavalcade arrived at St. James's a few minutes after four o'clock. The sailors and marines were universally cheered by the populace. The former were headed by a number of lieutenants and midshipmen, and the latter by their own officers. The streets from the palace to Temple Bar were closely lined on each side by the horse guards, and the sixth regiment of dragoons, and from thence to St. Pauls by the London militia, the East India volunteers, the light horse association, and the gentlemen of the artillery company. The regiment of dragoons and several other corps, continued to parade the streets of Westminster for the greater part of the night, and all other troops were under orders to attend at a minute's notice, but happily the peaceable demeanour of the people rendered their services wholly unnecessary. Patroles and horse guards

and other cavalry paraded the streets all night. The whole business was conducted with the utmost order and decorum, and the beauty and clearness of the day, greatly increased the splendor and brilliancy of the spectacle.

CHAPTER XI.

A naval promotion—Our captain appointed Rear-Admiral of the blue—His departure for Leith—Succeeded by Captain R. C. Reynolds—Return to Plymouth—Enjoyments on shore—Inconstancy—Mary's cottage—Ordered to sea—Struggle between love and duty—Rejoin the ship—An upset—Saved from drowning by a marine—A surprise—Gallantry rewarded—Reflections on corporeal punishment—Horrible result of a captain's cruelty—Retribution.

We had now been some weeks at sea, when a cutter from Plymouth brought out a naval promotion, which included our warm-tempered and warm-hearted captain. He was promoted to Rear Admiral of the Blue Squadron, and the ship was ordered to Cawsand Bay, where, being succeeded by Captain R. C. Reynolds, he took a friendly farewell of us all, and was cheered by the ship's company as he rowed from the ship. The crew of his barge immediately rowed off and all heartily returned the cheers, then gave what is

called the "Admiral's stroke," a long sweep with the oar, and soon reached the shore, from whence the Rear-Admiral proceeded to Leith, and hoisted his flag as Commander-in-Chief on that station.

Long watching at sea, and the monotonous repetitions on shipboard, had by this time somewhat deadened my feelings ; but the air of our own dear native England soon awakened them again, and the sight of lovely woman kindled all our young affections into life.

Oh for that hey-day of the heart, when love's young dream is realized ! "For the world, I would not deprive you of the delights of an appetite," said a bloated buffoon, as he turned aside from a famished beggar who asked him for bread ; and certainly deprivation is a better purveyor to enjoyment than satiety—or, as the old saw runs, "hunger is the best sauce." But Plymouth furnished fêtes and feasts for an epicure. Who has not seen soft Plymouth, the gem of the west, and its swelling bosom at Mount Edgecumbe, and Cawsand Bay, and the Sound, and its deepening beauties down the harbour, and Mount Wise, and its merry shore ?

When I first landed, every thing seemed still to move around me ; all was action, animation, joy. All, too, was new ; neither place nor person had I ever seen before. A dinner without limit as to expense at the Prince William Henry—the rendez-vous of the sailor-king in his boyhood—was my first enjoyment ; then a ball at the Fountain, where the flowers of the west made one forget the peri of the east, and with “ words of sunshine,” charmed sleep from night. Sailors and soldiers, they say, are forgiven if they change sometimes with the winds that blow them away ; and while some find in every port a wife, others cannot light upon a fresh and fragrant flower without inhaling and being bewitched by its sweetness. Here, therefore, as the truth must be confessed, I first failed in my truth to my fair Charlotte, by pouring out my new passion for Mary, of Ivy Bridge, who became the temporary mistress of my thoughts and life. Alas ! what could a young, eager, and even fiery spirit, hope to do against so redoubtable a beauty as Mary ? She was in her seventeenth year ; and I saw the quick blush mantle on her cheek as I declared to her that she was a rare instance of great expectations not being always

succeeded by disappointment ; for that although her favourite brother, who had been my comrade and messmate at sea, had indeed described her to me in colours steeped in poetry, after all, the original far surpassed the portrait !

This was pretty well, I think, for a beginner, especially after having been so long confined to a man-of-war.

I must here observe, however, that I had not changed my taste in female beauty ; for Mary was precisely in the same general style of loveliness as my first flame ; though with some exceptions in detail. She was a clear brunette, with large searching eyes (Charlotte's were different) which, when their rays were concentrated and fell full upon you, scorched like a burning-glass in the sun. Mary's was the full black eye of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu ; Charlotte's the gazelle eye of the *Ianthe* (Lady Charlotte Harley) of Lord Byron. Happily, there was a freshness in her smile that came to your relief.

Her dress, though the perfection of modesty in appearance, was very coquettish, in fact, and (as somebody has said somewhere) seemed to be put together in its precise order to be pulled to

pieces by the imagination. In short, the coalition between art and nature was more than I could stand ; and I fairly sank on bended knee at the dancing feet of Mary !

There seemed, however, a host of reasons why we could never be united. I was the offspring of one of the poorest members of the church, and Mary was the youngest of five children, and her mother a widow. Mary had two brothers and two sisters. Of her brothers, the eldest inherited, according to the law of primogeniture ; he had almost all, and was greedy for the rest. The younger had a scanty allowance, and was careless of expense. So Mary's portion would be very insignificant while her dear mother lived, and we neither of us dreamt of any thing so dismal as her death, which however would not much augment it. Still, we were as gay as squirrels, saw love in each others eyes, and sought for nothing else ; and I deemed myself the happiest of mortals on being invited to pass a day or two at her mother's cottage in the country. They called it modestly a cottage, but it was quite a château, approached by an avenue or plantation, with its walled garden, hothouse, coach house, and conservatory, stable, dairy, rookery, and

orchard, pigeon-houses, poultry-yard, peacocks, etc. In short, all life and animation without, and every comfort and attraction within. There was Mary's harp, Eliza's piano, and Agnes's guitar, the Morning Post, and the County Chronicle, magazines, reviews, and many of the fashionable publications of the time. A trout stream ran just outside the dining-room, and a still more inviting stream (of music) in the drawing-room ; and, when the three sisters sang in score, which they did most exquisitely, I could not help murmuring to myself,

“ Hush, hush, ye pretty, pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains awake my pains,
And kindle soft desire.”

To all this was added, a choice collection of books made by their father, who was a bibliographer and a great lover of early poetry, some of the romance of which he had certainly transfused into Mary's composition. I have never since seen a room I liked so well as this room at “ the cottage.” They called it the saloon ; but it united all the properties of drawing-room, and library, and boudoir ; couches and writing-tables, easy chairs and book-stands, chess-

board and backgammon table ; something suited to everybody ; occupation and amusement, heart and hospitality for all.

Then the lovely dell in which " Oak End Cottage " is situated ! It lies in the romantic hamlet of Ivy Bridge, on the river Erne, between the village of Brent and Plympton St. Mary. The whole course of the Erne is through the most delicious dales and wooded scenery ; but " Ivy Bridge," with its waterfall, has been subject of pencil and pen, and traditionary tale, during many a long year.

Here, then, I passed some days ; here I lay basking in the sunshine of beauty ; here I repeated in echo to their song :

" Ye verdant plains and woody mountains,
Cooling streams and bubbling fountains,
Vain are the pleasures which ye yield,
Too thin the shadows of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love."

And here I should soon have forgotten the ship and its concerns, had I not been roused from my day-dream by the arrival of a letter to say—
" Blue Peter is flying at the main, the new captain has joined, and we are going to sea."

“Curse blue Peter, and all Peters,” said I, “saints or sailors,” and, as a punishment for my sins, I was seized by the blue devils.

What a change came over me!—I had just been invited to prolong my stay, and my letter for more leave was gone; but its certain fate was anticipated by the cruel despatch before me.

What was to be done?—alas, nothing—but obey the summons and go, or sacrifice my duty to my inclination. This I determined never to do; and I may venture here to add, that it is to an unflinching adherence to this resolution, that I mainly ascribe my success in life.

When I took leave of my friends, and endeavoured to thank them for their kindness to me, my tongue refused its office; when I pressed Mary’s marble-cold hand, and dared to kiss the dimple on her cheek, we both trembled!

* * * * *

I reached Mount Wise, the usual place of embarkation at Plymouth, just as the sunset gun was fired and the last boat was pushing from the shore. I hesitated for an instant,—“Shall I let the boat go?” said I. “If I do, the ship will

sail without me, and I shall be left behind, and can return to ——” At this moment, while love and duty were struggling in my breast, the story of Fénélon rose to my recollection ; I imagined Minerva under the figure of Mentor, throwing the son of Ulysses into the sea, rather than let him remain in temptation on the Island of Calypso ; I remembered, too, the commentary my dear father once made on this passage, when he inculcated the principle and urged the practice of duty. I remembered it all. I hailed the boat ! she put back, and I stepped on board.

I was so absorbed that I hardly noticed an observation from the midshipman of the barge, that they had been nearly upset on crossing the bridge. I, God help me ! was thinking of Ivy Bridge. The bridge in question is a ridge of hidden rocks which runs out from Mount Edgecumbe, and at certain times renders the passage to Cawsand Bay extremely dangerous. I had sat myself down upon the seat, rested my elbow upon the gunnel and leaning my head upon my hand had given myself up to regret. The boat rolled heavily, and the broken waves beat over us. At this anxious moment, a sudden squall

drove us from our course, upon the rocks, capsized the boat, and hurled us all amongst the breakers. All now struggled for life. I was a bad swimmer, and the cramp having seized me ; I was carried down twice and had risen for the third and last time. I was sensible of my dreadful and helpless condition ; I saw for an instant the beautiful trees on Mount Edgecumbe ; the distant ships flitted before my eyes, as I was lifted on the billows ; I heard the voices of those who were struggling around me, and felt that I was sinking from the world for ever ; I shrieked in bitter agony for mercy, when my mouth was stopped by a wave which stunned and almost choked me—*I was drowning !*—when suddenly my hair was seized with a violent grasp, and a word of wonder broke upon my ear—“ Bear up, sir !—courage ! You are safe !” said my preserver ; “ but do not cling to me, or we shall both be lost.” As he said this, he pushed me forcibly from him, still keeping my head above water. The encouragement and the sudden succour called me to myself, and I endeavoured to strike out, but failed, my limbs being still collapsed by cramp, and it was only by the strongest efforts of my preserver that I was thrown (in a

state of utter exhaustion) upon the shore. I just remembered that the daring and generous person who had thus saved me had said something about an obligation to me, but I fainted at the time, and, when I came to my senses, I found myself in a fisherman's hut on the outskirts of the village of Cawsand, surrounded by some of our men and the doctor, who had been sent from the ship when the look-out on board saw the boat upset. As the boat's crew and liberty men, (that is men who had gone on shore on leave) who had got safe out of the water had been sent immediately to Cawsand, we had no positive means of knowing to whom I was indebted for my life;—" *But, at any rate, it was a soldier,*" said the fisherman's wife, " and one of those who reached land first ; for, the moment he was clear of the surf, he stripped off his jacket and belt, and looked earnestly seaward ; then he dashed smack through the breakers again, crying out—' There, I thought so—he's sinking !—and by G—— I'll save him.' And sure enough he did, and brought the young officer by the very hair of his head, smack over the breakers, just as neatly as I've seen our Neptune here," (patting an immense dog) " come out of the yawl with a basket

of fish tied round his neck. He then bid me take care of him, as he 'did not want to be seen in it,' though as I told him he might be proud, nay, rewarded by the tropical (philanthropical) society for saving a Christian soul. He, however, took no notice of what I said, but took up his kit and walked off, rubbing his bayonet with the sleeve of his jacket, and the last words I heard him utter were—' Now, my young gentleman, we are quits.' "

Those to whom I now relate my story, will surely sympathize in my feelings when they are told, that it was the poor fellow upon whose court martial I had sat, the year before, and for whom I manifested a merciful interest, who had generously and gratefully risked his life and saved mine.

Of course, an act of this noble nature, when it became known, made a favourable impression in the ship, and on its being reported to head quarters, he was immediately made a corporal, and before twelve months had passed, he was promoted to be a sergeant in the corps. With what indignation then must one think of subjecting such a man to the infamy of being flagellated at the halberts ! His spirit, once broken on the

wheel of torture, would never have recovered, and this honour to humanity would probably have been flogged into an outlaw and a felon. The son and heir of a British peer, the representative of a county in parliament, declared the other day in the House of Commons, that "he would never vote for the abolition of military punishment." Let him go but a step further, nay, he may stand still, and advocate the bow-string. Among the brute creation, I would, if necessary, shoot a horse, or hang a dog, but not unmercifully flog either. In fact, what would be said to a fellow whom you saw seize a horse to a tree, and give him a thousand lashes? I know what would be done to him; he would be sent to the tread-mill, amidst the yells of the people. And yet British soldiers and sailors are thus diabolically degraded and cut to pieces! A commander of a man of war can flog any common man under his pennon, without even the mockery of a trial. I never think of this without my blood running alternately hot and cold within me. Take an instance of the result of this practice. It was the custom of Captain ——— of the A—— frigate to flog the last man who lay in from the yard, after reefing or handing sails; and it hap-

pened in a fresh gale that the captain of the fore-top, the smartest and best seaman in the ship, after close reefing the top sail, saw that the weather earing was not properly hauled out. He was compelled, therefore, to lay out again, to complete his work, having accomplished which, and recollecting the ignominy that inevitably awaited him, he threw himself from the yard arm into the sea, and perished. As sailors are proverbially superstitious, can it be wondered at, if they supposed that the uneasy spirit of the sailor, over whom no prayer was said, should rise in a mist upon the ocean, and mislead the wandering ship on her return to port, or that his voice should be heard along the deep, or sometimes in the shrouds, or in the screams of the sea bird which haunts the rocks where the vessel is stranded and lost, and her crew buried in the waters under the earth? But retribution, in this case, took the monster singly to herself. The tyrant of the A—— was shot by one of his own people in the midst of battle, and the ill-fought, badly defended frigate, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Here I pause! Let the unmoving finger of scorn and indignation, “point the moral, and adorn the tale.”

CHAPTER XII.

Captain C. R. Reynolds—His account of the capture of the French line of battle ship, *Droits de l'Homme*, by the frigates, *Amazon* and *Indefatigable*—Shipwreck of the *Amazon* and *Droits de l'Homme*—Napoleon Medal—Torbay—Bantry Bay—Captain Brisbane—Billy Bedford and the *Thunderer*—Irish character.

AFTER the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to me, and which might have given me the magnificent marine pyramid, the famous *breakwater*, (since raised in Plymouth) for a monument, I was carried to the boat, taken on board, and put into my cot. The doctor came to see me, and said—what doctors rarely say—that I needed no physic. The fact was, our medico found his own physic!—I was however exhausted, and very weak, and feverish; and low diet, and long sleep were prescribed, to put me on my legs again. I remained many hours in my bed, which had been slung *pro*

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tempore, where I might not be disturbed as in "Capstan Square." On my coming on deck, there was nothing to be seen above but the blue sky, and below but the blue sea. Our new captain, R. C. Reynolds, to whom I was now introduced by the first lieutenant, was walking on the weather side. If ever there was a true sailor and "no mistake," Reynolds was one. His mind was in his face, and an open generous one it was ; and his heart was in his hand. He received me with the dignity of a gentleman, blended with the kindness of a father. — "Egad," said he, "you were near making food for the fishes I understand, but you must become an expert swimmer. I am very glad to see you ;—dine with me to-day.—A fine lad that,"—said he to Guion, as they turned round to continue their conversation and their walk.

What a mercy it is that our fate is wrapt in the will of Providence ! Little did my poor captain think, when he was joking about my being food for the fishes, that he was doomed, after all his escapes, to perish beneath the wave ! that having become an admiral, with his red flag that had braved the battle and the breeze flying over his head, on board the *Saint George* of 98 guns, little did he

dream that on returning to England from the Baltic in December 1811 his ship would be wrecked on the western coast of Jutland, and every soul on board be drowned !—But I am anticipating events, and must return to my narrative.

Robert Carthew Reynolds was a renowned commander, and had, early in the war of 1793, when captain of the *Amazon*, a six and thirty gun frigate, in conjunction with his friend Sir Edward Pellew in the *Indefatigable* frigate, beaten and driven on shore the “*Droits de l’Homme*,” a French ship of the line carrying 74 guns. As it was supposed, in the navy, to be next to impossible for any single decked ship to face a two decker, or for a frigate to float under the fire of a seventy four, I will endeavour to describe how these two little Davids destroyed the great Goliath. The description may appear somewhat disjointed ; but it may be relied on as a whole, for I collected the particulars from time to time, from the daring and distinguished seaman himself. It is besides generally allowed, in the service, to form one of the extraordinary incidents in the annals of the late war.

The reader will be good enough to take the

narrative, as it came, from the lips of the captain himself: of course with the qualification just referred to. "Pellew (afterwards Viscount Exmouth,) in the *Indefatigable*, and my *Amazon*, (and a warlike beauty she was) were cruising together off Ushant, when soon after 12 o'clock on the 13th of January, 1797, the land bearing according to the master's reckoning N.E. distance about 9 leagues, we fell in with a large ship under easy sail, steering for France. We made sail in chace, with a fresh gale at west, and soon ascertained that she was an enemy of the line, but without a poop. Her lower deck ports were down, and seemed deep in the water, and as we rightly suspected, she was full of troops. The *Indefatigable* could beat us in a strong breeze with a sea, though not in light winds and smooth water, and was therefore able, with the weather which then favoured her, to get first into action. We all cheered, and were delighted at the gallant style in which Sir Edward ran along side so superior a force, and opened his galling fire. We carried every sail we could set, blowing as it did, to get to his support, and reached the enemy's quarter, at the moment the *Indefatigable* shot ahead of her opponent. It was exactly half past five when we

went to work, and took our fair share of the action. Egad, I thought she must have sunk us. We were like a jolly boat along side of the "Droits de l'Homme;" fortunately, however, she could not always work her lower deck guns, but her main deckers poured right into us. From the press of sail we had carried to get up, it was impossible to stop our weigh, and we too shot ahead of the enemy who, at the moment, almost run the Indefatigable aboard, while she opened both her broadsides on the frigates, and showered in her musquetry like hail. The Amazon had now reduced her canvass; and she sent in a raking fire from head to stern, and, in conjunction with the Indefatigable, we fastened like bull dogs upon the haunches of the great seventy four. There within pistol shot we hung, and worried her for five hours, when we were both obliged to haul off, to secure our masts and fish our yards. We rolled so heavily, that our guns as well as those of our consort, drew the ring bolts, or snapping their breechings like packthread, went with the lurch of the ship, and threatened to capsize us, or at least do us severe mischief. The main deck guns were fought by our men up to their middles in water. The sea frequently got

into the muzzles of the guns, and damaged the powder, and we were obliged to draw instead of discharging them. But the Leviathan, to whom we were so unequally opposed, was in a still worse condition. Her crew were evidently sinking under their toils, and her captain (Lacrosse) who was a baron before the revolution, and a " brave " after it, and above a thousand soldiers who had been embarked on board, began to slacken their fire, and indeed it was quite time, for our men needed a respite. We had three feet, and the Indefatigable four feet water in the hold. The main top mast of Pellew's ship was stript, and saved by a miracle, and most of our rigging was entirely shot away. It was now about four in the morning, and we had been hard at it for ten hours, when the moon broke brightly upon the scene, and discovered our dangerous situation. Lieutenant Bell of the Indefatigable, who was stationed on the fore castle of that ship, suddenly called out "*breakers a head.*" The Indefatigable was then on the starboard bow, and the Amazon equally close on the larboard bow, of the enemy. Pellew, as quick as lightning, hauled tacks and made sail to the southward, he supposed the land to be Ushant, and felt safe ; but when morning dawned

“*breakers*” were again seen on his lee bow. At the moment the Indefatigable wore to southward, I put my helm up and wore to the northward. (He never approached this part of the story without being affected.) But I soon saw, and it was soon proved, that seamanship was at a discount. All our efforts to beat the crippled ship off were vain; for in half an hour we were fast on shore. Not far from us, however, we had the consolation, if consolation it could be called, to see our prostrate foe, also aground, with a tremendous sea breaking over her. But then they had this advantage—they were on *their own* shore, we on a hostile one;—so that when we had used up the few spars and what cordage remained to us for rafts, and managed to float ourselves from the wreck to the beach, we were arrested by soldiers, and conducted to prison. But the condition of the Droits de l’Homme was appalling. Besides her usual complement of 700 seamen and marines, above a thousand troops were, as I said before, embarked on board of her; add to which, there were between fifty and sixty English prisoners of war! As soon, therefore, as she grounded, and amidst the desolation and despair that ingulphed them, the French cried loudly

upon their prisoners to come on deck. 'Pauvres Anglais! Pauvres Anglais! montez bien vite, venez de suite! nous sommes tous perdus!'

"The rush was sudden and simultaneous from the cable tier, where the English had been confined during the action; and away they went, helter skelter upon deck, to witness an awful scene—the jaws of death were open to receive them! Despair urged them on, the decks were running with blood and water,—the wounded, the dying, and the dead were floating in the scuppers, the excitement of the battle had ceased—the seventy four was a wreck—and the gallant Amazon, lay stretched, like a dying gladiator, by her side.

"Meanwhile, the Indefatigable was struggling to beat off from the lee shore, against a gale dead an end. Her safety depended on her being able to weather the dreadful Pennemarcks. She passed almost within hail, without the power to help us; and, at about eleven in the morning, she cleared the rocks by a few hundred yards, and thus escaped.

"If I ever envied any man in my life, it was Edward Pellew at this moment.

“ But to return to the Droits de l’Homme. As day came on, the people encreased to a multitude on the shore ; but such was the state of the weather, so violently did the tempest rage—that to afford any assistance to the wreck was impossible. They had been thirty hours without food, and hunger began to do its desperate work upon them. At low water this day, a boat left the Droits de l’Homme with an English captain and some fellow prisoners, and they reached the shore. Others attempted to follow, but perished in the surf. Another night was endured, and hope came with the returning dawn ; larger rafts were constructed, and the largest boat was got out and manned ; and such of the wounded, as were still alive, the women, and the most helpless and oldest men were put in her. But, at the moment she was leaving the wreck, a hundred desperate beings, in defiance of their officers, jumped on board, upset the boat, and every soul in her sank to rise no more.

“ The French adjutant-general, Mr. Renier, thought he might reach the shore ; but, plunging into the sea, he was carried down, and soon after floated a corpse.

“ Already nine hundred souls were lost, when

the fourth night came, with accumulated horrors. Exhausted and almost mad from gnawing hunger, the remaining sufferers envied the fate of those who could no longer feel. A raging thirst now consumed us ; and wine and salt water did but increase the agony. A little cask of vinegar floated up, and each had half a wine glass. This gave momentary relief, but the demon, worse than death, returned—all was at the last extremity ; every one was expiring ; the ship had divided, and there was nothing to hold by. The fourth day brought a milder sky, and the sea went down a little ; but all were now lost to every sense of humanity : they saw each other die without commiseration, and even thought of murder, for something to sustain life. Lots were even drawn which would decide the fate of one, and the fatal die was about to be cast, when the sight of a sail stole over their scared and shattered senses and appeared like a vision of hope to stay and sustain them. Soon after another sail appeared, and both anchored at a short distance from the wreck. They saw their boats, and took off about one hundred and fifty persons. They could do no more that night, and the next morning, the rest were mostly dead, or washed away."

Lieutenant Elias Pepin the 63rd regiment who was prisoner on board the *Droits de l'Homme* published an account of their sufferings, in which he says, "I was saved about ten o'clock in the morning of the 18th, with my two brother officers, the captain of the ship, and general Humbert. They treated us with great humanity on board the cutter ; giving us a little weak brandy and water every five or six minutes, and afterwards a bason of soup. I fell on the locker in a kind of trance, in which I remained for thirty hours. We were taken to Brest almost naked, where some rough covering was given us ; and in consequence of our sufferings, and the help we had afforded in saving so many lives, a cartel was fitted by order of the French government, to send us home without ransom or exchange. We arrived at Plymouth on the 7th of March following."

Some attempts were subsequently made to save the wrecks ; but both ships went to pieces, and the victor and vanquished perished together. At the commencement of the action, there were one thousand seven hundred and fifty fighting men on board the *Droits de l'Homme*, of whom fifteen hundred were killed or lost, and for

which number, as certified by the surviving officers at Paris, the crews of the Indefatigable and Amazon shared the usual allowance, for head money—viz five pounds per man for all on board, when a ship is taken or destroyed.

Let me now turn to a happier page in my new commander's memoirs. In January 1798 he was captain of the beautiful frigate Pomona, of 40 guns, *and at eleven at night* on the 5th of that, to him, memorable month of January, off the very same island of Ushant, where he was cruising, when he descried the Droits de l'Homme, he fell in with the Chori, of 26 guns. But the night was dark and her commander bold, and it was not till after a smart action, when having lost her mizen-mast with many of her men killed or wounded, that she called out "quarter or we sink."

"We come to your aid," replied Reynolds; and his boats were immediately lowered, the prisoners brought on board, and the shot holes were plugged. But no efforts could keep the ship afloat: she went down alongside the Pomona. It was under this brave and good hearted sailor, that I had now the honour to serve; and it was not long before I saw him in his glory, with my own

eyes. While I was at dinner, according to invitation with Captain Reynolds, a strange sail was announced by the officer of the watch, and in the evening we rejoined the channel fleet. Fresh beef and last news, bullocks and letters, were now distributed by us according to our instructions to the respective ships, after which we took our former position in the order of sailing. We again followed the old routine, standing off and on, generally making the lighthouse on Ushant, about 12 o'clock every day when the weather was fair and clear.

The master had returned on board from the in-shore squadron, where he had been some days engaged on a survey, and in taking some soundings, when on coming down to the ward room, he called out, "Here—look here what we have got out of a coaster. Here's a medal ready cut and dried, to commemorate the conquest of great Britain by Bony!" and he produced a copper medal. We of course crowded round him to see it. On one side was the head of Napoleon crowned with laurels, with the inscription "Napoléon Empereur;" on the reverse was depicted Hercules stifling a monster, half man half fish, with the inscription "Descente en Angleterre." And on

the edge, was " *Frappée à Londres, en 1804 !*" " Well, that beats cock-fighting," said one. " Yes, but it's reckoning his chickens before they are hatched," said a second. " Why what force has he in Boulogne ?" inquired a third. " According to the coaster, whom I would no more believe than a Yankee"—replied the master—" Bony has collected a flotilla of above twelve hundred Praams ; with eight hundred more in the neighbouring ports ; making a sort of Armada the second, of two thousand vessels. The country round, too, and the towns themselves, are crowded with troops. There is a large encampment upon the hills ; and he has built a tower, as high as Babel, on the heights near Boulogne, from which he can see England clearly."

It may be easily supposed that this incident, and the discussions it brought on, caused no little mirth among us. The idea of " *le petit caporal*" and his bands crossing the sea to Dover, as if it were a Macadamized road, and marching up to London without more ado, was too good a joke to be lost upon us.

Our existence was now one unvaried, unbroken monotony—standing off and on—on and off—sea, sky—Ushant,—Ushant, sky and sea. Soup and

bouilli, and fish for dinner to-day,—fish, soup and bouilli, for dinner to-morrow ;—and alas ! no perdrix at all !

During these long months, only one attempt (if attempt it could be called) was made on the part of the enemy to move out; about the 25th of July, their advanced squadron, consisting of five sail of the line, and three frigates weighed in a fog, and stood for Ratz. But Sir Thomas Graves, commanding our in-shore squadron, lay watching, and waiting for them, like a tiger, ready to spring on his prey. The fog cleared sufficiently for him to see them, and he frightened them back, to the protection of their port.

We had now been many months at sea, and most weary were we of a monotony that it is vain to describe. We knew no change on the dull dead sea, save when the breeze brightened us up, the gale put us on the *qui vive*, or the storm excited us to some necessary exertion. The sun only rose to sink, and sank only to rise again.

“ We ate, and drank, and slept—what then ?

We ate, and drank, and slept again.”

At last however a novelty did turn up ; yield-

ing to the fury of a S.W. Gale, the Commander-in-chief bore up, and the whole fleet, after a few hours' run, passed the Start, rounded Berry Head, and anchored in Torbay. " Well," said I, " 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good:" thinking upon *Ivy Bridge*, which was only a few miles from the ship. " I'll get leave, go on shore at Brixton, and then ' I'll love and I'll ride away.' "

So I desired my servant to polish my boots, with fixed spurs, which the captain called non-recoils, and the master declared were only fit to be worn by a horse marine.

" Come, Master Soundings," retorted I, " let me mount my hobby as I please, and if you want an airing on your's, why mount the spanker boom."

By the bye, it has always been a rule with me, to treat these occasional, and I am happy to add, rare impertinencies of some sailors as well as land lubbers in this manner ; to give them as good as they send, a Roland for their Oliver—when, for instance, such saucy stuff as " Take that marine off the table," has been applied to the removing of an empty bottle, I have simply observed, " That empty bottle has just

done its duty, and is quite ready to do it again, and *that is more than all can say.*"

We had trooped and relieved guard; the ship's company had been mustered at divisions, and, being Sunday, I had read the articles of war to the men, and heard the sermon from the parson; when, having obtained leave for twenty-four hours, I put on my mufti or plain coat, and round castor, and was just tripping, not over my spurs, gentle reader, but over the gangway, when a signal gun was fired from the Commander-in-chief's ship. In a moment the beautiful vision before me was dispelled, and all my aspirations sank down to zero.

"The Admiral is getting under weigh, Sir," said the signal lieutenant to the captain.

"*Call the men out of the boat, and hoist her up.*" -- "*All hands up anchor, ahoy!*" were the several orders now flying fore and aft the ship.

A very light air from the eastward was beginning to curl on the wave, but a heavy swell still set in from the south west; and some surprise was felt, that so good a seaman as the Commander-in-chief should move such heavy ships under such circumstances. But to obey, and

not to reason, is the rule afloat ; and presently all the fleet were a-weigh. The mistake was, however, immediately manifest ; the Commander-in-chief and the second in command in the Ville de Paris and San Josef, were getting into a dilemma ; and the fleet generally could do little with so light a wind, against so heavy a swell. Anxiety and alarm were on the countenances of Guion and the captain when I left the deck to put off my " plain suit ;" and I had hardly reached the ward room, when bang ! we struck upon the rocks with such a force, as made me bound against the upper deck. The mighty ship' reeled, and trembled like a leaf ; every joint of her seemed racked and strained—it was like a *tremblement de terre*. I passed the main deck just as the first gun of distress was fired, and reached the poop to witness the narrow escape of several ships. The Ville de Paris and San Josef had signals flying for " all boats," and in a twinkling there were forty or fifty boats a head of each, towing them. We were left to shift for ourselves, for both the Admirals had too great a chance of partaking of our position to spare us a single boat. But with our own boats, by our own resources and exertions, and with the happy

help of a spring tide, (without which all our efforts would have been vain), we floated off; and the breeze freshening at the time, the whole fleet cleared the Berry Head, and stood out to sea.

We could not exactly ascertain what damage we had received; but the carpenter examined and reported, and a letter was written by the captain to the Commander-in-chief, the contents of which neither I, nor the personage to whom it was addressed ever knew; for when the signal lieutenant reached the *Ville de Paris* with the despatch, the Admiral, who was on the quarter deck, said to him: "Well Sir, how came the ship ashore?"

"I have a letter from the captain to you, Sir," said the lieutenant bowing, and presenting it to him.

"Billy Blue" took the letter and, without opening it, tore it into bits which were instantly puffed away by the breeze. "Go on board, Sir," muttered the Admiral, and the lieutenant came on board.

It was in the stormy month of November that a rumour reached our government, of a project of Napoleon's to make a descent upon Ireland.

Admiral Cornwallis was in consequence instructed to detach some ships, to be ready to receive the expedition with the honours of war ; and for this service the Princess Royal, Goliath, and Thunderer were selected. After some bad weather, we made Cape Clear, and from thence proceeded to Bantry Bay, the shore of which, and the Island of Beare, are the only part of the sod I have ever trod upon. The Bay of Bantry is of the most magnificent description ; all the navies of Europe might ride in it. It is more than twenty six miles long, a league broad, and forty fathoms deep ; the surrounding coast is picturesque and beautiful, and in some parts sublime, vying even with the mountain scenery of Switzerland.

Besides ourselves, as I have already mentioned, we had with us the Goliath, Captain Charles Brisbane. This officer soon afterwards exchanged this fine line of battle ship for the " Saucy Arethusa ;" his eager and chivalrous spirit preferring the activity of a frigate to the dignity of a seventy-four ; and on board of her he performed the most brilliant services, taking the Pomona in the West Indies, in company with the Anson, Captain Lydiard, from under

batteries that threw red hot shot, and set his ship on fire ; he however extinguished the flames, and extracted the foe. But his subsequent capture of the colony and island of Curaçoa, was one of those romantic achievements, that, like the defence of Anholt in 1811, puts credulity to the test.

In more particularly alluding to this occurrence here, I am aware that I am anticipating the course of events. But I liked that gallant, gentlemanly sailor, and I must tell the story. The Commander-in-chief at Jamaica, Admiral Dacres, having been informed that the Dutch colony of Curaçoa was inclined to ally themselves to England, Captain, afterwards Sir Charles Brisbane, with three frigates, the *Arethusa*, his own ship, the *Anson*, Captain Lydiard, and the *Latona*, Captain Wood, were sent from Port Royal towards the close of 1806, to feel the Dutchman's pulse, and ascertain if it beat true. On his way, he was joined by the *Fisgard* frigate, of 38 guns, Captain Bolton, bound to Jamaica : (having already obtained permission from the Admiral, that should he fall in with her to add her to his frigate force.) Arrived at Aruba, Brisbane conceived and planned the en-

terprise of carrying Curaçoa by a coup-de-main, and he took every measure to secure success. The island was strongly fortified by nature and art. The Dutch burghers were a brave and hardy race, somewhat of the badger sort ; so to take them unawares, to pop the muzzles of his guns into their bed-room windows, was the plan and practice. Each ship had her work cut out ; a regular mode of attack was prescribed ; storming parties were organized, and badges of distinction were worn by the detachments who were to act on shore. The harbour was defended by regular fortifications of double tiers of guns. Fort Amsterdam, alone, mounted sixty-eight pieces of cannon. The entrance was only fifty yards wide, across which the Dutch frigate, *Haalstaar*, of thirty-six guns, commanded by Cornelius Evertz, a corvette of twenty guns, and two armed schooners, were moored. There was besides a chain of batteries on Messelburg Heights ; and an uncommonly strong position, (Fort République,) was within grape-shot distance, and enfiladed the whole approach.

It was on New Year's day that, supposing the square sterned Dutchman to be in the sleeping cup, or making merry and full of glee, the

four British frigates, the *Arethusa* leading, with a white flag flying at her fore, bore into the port. But the forts and shipping paid no attention to the symbol of truce, and opened their fire. At this crisis, the wind headed the *Arethusa*, and fortune seemed to be about to forsake the brave ; but another change enabled the frigates to get in ; they faced the flotilla and forts ; anchored, and opened their broadsides.

Soon after six o'clock, Captain Brisbane, at the head of his marines, and a detachment of his ship's company, boarded and carried the Dutch frigate ; while the captain of the *Anson*, at the head of his men, carried and secured the *Surinam*, and disposed of the schooners. These preliminaries being performed, away they went, and landed about half-past seven, and soon stormed and carried Fort Amsterdam. Difficulties and resistance vanished before them. The marines and detachments of seamen from the *Fisgard* and *Latona*, burst open the sea gate with their muskets and crow-bars, while others scaled the walls. The forts were garrisoned by regular troops, but they were carried hand over hand, as were the minor forts, the citadel and the town, so that, by ten o'clock, the whole island

had capitulated, and the British flag floated on Curaçoa !—

Having duly recorded this incomparable achievement, by which a whole colony was conquered and taken possession of by four frigates, we will return to the Emerald Isle.

Besides the Goliath, Captain Brisbane, we had “ Billy Bedford,” and the Thunderer. The latter got on shore on Beare Island, and threatened to leave her bones there ; but we took her stores and guns out, lightened her sufficiently, and got her off. Of “ Billy Bedford” I never heard any thing remarkable. It only makes one shiver to think, that so ordinary a mortal should have had the extraordinary power of flogging his fellow creatures *à volonté*.

During our sojourn here we had some specimens of the racy qualities of the Irish character. The sight of the ships filled the Irish girls with hopes and wishes for another member of the Isle of Man ;* and mighty was the joy when we anchored near Castle Town ; merry were the jigs we danced on board ; inspiring were the delights

* Captain Honeyman, M.P. for the Isle of Man, had recently married Miss Broderick, of the Irish Isle of Beare.

we experienced on shore. There was Brisbane in his full gold laced coat, his shorts, stockings and buckles, and the Irish piper, and such a *corps de ballet* ! Then somebody's cousin died, and there was a wake at the funeral. Well may they call it a *wake* ; for so desperate a howling I never heard, and sound must be that sleep which is not disturbed by it. " Your honour's an early bird," replied Paddy to our parson, when he attempted to elicit a spark from him ; and the " early bird " retained his sobriquet.

One day, the parson met another native, creeping along some broken ground on the Island of Beare, with a gun without a lock. " Why, Paddy," said he, " your gun has no lock." " Silence, ye soul," whispered Pat. " The rabbits don't know that."

The Irish cabin has been too often described, to allow of my giving it a new feature. The muddy mound, with the smoke coming through the entrance, is to be seen on the borders of Bantry in all its original charms. I looked in at one, *en passant*, and saw a group of healthy dirty-looking brats, swallowing potatoes, and holding out their fingers to some-

thing hung up in the midst of the smoke.

“ Why, what are they doing ?” said I.

“ Sure your honour’s honour, and they are taking potatoes and point,” replied the mother.

“ Potatoes and what ?” I inquired.

“ They eat the potatoes and point at the herring, your honour, and surely that gives it a fanciful flavour at a little cost. It’s rare, and a fait day, (*fête*) when we indulge in the beast itself.”—

The purser went up to the town of Bantry for supplies, and got a lift, as he could, from chaises on the roads. From one place he started from the house half-way up the hill, from which Paddy turned round, and went to the bottom, to give his garrons a start, and entice them to face the mountain.

After passing a few weeks amongst these joyous people, our squadron was recalled, and we again joined the Commander-in-chief of the Channel fleet. As the ship had made much water in the storm of Cape Clear, we were ordered into dock, and it was a miracle we got there ; for it appeared that if the masses of rock

we had gathered from the reefs at Torbay, had not stuck fast in the beds they had made for themselves in the ship's bottom, and thereby plugged their own holes, and kept the water out, we should unquestionably have sunk at sea.

CHAPTER XIII.

Plymouth—Ivy Bridge—Jack and the barber—Jack and his bride—Blowing up of the Orient—Lord Nelson's despatch on the Battle of the Nile—Pursuit of Napoleon and his expedition—Captain Trowbridge of the Culloden.

WHILE we were in dock at Plymouth, for the repairs so indispensable to our future preservation, the ship's company were borne on board a hulk in the harbour, and we had full liberty and full leisure to enjoy the recreation of the shore. *I paid more than one visit to my divinity at Ivy bridge, and counted my beads, and recounted my juvenile vows, at the shrine of my adored and adorable Saint Mary. There is nothing at a sea-port more droll than the vagaries of the sailor, and the facility with which he relieves himself of his hard-earned pay.

I remember seeing a Jack whose ship had

just been paid and who was flush of money, arrest a hair dresser in the Fore Street of Plymouth Dock, and insist upon his shaving him *al fresco*. The *coiffeur* hesitated, Jack was peremptory; and after the operation had been duly performed, he pulled out a five pound local note, payable to bearer there or in London, and presented it, besides his acknowledgments, to the astounded barber. Another hero of the top or fore-castle determined to marry his mistress, who had gone off to his ship, as certain young ladies go to India, singing,

“ Come, ferryman, ferry me over,
To a ship that’s call’d the Fame
For there I’ve got a husband,
But hang me, if I know his name,”

and the ceremony having been duly performed and registered, he took three post chaises from the Fountain, one with four posters, the other two, with a pair each. In the first, he put his hat, in the second his stick, and Moll and himself occupied the third: in this manner, he proceeded to Ivy Bridge, passed the wedding night, and having unburthened himself of all his ready, returned in a van; and his liberty being ex-

pired, his pocket empty, and himself therefore without care, went quietly on board his ship.

At Plymouth, I saw the Hebe Holloway, then Mrs. Otway. There also I met the lovely Miss Carroll, since married to Colonel Nelson; the English de Staël, Jane St. Aubyn; and many others whose names would grace my page, as they now pass in bright parade before the review of my memory. A cousin of Mrs. Nelson was an officer of "ours," and was distantly connected (and who would not be proud to claim the hundredth remove) with the Nelson of the navy?

Names often lead to events, and, as our captain of Marines had served in the *Vanguard* at the Nile, we used to inquire of him about the battle of Aboukir. The description of the blowing up of the Orient in that great victory quite charmed me; for Noble used to paint the scene, with peculiar pathos and effect. "Etna in flames," he used to say, "may resemble her burning; the fire rushing from her ports, and flying up her sides, giving its own red colour to the water, and for a time seeming to subdue its rival element, then, dashing like a thunder-bolt along the rigging, primed as it was by pitch and

tar, the dry sails in that hot climate catching like tinder and burning like blue lights ; the flames of burning Etna, I say, may resemble this ; and the searing cinders and scalding lava she vomits forth are undoubtedly dreadful to behold. But the last explosion, the bursting of the magazine, the blowing into the air of a three decker of a hundred guns with all her crew ; this can have no adequate parallel. Etna remains and burns, but the mighty ship and all that she contained, was in an instant (and he raised his hand to Heaven) blown into eternity !”

“ True,” observed Mr. Conway, “ it can only be likened to Shakespeare’s picture of the termination of the universe, when he says :

‘ The great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.’ ”

“ How I envy you being in the Vanguard with Nelson,” said I, addressing myself to Captain Noble.

“ Yes, I was with him, close to him,” he replied.

“ What, near him ?”—near him when he

was wounded ? did you see him ? hear him ? did you really see the blood of Britain's best sailor moisten the deck of the Vanguard at the Nile ? who could then have foretold that in a few short years, it would run its last drop upon the deck of the Victory, at Trafalgar ?”

“ Pray,” continued I, “ do you happen to have Lord Nelson's account of the battle ?”

“ Yes,” he said, “ I have his official letter,” and he fetched it from his cabin, I received it thankfully ; retired to mine, and read as follows :

Vanguard off the Mouth of the Nile.

August 8, 1798.

MY LORD,

Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms in the late battle, by a great victory over the fleet of the enemy, whom I attacked at sunset on the 1st of August off the mouth of the Nile ; the enemy were moored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the bay (of shoals) flanked by numerous gun boats, four frigates and a battery of guns and mortars, on an island in their van ; but nothing could withstand the squadron your Lordship did me the honour to

place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you ; and with the judgment of the captains, together with their valour and that of the officers and men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible. Could any thing from my pen add to the characters of the captains, I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible. I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott of the *Majestic*, who was killed early in the action ; but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her first lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordship's pleasure is known.

The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships are nearly dismasted ; and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape ; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it ; but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous* and I was obliged to call her in.

The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered

no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg to refer you, for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander-in-chief being burnt in the Orient.

Herewith, I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded ; and the lines of battle of ourselves and the French.

Signed, HORATIO NELSON.

LINE OF BATTLE.

1. Culloden. T. Troubridge, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 2. Theseus, R. W. Miller, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 3. Alexander, Alexander J. Ball, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 4. Vanguard, Rear Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B. Edward Berry, Captain, 75 guns, 595 men ; 5. Minotaur, Thomas Louis, Captain, 74 guns, 640 men ; 6. Leander, T. B. Thomson, Captain, 50 guns, 343 men ; 7. Swiftsure, B. Hallowell, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 8. Audacious, Davidge Gould Captain, 74 guns, 590 ; 9. Defence, John Peyton, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 10. Zealous

Samuel Hood, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 11. Orion, Sir James Saumarez, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 12. Goliath, Thomas Foley, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 13. Majestic, George B. Westcott, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; 14. Bellerophon, Henry D. E. Darby, Captain, 74 guns, 590 men ; la Mutine, brig.

HORATIO NELSON.

Vanguard off the mouth
of the Nile, 3rd. August.

FRENCH LINE OF BATTLE.

1. Le Guerrier, 74 guns, 700 men, taken ; 2. le Conquérant, 74 guns, 700 men, taken ; 3. le Spartiate, 74 guns, 700 men, taken ; 4. l'Aquilon, 74 guns, 700 men, taken ; 5. le Souverain Peuple, 74 guns, 700 men, taken ; 6. le Franklin, Blanquet, 1st Contre-Amiral, 80 guns, 800 men, taken ; 7. l'Orient, Brueys, Admiral and Commander-in-chief, 120 guns, 1010 men, burnt ; 8. le Tonnant, 80 guns, 800 men, taken ; 9. l'Heureux, 74 guns, 700 men, taken ; 10. le Timoléon, 74 guns, 700 men, burnt ; 11. le Mercure, 74 guns, 700 men, taken ; 12. le Guillaume Tell, Villeneuve, 2nd. Contre-Amiral, 80

guns, 800 men, escaped ; 13. le Généreux, 74 guns, 700 men, escaped.

FRIGATES.

14. La Diane, 48 guns, 300 men, escaped ;
15. la Justice, 44 guns, 300 men, escaped ; 16.
l'Artémise, 36 guns, 250 men, burnt ; 17. la Sé-
rieuse, 36 guns, 250 men, dismasted and sunk.

HORATIO NELSON.

NAMES OF THE OFFICERS KILLED.

Vanguard, Captain Taddy, marines ; Mr. Thomas Seymour, Mr. J. G. Taylor, midshipmen. Alexander, Mr. John Colias, lieutenant Orion, Mr. Baird, captain's clerk. Goliah, Mr. William Davies, master's mate ; Mr. Andrew Brown, midshipman. Majestic, George B. Westcott, captain ; Mr. Lebedie Ford, midshipman ; Mr. Andrew Gilmore, boatswain. Bellerophon, Mr. R. Savage Daniel, Mr. Ph. W. Launder, Mr. George Joliffe, lieutenants ; Mr. Thomas Ellison, master's mate. Minotaur, lieutenant J. S. Kerichner, master ; Mr. Peter Walters, master's mate.

HORATIO NELSON.

Having attentively perused this strikingly modest account of so complete a victory, I sought my good captain and comrade whom I found pacing up and down the poop, with his hands behind him in a sort of reverie, I endeavoured to lead him again to talk over the memorable events of the Nile. "Your captain of marines was killed in the Vanguard," said I, turning round with him and joining in his walk.

"Yes, we lost him, poor fellow! Captain Taddy was an excellent officer, we all regretted him. But if you look over the returns of all naval actions," he continued, "you will find the marines suffer in much greater proportion than the rest; here on the poop we are so exposed, and then the colour of the cloth, red, is an attractive mark to shoot at."

"Your pursuit of Napoleon and his expedition," said I, drawing him on, "must have been full of interest."

"It was very exciting," (and away he went breast high), "from the moment we left Lord St. Vincent off Cadiz, till we finally found them in Eboukhor as the Turks call it. To be sure we began but indifferently; for off the Hières we lost our main and mizen top-masts and in two

hours afterwards, the gale increasing, down came the foremast in three pieces, and our bowsprit was badly sprung in several places. We however struggled into St. Pietro, and having there got up some jury masts, we repaired to the rendezvous off Toulon. Here, we ascertained the fact of the sailing of the French expedition, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, twelve frigates and two hundred transports, with above forty thousand troops under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte; and immediately afterwards the Mutine brig arrived with the glad tidings that ten sail of the line were coming to reinforce us; which, with the Orion and Alexander that had joined us at Gibraltar, would make us thirteen sail of the line, a fifty gun ship, and a sloop of war; but what was still more delightful, the Mutine brought Sir Horatio Nelson, a "roving commission," that is, full authority to hunt the enemy through the seas, and take, burn, sink and destroy him any *where* or any *how* that he might be able. We now spread like a rocket to look out for the expected squadron, in doing which we fell in with a whole covey; fifteen sail of richly laden Spanish merchantmen. The Alexander and Orion picked up one each, on

passant ; we might have taken the whole and lined our pockets, and the Admiral's share would have been enormous. But he was bent on nobler game ; he scorned the gold and sought the glory, and the signal was made to pass them by. The whole Roman history does not furnish a more lofty instance of public virtue, than Nelson displayed on this occasion.

“ In a few hours afterwards, Captain Troubridge's squadron was in sight from the mast head. We rushed, as if by mutual attraction towards each other, and before evening, were united in one mighty force, that subsequently overthrew the forces of France, near the Red Sea.”

“ Pray tell me all about it,” said I ; and he continued :

“ As the expedition had sailed from Toulon, with the wind at north west, it was most probable their course would be up the Mediterranean. So after enduring a calm, we took that direction ; and after calling off the Island of Elba, and dispatching the Mutine to Civita Vecchia for news, we continued our course along the Tuscan shore, and passed the Island of Gianuti. There we spoke a Moorish vessel, who told us the enemy was at Syracuse, on the morning of the 17th. We

next stood into the beautiful bay of Naples, and sent on shore to our ambassador for information. He could only tell us the French expedition had not appeared there, but he had heard they had been seen running down the coast of Sardinia, and were perhaps gone to Malta. With this scanty information we again set sail ; but light and baffling winds checked our progress, and we did not get through the famous Straits of Messina till the 20th. From our Consul at Messina, we were informed that Napoleon had taken Malta and Goza, and that the expedition was lying at anchor off Goza. We therefore bent our way to Malta ; but on the 22nd, we spoke a Genoese, who assured us, “ the French had left Malta four days before.” As the wind had been blowing, the Admiral thought Alexandria was their destination, and to Alexandria we shaped our course under a heavy press of sail. During the ensuing seven days we only spoke three vessels, two of them from Alexandria, but no strange fleet had been seen or heard of. On the 28th, we came in sight of the city of Alexandria, when we found an empty harbour, save a Turkish ship of the line, and four frigates. When we got off Pharos, Captain Hardy of the

Mutine, (afterwards Nelson's Hardy,) landed after a long parley ; but he was received by the guard and conducted to the governor. The governor received him civilly, but expressed his uneasiness at seeing so large a British force ; and on being told we were in pursuit of a much larger French one, he became still more alarmed, and declared that neither party should be permitted to land, or obtain a footing on his territory. We were now at a stand still, and the Admiral determined to try back ; so we took a more northerly course, and a fresh breeze at N. N.W. we carried a press of sail till the 4th, when we made the coast of Natolia. The next day the squadron was scattered, and on the 6th, the Orion was missing. We wore in consequence, and she joined us in the evening ; we now kept working to windward till the 16th, when we took advantage of a change of wind and steered for Syracuse, into which harbour, although no one in the fleet had ever been there before, we all safely entered and anchored on the evening of the 19th. There we got supplies of fresh beef, vegetables, water, and what was still more welcome, intelligence of the enemy. But, though there was some discrepancy in the accounts, we thought,

on duly considering the statements, apart and altogether, or I should rather say the Admiral thought, that *Egypt* was after all the destination of the enemy ; but to confirm himself in this opinion he called off the *Morea*, and sent the *Culoden* to *Coron* ; there we learnt that the French fleet had been seen about four weeks before on the Candian coast steering S.E. South east, with a fresh breeze and fresh hopes, was now our course ; and with a flowing sheet, and a following sea, we, on the 1st of August, again made the towers of Alexandria, and the ports which we had so lately left empty, were now found to contain a forest of masts. But our look out ships, the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, presently made a signal that damped our ardour. “ The vessels are transports, with six ships of war armed *en flute*.” Our disappointment however was of short duration ; for the *Zealous* soon after noon, the *Pharos* towers bearing S.S.W. signaled that “ sixteen ships of the line lay at anchor in a bay on her larboard bow.” Thus, at last, we reached the object of our long pursuit.”

Here, during a momentary pause in my friend's narrative, I observed : “ It is very

characteristic of Lord Nelson, that in his public letter, he does not even mention the misfortune that befel the Culloden. Indeed, although from her getting ashore, he was entirely deprived of her assistance, he has still in his returns continued her, the first ship, in his line of battle."

"Not only so," rejoined Captain Noble, "but as if to console his friend for his mortification and disappointment, he thus expresses himself of the captain of the Culloden, in his letter to the Commander-in-chief, Lord St. Vincent:—
'The eminent services of our friend deserve the highest rewards. I have experienced the activity and ability of his mind and body. It was Troubridge who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Troubridge who saved the Culloden, when none that I know in the service, would have attempted it; it is Troubridge whom I have left as myself at Naples. He is, as a friend and an officer, a nonpareil!'"

"All that is very well," I observed, "and as it should be. Sir Horatio got a peerage and three thousand pounds a-year for himself and his successor; gold medals were given to all the cap-

tains engaged, as well as to Troubridge, who was not engaged ; and all the first lieutenants were made commanders, including the first lieutenant of the Culloden, who was not in the action. But what was done for the marines ? Their reward will come *hereafter*, I presume. What did the marines ever obtain, even for the battle of the Nile ?

“ Echo answers, *NIHIL !*

“ *Proh pudor ! Boards of admiralty.*”

CHAPTER XIV.

1805—Increase of Royal Marines, creation of Royal Marine Artillery—The Brest fleet—Action off Cape Finisterre between Admirals Villeneuve and Calder—Arrival of Lord Nelson—He proceeds to England—Victory in Camaret Bay—Lieut. Meerhay's first action.

OF all the years in the naval history of Great Britain, the year 1805 was the fullest in vast preparations, and in glorious events. In the course of it, ninety sail of men-of-war had been launched, a fourth division of royal marines established at Woolwich, and the corps of royal marine artillery was created by an order in council; making the royal marine forces altogether amount to thirty-one thousand. From the very origin of the marine artillery, I have regarded them with peculiar interest and affection, and have been ashamed of that disregard for engagements with which they have been,

from time to time, treated by the executive. George the Third, by his order in council, as I have already stated, constituted the corps of marine artillery. The officers and men were alike selected from the parent corps of royal marines ; and to encourage them to submit to the course of education, as well as the expense necessary to qualify them for this scientific department of service, certain advantages were held out to them, in fact, given for some time, but were then dishonestly withdrawn. But even this blight did not prevent them from becoming one of the most beautiful and efficient corps I have ever seen ; equal to the guards in splendour of appearance, and to the royal regiment of artillery in every branch of duty ; and superior to any body of men, I have ever met with in the service of any other country.

The declaration of war against us by Spain, at this time, facilitated Napoleon's plans for his descent on England. By treaties and arrangements with that power, he nearly doubled his force of ships, and brought himself, as to *numbers*, nearly on an equality with ourselves. But in the course of the year (1805) we gave him a lesson in subtraction During the

spring, we had been under Lord Gardner's command ; for Billy Blue, having over-worked and over-watched himself, during a two years' fag on board, was advised by the doctors to take a run on shore.

While his Lordship was with us, indications of a move were given by the Brest fleet. On the 15th of April, their van division got under weigh, and stood out in sight of the Black Rocks, and were presently after joined by their main body, amounting to forty sail, including twenty-one sail of the line ; with 20,000 troops, and six months' provisions on board. But all attempts to entice them further out, were vain. They manœuvred a few hours between Bertheaume and Camaret Bays, and slunk back into the deeper recesses of their cover again. There is a concurring testimony, however, both with French and English writers, that this was no sham, but a real move for sea, if they could but have escaped the vigilance of our in-shore squadron. It seems the Toulon fleet *had sailed*, and the Emperor wished that a junction should be effected, and that the West Indies should be ravaged. The united fleets were then to return

home ; to be joined by the Rochfort and Ferrol squadrons, making altogether a force of about fifty-six sail of the line ; and with this formidable force, we, and all other British men-of-war, were to be swept from the Channel, and the whole French Armada was to descend upon our shores.

We, however, stuck close to Brest, and Admiral Gantheaume and his fleet could not stir out. To keep us at bay, however, and as far out as possible, works were thrown up, and batteries erected all along the coast. According to a French writer, in the course of a few weeks, two hundred pieces of cannon were mounted in Camaret Bay. This enabled the French Admiral to occupy and exercise his ships in the outer anchorage ; it also facilitated his putting safely out to sea, and rendered his junction with Admiral Villeneuve, (on *his return* with the Toulon fleet, and which he had received subsequent orders to *wait* for,) more practicable.

On the 6th of July, we received accounts of the Toulon fleet, at Martinique, and on the same day, our old and welcome Admiral, Cornwallis, arrived like a giant refreshed, on board the Ville

de Paris, from England, and resumed the command of the fleet. Lord Gardner returned home, and left us only eighteen sail of the line, to wait all squalls ; but such was the confidence of the Channel fleet in themselves, and in " Billy Blue," that : " Let us see them, and we shall beat them," was the general impression.

On the 11th, the Commander-in-chief received despatches from the Admiralty, and orders were immediately sent for Admiral Sterling to quit his station off Rochfort, and, with the five sail of the line under his orders, join the squadron under Admiral Calder, off Ferrol. It since turns out, that on the 20th, Admiral Gantheaume received orders to put to sea from Brest, to unite with the Rochfort squadron off the Lizard, and then to effect a junction with Admiral Villeneuve, from the West Indies.

On the 29th, the news of the action between Villeneuve and Calder reached us ; and on the 14th of August, Admiral Calder himself joined our fleet, with eight sail of the line. The news of a battle had filled us with envy, as well as

with curiosity. Every glass on board was laid under contribution, and levelled at Sir Robert Calder and his squadron. The Windsor Castle seemed to have suffered most ; but his ships bore generally few traces of rough work ; and our expectations were already clouded by disappointment. But as the merits or demerits of this encounter have been so thoroughly discussed, and even made the subject of the sentence of a court martial, I shall briefly mention the leading features attending it. The English Admiral had fifteen sail of the line, two frigates, a lugger, and a cutter, when, on the 22nd of July, 1805, he fell in with the enemy's combined fleet, amounting to twenty sail of the line, seven frigates, two brigs, and a rich galleon, which was taken in tow by the Syrene. The hostile fleets formed their respective lines of battle, being about seven miles asunder ; but from the thickness of the weather, they could only partially see each other. At this time, the Sirius, English frigate, made a dash to pick up the galleon by boarding, but was foiled by a judicious movement of the Argonauta of seventy-four guns, the enemy's van ship, which bore up and saved the prize, and with

the forbearance of a noble enemy, passed the frigate *Sirius* without firing into her. This conduct, so creditable to Admiral Gravina, was imitated by the *Terrible* and *America*, also ships of the line. About 5, P. M., the action commenced, and it soon became fierce and general; but, from the thickness of the fog and smoke, no order could be preserved, and the fighting was very unequal. The result, however was, that soon after eight o'clock, the *Fourmi*, having lost her main and mizen masts, and the *San Rafael*, being totally dismasted, struck their colours. At half-past eight, our fleet being in great confusion, Admiral Calder made the night signal to discontinue the action. Our loss was thirty-nine officers and men killed, and one hundred and fifty-nine wounded, while the loss on board the two prizes was estimated at six hundred men, and on board the whole combined squadrons, at 1374 killed and wounded.

It is unquestionable, that the enemy were more numerous and much stronger than the English in this encounter. It is also clear, that we captured two of their twenty ships with our fifteen. Moreover, they had seven to our two frigates.

Admiral Calder's character for courage was above suspicion. He had been captain of the fleet in the memorable battle of St. Vincent. Still, it was but a sorry story, and certainly, Rodney, Hood, or Exmouth *would*,—nay, what other British Admiral *would not*?—have won a peerage, had they had the playing such a game. All argument, or patching, or reasoning about “Calder's calculations” of sailings or junctions from other ports, was vain. He might do very well for a second in command—he was a *preux chevalier, sans peur*, if you please, but certainly not *sans reproche*. I am well acquainted with the Baron Charles Dupin, brother to the late President of the Chamber of Deputies, who in his *Voyage dans la Grande Bretagne*, compares the conduct of Villeneuve and Calder, to the great advantage of the latter. But he felt and argued under the supposition that a French and Spanish line of battle ship is almost equal to an English one. But we know better ; and so did the court martial, which severely reprimanded the British Admiral for not renewing the action. Still I have always been glad that Calder escaped the fate of Admiral Byng, who was shot

on board the *Monarch*, in Portsmouth Harbour, during the ides of March, 1757, pursuant to his sentence, for an error of judgment in an engagement with the French fleet off Minorca, May 20, 1756. Such a sentence, no man in his senses, could approve.

The day after Admiral Calder joined us, a very different personage arrived from his long western chase after the Toulon fleet: it was Nelson of the Nile, with eleven sail of the line. How did his mighty name ring in the British fleet! Every soul on board rushed on deck to see his flag as it floated on board the *Victory*. If the eagles on the tent of Napoleon had a magical effect upon the soldiers of France, Nelson's name gave him almost super-human power. It seemed as if, like the fabled god, he wielded the trident of the seas. He did not, however, remain with us, but having communicated with Admiral Cornwallis, proceeded the same evening to England, with the *Superb* and *Belle Isle*; leaving eight line of battle ships with us; which made our force altogether amount to thirty-four sail of the line.

I had never seen so many large ships acting together before. A sharp look out was kept,

but no sign of an enemy could be seen. Napoleon was moving his squadrons, as he might have done his pawns on a chess-board, by telegraph ; but he could not make them fight by telegraph ; and all his combinations failed. On the 17th, intelligence was brought to the Admiral that the enemy's fleet, amounting to twenty sail of the line, had been seen off Ferrol ; and Sir R. Calder was detached to that station. The next day, the Captain, of seventy-four guns, joined us from England, making our force seventeen sail, with which we continued the blockade of our old friends in the harbour of Brest.

The French Emperor did not consider the action off Cape Finisterre, between Villeneuve and Sir Robert Calder, of sufficient consequence to make him abandon his plans. Directions were therefore sent to the Brest fleet to put to sea ; and on the evening of the 20th, they began to move ; and the next morning, the whole of the ships, consisting of twenty-one sail of the line, four frigates, a corvette, and two brigs, under Admiral Gantheaume, in the newly named ship, the *Impérial*, left the gouilet, and by ten o'clock anchored in Camaret Bay.

These movements were seen by our in-shore frigates ; and by twelve o'clock, (only two hours afterwards,) the *Aigle* informed us by signal : " The enemy's fleet were under weigh." Great was the joy amongst us ! When the news reached us we were lying about three leagues off Ushant, with one frigate, a cutter, and a schooner, besides the before-named seventeen sail of the line. We immediately hauled our wind on the lar-board tack, and passed the west end of the Island of Ushant, about three miles. At half-past three, we made Point Saint Matthieu, and saw, (and a goodly sight it was,) the enemy's whole fleet, some under weigh, and some at anchor. Our fleet, following the motions of " Billy Blue,"—who never shewed bunting if he could help it,—shortened sail, and hove to. The *Ville de Paris* then hoisted the signal : " The fleet will disregard the motions of the Admiral," and immediately made sail alone towards the enemy, who, as soon as she was within range, opened their mortar batteries. In reply to this, the Admiral shortened sail, and reconnoitred most closely and coolly. He then wore, and joined the body of our fleet, the whole of which soon after came to an anchor near the

Black Rocks. Just at dusk, and while we were all wondering what the Commander-in-chief would do in the morning, the cutter's boat came along side with the following pithy general order : " The Admiral means to attack the enemy's fleet at day-break ; the captains of his Majesty's ships will therefore take the most efficient means for attacking and bringing them out. The Admiral will lead in the *Ville de Paris*."

As soon as the captain had read the note, down to the ward-room he hastened. " The captain's coming, gentlemen," announced the steward. The sentry threw open the door, and blithe as a panther, in bounded our gallant chief. " Music to-morrow ! my boys !" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands ; " clear away for action, and one glass to our success to-morrow. Come, young soldier," looking at me, " this will be your first action. I see by the light of your eye all's right, and to-morrow you will be able to say : I too have smelt powder."

He drank his glass to " Victory !" shook hands with us all round, shouted : " Music, to-morrow, my boys !" and went on deck.

All was now bustle and preparation ; every vestige of ward-room or cabins was swept away ; carpenters and mates were knocking down and clearing ; the gunner was sending powder from the magazine ; the boatswain in his store arranging his gear, and the master examining the chart of Camaret Bay on the rudder head. The lieutenants of the ship were mustering their men and their different quarters, while the marines were paraded, and their pouches filled with cartridges on the poop and quarter-deck. All was now reported ready for action. Fore and aft, from stem to stern, all was clear ; the three decks presented their magnificent and mighty batteries ; the men stood at their quarters ; all was silence, you might have almost heard a pin drop.

The captain, with the first lieutenant, went over every part of the ship, minutely inspected, and saw all was ready for action. " Now pipe down the hammocks, and let every body (except half the watch,) get some rest," said the captain ; " we shall be fresher and better for it in the morning." And, in a few minutes, all but the watch were in bed, or asleep. Nothing was to be heard but the tread of the sentinels on the

gangways, or the footstep of the lieutenant of the watch, as he paced up and down the deck.

For my part, I laid myself down pensively on my cot. "Now the time is come," thought I, "when I shall know what I am made of. At day-light this great ship, armed to the teeth, will float along side another of equal magnitude, and as their guns, muzzle to muzzle, touch each other, their mitraille will be discharged, and then, what havoc ! It will require some nerve to meet the first broadside." Then my thoughts wandered homeward and to those so dear to me, whom I might never see again. I soon found this side of the picture would not do ; so I turned me round, and thought of my sweet Mary at Ivy Bridge. Then the electrifying words of Juba came to my recollection :—

"Then will I think on thee, oh beauteous maid ;
Then will I think on thee ; and, midst the
Shock of charging hosts remember
What glorious deeds should grace
The man who hopes for Marcia's love."

Then I thought again of my father, and a favourite motto of his : ' In Deo spero.' I felt

within me a sort of mingled feeling of religion and romance, of enthusiasm and piety; I breathed a vow to my mistress and a prayer to heaven; turned tranquilly on my pillow, and fell fast asleep.

Soon after four o'clock in the morning, the serjeant major came to my cot, and said: "Sir, the hammocks are piped up, and the drummer is ordered to beat to quarters."

I was on the deck in an instant, and my cot as quickly vanished. The drum beat to arms; the band played Rule Britannia; and I "felt up to any thing."

As day dawned, just as there were some tulip streaks in the east, the fleet weighed and stood in for Camaret Bay. The Ville de Paris leading, followed by the Cæsar, Sir Richard Strachan, and the Montague, Captain Otway. Soon after six, the fleet tacked in succession, to clear the Porquelle Rock. As the haze passed away, we saw the French fleet at anchor; but about eight they hoisted their top sails, and were evidently getting under weigh.

"Ah! ah!" said our captain; "I fear they won't stand the attack then."

At nine, the Indefatigable, Captain Rodd,

approached so near to the *Alexandre*, Rear Admiral Villaumez, who was by this time leading out the French fleet in line of battle, that she fired her broadside, which was immediately returned by the frigate. We now all crowded sail towards the enemy's fleet, and the *Cæsar* and *Montague*, finding they could pass the *Ville de Paris*, simultaneously asked by signal "for permission to lead;" which the Admiral answered in the affirmative to both ships at once. The gallant competitors immediately hauled out of the line, set every stitch of canvass, and endeavoured to cut off and bring the rear of the enemy to action, for he had already tacked, and was running away into harbour. Meanwhile, the whole line of batteries had opened their fire upon the British fleet, which continued its course, our leading ships keeping up a running fight, till we were within a mile of Point Bertheaume, when the whole fleet wore by signal, shortened sail, and stood leisurely out, in order of battle. Thus have I seen the gallant greyhound stop, look, and come sullenly away, when the object of his hot pursuit has escaped his utmost efforts, and reached its cover in safety.

Almost all the damage our ships received was from the new batteries, which proved how well they answered the purpose for which they had been expressly constructed. A thirteen inch shell fell into our wake, as we were in the act of wearing. A few seconds before, it would have fallen on the poop, and gone down through us. Another split on the spare anchor of the *Ville de Paris*; and a piece of nearly two pounds weight gave the Admiral a blow on the breast; but it was quite spent, and did him no harm. Another piece wounded a midshipman. No other person was touched on board; but the ship suffered considerably in her masts and sails. The loss on our side was trifling. Of the enemy, (who was snug at anchor under their batteries, by two P. M.) the *Alexandre*, the immediate opponent of the *Cæsar*, suffered most.

This brush was, to me, what a first day's cub hunting is to a young fox-hound. I was fairly entered; felt what it was to be engaged; and imbibed a relish for the enchanting excitement of battle—a love, a thirst for fame, that could only be quenched with life:—for, to this hour, after more than twenty years' peace, the sound of the trumpet, the tramp of troops, and even the ex-

terior "pomp and circumstances of glorious war," fire my soul, and I erect my crest, like the old hunter at the plough, as he hears the cry of the passing pack, and paws to join the chace.

I have often since speculated upon what might have been the result, if the whole fleet had gone immediately into action, on the evening of the 22nd, instead of the Admiral's going to reconnoitre, and then anchoring and deferring the attack till the next morning. Nelson did the former at the Nile ; and if he had *not* done so, he would not have found the French fleet at anchor at day-break. But such a man as Nelson, appears but once in a generation. The French, individually, as well as nationally, do things more by impulse than we do ; and if we had gone straight up to him in Camaret Bay, I have a notion Gantheaume would have held on by his anchors, and received us.

CHAPTER XV.

Exchange ships—Return home—Family scenes—A day with the hounds—Country Amusements—Again leave home—Portsmouth Jews—The beautiful Jewess—Pay-day on board a man-of-war.

HAVING shortly after this time, with a view to my future prospects in the service, exchanged from the *Princess Royal* to another ship, I bade a cordial adieu to my esteemed captain and messmates ; was ordered by the Commander-in-chief to be borne as supernumerary on board the cutter, going with his despatches to England ; and after a quick passage, landed at Portsmouth, within three hours' gallop of home, to visit which I soon obtained a short furlough.

The happy day arrived ; I was now going home, after my first step in the world.

I was returning to the bosom of my family, as the young bird returns panting to its nest, after having, for the first time, sought its own food upon the wing ; and like the bird from the ark too, I had gathered, I thought, a *little leaf* upon my excursion ; and if it was laurel instead of olive, so much the better ! When I mounted my steed at the barracks, and cleared Portsdown Hill, and sunk into the wooded vale of Southwick, how elated did I feel ! what indescribable emotions filled my heart ! I pushed on seventeen miles ; then drew bit at Bishops Waltham, to seek rest and refreshment for my nag and myself ; and as the sign which swung on the crazy post, announced that there was " good entertainment for man and horse," I installed my pony in the stable with good provender, and myself in the well-sanded parlour, with good cheer,—oats for him and the barley-corn for me ;—for Bishops Waltham was famous for its malt and its products ;—so much so that I have some doubt whether its name, of Bishops *Waltam*, was anything more than a corruption, as the grammarians call it, of Bishops *Malt'em*. Be this as it may, I was now only nine miles from my dear family ; and as they

did not know I was coming, I should pounce upon them by surprise. I grew impatient, and then the mutton chops were discussed, and the malt tested. I could wait no longer than was necessary for my horse to feed ; and in half an hour I was again under weigh, and cracking on for Itchin. Every house, every tree, seemed familiar to me, and I became more and more excited as I galloped along. But fast as I approached my home, my imagination went faster, and I already fancied myself there ; I saw my mother rushing out to meet me ; I heard my brothers and sisters scream for joy ; I felt the pressure, *the last pressure* of my father's hand return upon my palm. Trusty and Lion too, would be so glad to see me—glad as the dog of Ulysses !

I spurred my horse ; he sprang to the pressure of my heel, and bounded like a deer across the down to Cheriton. At Cheriton I was only three miles from our door. I passed its hospitable vicarage at Score ; thence on to Tichborne. Lovely Tichborne ! I hail and honour thy ancient name and master. Here, every face was that of an acquaintance, if not a friend. Some I thought looked older, and the girls were cer-

tainly much handsomer. Along I went, smiling and saluting, but stopping for no one.

“ Yes ! *'tis he ! 'tis he !* ” (every thing is *he* with the hinds of Hampshire, except the Tom cat, whom they call *she* !) “ *'Tis he ! 'tis he !* ” they cried, as I galloped them by, “ *'tis he ! 'tis the captain from sea.* ” “ Ods boddikens ! ” cries one, “ By the living jingo ! ” says another ; “ *'tis he ! 'tis the captain from sea !* ”

They waved their hats and cheered. I waved my hand, and wiped my eyes ; and felt as if my heart were getting too big for its place. Now opened full before me the happy home of my childhood. The whole group were on the green before the house-door. I threw myself from my horse—rushed through the gate—and amidst the tenderest caresses, was welcomed to the house of my father.

There are many things that you can only do or feel most exquisitely once, they say. That you can only *love* once, I deny : but I must acknowledge that what I *then* felt, I never experienced in the same degree afterwards.

While we were at tea upon the lawn in the evening, the steeple bells struck up a merry peal. “ What can that be for ? ” was the natural in-

quiry. Nobody could tell, and the servant was sent to ask. He came running back, and said : " It was in honour of the captain's return, after fighting the French."

My poor father gave a loud " hem !" and with a sort of irresistible impulse, put his hand in his right hand breeches pocket. My mother drew up, smiled and kissed me ; and I felt a tear, as large and as precious as a pearl, fall upon my cheek. It is only justice to the ringers to add, that the money sent them by my father was respectfully refused. " It was their own tribute," they said, " and they would not be paid for it."

" I take it very kind of them," said my father, and " the deuce is in it, if they shan't take it *in kind* from me." (Bless him ! he delighted in a proverb or a pun.) So he drew off, and sent a gallon of strong beer to each ringer.

I must not omit to mention that when we assembled, according to custom in family prayer that evening, my father offered up a thanksgiving for my safe return ; and if, as we are taught to believe, the incense of grateful hearts is acceptable to God, surely the outpourings of my beloved family, upon that remarkable occasion, were well received.

During my stay at home, our rich neighbours, or the nobility and gentry as they are locally designated, called to see me or left their cards, to give me their countenance and approval, and we were all flattered by such marks of consideration and attention. But one person, in whose eyes my truant and rather vagabond love, would have liked to have found favour again, was no longer there ; Charlotte Wentworth was married, and gone away. But I was too young to be very sorry about that or any thing else ; so I declared there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught ; thought of Mary at Ivy Bridge and determined to have a day with the hounds. We were in the centre of the H.H. or Hampshire hunt, formerly a subscription pack of fox hounds, but now kept at the sole expense of Mr. Villebois or Vile boy, as he was facetiously called ; but it was a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, for he was a true gentleman and capital sportsman. A few years before the Prince of Wales rented the Grange, and used to join in the chace, with the Rodneys, Ridges, Norths, Graemes, and other goodly and godly names, who have figured in the annals and annuals before and since. I used at that time to rate the H.H. a very first water con-

cern, and Hampshire as an out and out hunting county, but I have since learnt, from experience, and experienced Nimrods, that the country is flinty, the scent cold, and the covers too near together ; in short, as I once heard mad Budge say, (who rode down the Devil's dyke at Brighton, with a six pence between his knee and his saddle, for a bet of half-a-crown,) " upon a good pony that can jump a hurdle, you may do as well as the best mounted amongst them." However, I was bent upon having a day ; so I hired Tom Baker's one eyed roan mare, three parts bred, *not* warranted, but a famous fencer. We found in Sutton scrubs, the moment Merryman challenged, " hark to him there," cried Villebois, " that's better than gold." The old hound was right ; the whole pack were instantly on the scent, Reynard broke boldly, crossed the country like a swallow, tried his earth, which was stopped, skirted hampage corner, and was run into, and killed in the open.

" Go it, ye cripples !" screamed Wilkinson of Popham lane ; " beat that, Meltonians, if you can."

Amongst the numerous field of sportsmen, was a Portuguese Count, named Nunez. He

was a good natured droll fellow, and being as rich as a Jew, entertained liberally ; this did not however prevent his being pretty well roasted sometimes at his own table. One day after dinner while the claret was circulating freely, the Hon. Robert Rigby was quizzing him without mercy, when the Jew turned suddenly round exclaiming, " Eh, Mr. Bob, what you say ? have you learn say *Amen* yet, eh Captain Bob ! "

The sailor was silent, and let the son of Judah alone the rest of the evening ; and we learned afterwards that Nunez had caught him wooing the parish *Clerk's* daughter.

I must not neglect here to mention the hunt race, and the race ball, both very important, serious, and sentimental affairs. The gentlemen farmers rode the one, and the ladies and gentlemen figured at the other. A silver cup, to be run for by horses bonâ fide the property of yeomen of the county, to have been hunted with the H. H. and rode by the owners ; and a ball at which neither trade nor profession but only pure aristocracy, with a slight tinge of pink or blue from the Army or Navy could be admitted ; these were no common occurrences, and as luck would

have it, I was present at both. Oh for the ball! the "exclusive" ball, held in the market town at the sign of the White Swan, which White Swan, if it had had but a tailor painted on its back, would have made a goodly goose! what airs and what graces were then displayed! what country dancing, fitly so called! what tea and coffee at ten! what chickens and tongue, and sherry in pint decanters at one! what peers, and baronets, and esquires for stewards! not to mention the sandwiches and tartines, the macaroons and cheese cakes, and all the rest that could possibly be squeezed into a bill of fare at 3*s.* 6*d.* a head. The race,—I will not attempt to describe the race, because it was like all races, dull for an hour and mad for a minute, like coursing in a country where hares, are few. But the Catch and Glee Club afterwards held at the George, the second inn which stands in the Broad Street of the aforesaid market town, is worth mentioning. Such treble, tenor and bass warbling,

"How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
When love and soft music together unite."

or—

Listen, listen, listen,
To the waterfall——"

After which glees and catches, with what "glee" did they not "catch" at the bread and cheese and water cresses, and the long clay pipes which filled the long room with smoke ; to which was added welch rabbits, bottles of brandy, nutmegged negus, and a song from wooden-legged White.

I shall spare my readers the description of again parting from my family. The anguish was however considerably softened by the company of my next brother.

On our arrival at Portsmouth we went to our respective duties ; mine took me to join the detachment of my corps, embarked in the Victory.

Amongst other peculiarities of our sea ports, they are remarkable for the hordes of Jews who congregate within their walls. At Portsmouth, particularly, there is a large tribe of the race of Abraham, whom the sailors describe, in most instances not unaptly, as "land sharks." "They follow in one's wake ashore," Jack declares, "just as the sea shark follows the wake of a ship, to look out for squalls ; and all is good that tumbles into their jaws." It is consoling, it is gratifying, however, to observe that the persecutions and proscriptions of enlightened countries

are gradually subsiding, as regards this once favoured but now unhappy people. The tale of *Ivanhoe* worked wonders for them in the United Kingdom. The interference of the legislature to remove the disabilities of the Jews, is another great step ; and the time seems drawing nigh when it shall come to pass, (as it is written " that we shall all be gathered into one fold." Perhaps in no form does female beauty appear more bewitching than amongst the daughters of the race of Abraham ; and the walls of Portsmouth were never more beautifully adorned than when, on their sabbath, the fair Jewesses came to listen to our band on parade.

I remember one real Rebecca that was, if possible, more lovely than the imaginary beauty of *Ivanhoe* ; she drove me absolutely frantic ; what would I not have given to have plucked that beauteous rose of Sharon, and carried it in my bosom. But alas ! it was not to be. Still, it was a luxury to see her, to hear her, to walk with her, and when she talked of the religion of her fathers, I whispered :

" Go stand at Heaven's gate awhile,
And you so like an angel smile,
They'll surely let you in."

She once handed me a letter from her father. What could it be about? I thought and guessed at every thing but the right. "Read it when you go home," said she, "you will do what we ask?" and then she looked up beseechingly, with those dark, dark eyes, forcing their beams, through the deep fringed silken lashes, and the high arched pencilled eye brow, pencilled by nature with a power and expression which no art can reach. "Yes, certainly," I said. And what was it about after all? why, the ship was about to be paid, and the Jew wanted a preference for his boat! "Deuce take the old usurer!" said I, throwing away the letter; but the spirit of Rebecca presently came to the rescue, and the Jew's petition was preferred, and his boat was amongst the first, permitted to come alongside the Victory the morning she was paid.

It would be difficult to describe the scene on board a man of war on pay day. If ever the rules of the strictest discipline are relaxed on board, it is upon this occasion. It is the only holiday, except a battle, in the monotonous life of a sailor. The crowds of his creditors, the Jews, who have from time to time lent him small

sums of money, come howling round the ship and crave to be let on board. One holds up a letter of recommendation, another hints at a bribe, a third asks "in the name of Got." Fear of losing their money makes them bold, and a cold shot is sometimes thrown into a boat, and she is almost swamped, before they will obey orders, and "lay off." The bomb-boat women who have claims for supplies of various kinds, such as bladders of gin smuggled on board under their petticoats; and then the temporary wives, who come off all in ribbons and furbelows, (with their streamers aloft as Jack calls it,) to be paid for past, or induced to further favours; and then the general leave, (a favourite general in both services,) that is given to all hands to go on shore and get rid of their money as fast as possible, for while Jack has it he must buy drink;—all this gives a ship on pay day, the appearance of Donny Brook fair, or a borough election afloat.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Nelson—Rejoins the fleet—Cadiz—Lady Hamilton—Nelson's reception at Naples—Admiral Villeneuve—Preparations for Battle—Enumeration of the rival fleets—Nelson's singular legacies to his King and country—The Battle of Trafalgar—Death of Nelson—Promotions—Neglect of the Marines.

ON the 14th of September Lord Nelson arrived at Portsmouth from his seat at Merton, and his flag was immediately hoisted on board the Victory. On the 15th we sailed, in company with the Euryalus from Spithead. We were joined by the Ajax and Thunderer of Plymouth, and reached Cadiz on the 29th, Nelson's birthday ; the hero having on that day attained his 47th year. It so happened that, on that very day also, Admiral Villeneuve received positive orders, by a cabinet courier, to put to sea.

Nelson's reception and welcome, both at

Portsmouth and from the fleet whose destinies he was again appointed to wield, were enthusiastic in the extreme. Fame preceded him, honour attended him, and blessings followed him. There was however an unusual degree of stillness on his assuming the command; for the *Euryalus*, had been sent on to announce his coming, and give orders for dispensing with the usual salute; as his Lordship did not wish the enemy to suspect there was any reinforcement to the fleet. The name of Nelson, however, flew on the wings of the wind, and Admiral Villeneuve on hearing he had arrived, called a council of war, which decided, "that it would not be expedient to put to sea, unless the combined fleets exceeded the British force by one third."

Admiral Nelson, so formidable to the enemies of England, was a little man. His person had never been handsome, but his countenance was full of intellect and fire. The casket was shattered, one arm and an eye were gone; but it contained a jewel above all price, and for which he was beloved by his country, and courted and adored by one of the most gifted and beautiful women, that any age or country has produced. Emma Hamilton, "my brave Emma" as he

fondly used to call her, was singularly talented and attractive ; a sybil of eastern beauty. Her fine eyes and splendid person, her impassioned mien and manner, would have fired an ancho-rite. But the only mistress Nelson really wooed was Fame ; in Dalilah's lap this Sampson did not sleep. In fact, there has been much lamentation as well as accusation, thrown away upon this subject. Lady Hamilton's *liaison*, if *liaison* it must be called with the hero of the Nile, was of the platonic description, and his amiable wife made a great mistake, when she proposed and insisted upon an alternative, to which such a man as Lord Nelson was not likely to submit. The surpassing beauty, power, and position of the ambassadress at Naples, had flattered his vanity and furthered his ambition ; her ascendancy at court had procured supplies for his fleet at Syracuse ; she supported and adorned his triumphal car ; and to separate from her was impossible. Moreover, she worshipped him in a wild spirit as something more than mortal ; she raised the syren cup to his lips, and he drank deeply ; his infatuation was complete, and her influence unbounded. But it is to the lasting honour of this lady that she never

exercised that influence, (except in one instance,) but for his glory and the welfare of his country. It was Lady Hamilton who proposed to him, when he was in a moody fit, to offer his services, after Admiral Calder's failure. "Nelson," said she, while they were walking together in the garden at Merton, "offer your services, they will be gladly accepted, and you will gain another glorious victory."

"My brave Emma! my heroic Emma!" he replied, tears, such tears! coming to his eyes.

The sequel is before us. By the way, in one of the memoirs that I have seen of the life of Nelson, it is stated that "on his arrival at Portsmouth, after his long chace, he at length found news of the combined fleet." But, as I have before mentioned, Sir R. Calder had joined the Channel fleet after his action with Admiral Villeneuve the day before, and was with it when Lord Nelson joined also, and left his squadron with Admiral Cornwallis on the 15th of August, and who, of course, told him Admiral Calder's own story.

Lord Nelson always thought his services had not been adequately rewarded by ministers. His anxiety and interest for those who served

with him, was a conspicuous feature in his character and strongly contrasts with that of another successful commander, whose overbearing pride, selfishness and want of memory has become proverbial. Of all the honours which attended Nelson, there was nothing which seemed to have made a more grateful and lasting impression upon his mind and heart, than his reception at Naples, on his arrival there from the Nile. Imagine the Vanguard on the 22nd of September sailing like a swan into the bay of Naples, with his flag just lifting on the breeze ; the sea without a wave, the sky without a cloud, and the atmosphere so soft and pure that it was a luxury to breathe.

The whole people of the city went afloat to meet him ; the beautiful Emma Hamilton at their head. Cleopatra on the Cydnus, in her golden barge with silken sails, did not rival her ; and as her gorgeous gondola reached the ship, she flew up the side like a dove and settled on his bosom. The King and Queen arrived on board soon after, took Nelson by the hand and called him their *deliverer* ! Meanwhile, thousands of boats surrounded the Vanguard, and the great multitude made the Heavens ring with their cheers.

In the yachts, gondolas, and boats of every description which came crowding from the shore, musicians, dancers, and the most lovely women of Italy, all mingled indiscriminately together like flowers in a bouquet; either striking the light guitar, or springing the castanet, and dancing on the decks of their vessels. Then the rich, varied bright colored costumes of Naples glittering in the sun; what a brilliant scene did it all present! "Honour to the hero!" proclaimed the King; "honour to Nelson!" repeated Emma and the Queen. And all the people joined in song, music, and improvisation; punchinello, maccaroni, lazzaroni, all join with one accord in one acclamation, "honour to Nelson of the Nile!"

When he landed, new greetings awaited him, and in the excess of their joy the lazzaroni let loose the birds from their cages to exemplify the liberty he had brought them.

The Emperor of the French does not seem to have estimated Admiral Villeneuve as he deserved. Napoleon judged of a French fleet by a French army, though it had very different weapons to wield, and was composed of different materials; and as *he* had performed wonders with

the one, he could or *would* see no reason, why an able and enterprising commander, should not be comparatively invincible with the other. An error of the same kind, though opposite in its application, sometimes affected the usually generous mind of Nelson ; he had experienced what miracles could be wrought with the British navy, but he thought slightly of the army. " Their commanders have no enthusiasm or enterprize," he said, " they will do their duty, and no more." He was also exceedingly jealous of the naval prerogative, and was angry with some officers of the artillery, who objected to their men, who were embarked in bomb vessels, being worked or flogged at the caprice of the sea officers, without inquiry or court martial ; although in his heart, and what is better in his practice, he abhorred the infliction of this odious punishment. How limited is the view of the wisest ! little did the naval idol then suppose that in a few short years, there would be a sort of revulsion in public opinion, in favour of the army, and that it would be sung, that

" The Prince was all for the land service,
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe and Jervis."

What Nelson's spirit felt, as it hovered over the plains of the Peninsula, it would be impossible to divine ; but this we may suppose, that it shed its influence over Wellington and his army who brought the military glory of the United Kingdom to as dazzling a degree of splendour as that of Trafalgar.

Upon the details of the latter great achievement, I am now about to enter.

The Commander-in-chief of the united fleet at Cadiz, Admiral Villeneuve, received orders to proceed immediately to Naples, and disembark the troops he was to take on board on the coast to reinforce the army under General Saint Cyr. He was then to capture the English line of battle ship, the *Excellent*, and a Russian frigate, which were supposed to be cruising in the bay ; and after that, to endeavour to intercept an expedition under Sir James Craig, which was reported to be going to Malta ; and to wind up by going to Toulon, where " he would find every thing ready to repair and supply his fleet."

The British fleet, under Lord Nelson, now consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, with twenty-two of which his Lordship cruised out

of sight of land, leaving five sail under Admiral Louis, in the *Canopus*, close to the harbour's mouth, to watch the motions of the enemy, as well as to intercept the supplies, which were much wanted by the large combined fleet at Cadiz. This plan was, however, soon abandoned. The Admiral took up his station about seventeen leagues west of Cadiz, leaving only the *Euryalus* and *Hydra* frigates off the port. He however placed line of battle ships within signal distance of each other, and so effected a direct line of intelligence from his vidette frigates to the *Victory*.

On the 1st of October, Captain Blackwood, of the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that the enemy's fleet, consisting of eighteen French, and sixteen Spanish ships of the line, four frigates, and two brigs, were at anchor in the outer harbour, and ready for sea. On the 2nd, Admiral Louis' squadron of five sail of the line, was sent to Gibraltar, for provisions and water. On the same day, we learnt from a Swedish vessel, bound from Cadiz to Alicant, that a large body of troops were embarked in the combined fleet, which would sail the first easterly wind. When the intrepid sailor of fortune, Admiral Louis, heard this, he returned with the news to Lord

Nelson, who, however, under all circumstances, desired him to proceed to the Rock. On the 7th and 8th, the *Defiance* and the *Leviathan*, both of the line, joined the fleet from England and Gibraltar. The welcome arrival of a squadron of frigates now gave Lord Nelson the means of interrupting the coast trade, more effectually stopping their supplies, and, as he said, "starving them out of Cadiz."

On the 9th 10th and 13th, the *Royal Sovereign* and *Belle-Isle*, the *African* and *Agamemnon* joined, making our whole force twenty-nine sail of the line, exclusive of Admiral Louis' squadron at Gibraltar. On the 14th, the *Prince of Wales*, of 98 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Calder, left the fleet for England; that unfortunate officer having demanded that his conduct in his imperfect action, and respecting which so many tongues were loose, should be inquired into by a court-martial.

One cannot help here expressing regret that Admiral Calder should not have asked to remain with the fleet, till after the expected battle, as well as that he should have accepted Lord Nelson's offer, to take a three-decker away from the fleet at such a crisis, when a frigate would have

carried him home just as safely. But Sir Robert was a pompous person. One cannot, at the same time, refrain from sympathising with the captains of the *Ajax* and *Thunderer*, who were ordered home as passengers, to give evidence on the aforesaid court-martial ; leaving their ships to be commanded, in the ensuing action, by Lieutenants Pelford and Stockham. But here was another instance of Nelson's noble sense of justice. Almost any other Commander-in-chief on a foreign station, would have thrust in some followers of his own, to act as captains in these vacant ships ; but Nelson left the fair chance of the service to the respective senior lieutenants on board ; and they were most deservedly promoted to be post-captains, for their conduct in command at the battle. Such noble disinterestedness is beyond all praise.

At half-past nine in the morning of the 19th of October, the *Mars*, the nearest ship to the vidette frigates, repeated their signal, " The enemy were coming out of port." Our exact force was then as follows :—

Victory, 100 guns.

Vice Admiral of the White, Lord Nelson.

Captain, T M. Hardy.

Royal Sovereign, 100 guns.

Vice Admiral of the Blue, C. Collingwood.

Captain, E. Rotheram.

Britannia, 100 guns.

Rear Admiral of the White, the Earl of Northesk.

Captain, C. Bullen.

Dreadnought, 98 guns, Captain, John Conn.

Neptune, 98 guns, Captain, T. F. Freemantle.

Téméraire, 98 guns, Captain, Eliab Harvey.

Prince, 98 guns, Captain, Richard Grindall.

Tonnant, 80 guns, Captain, Charles Tyler.

Ajax, 74 guns, Lieutenant John Pelford.

Belleisle, 74 guns, Captain, William Hargood.

Conqueror, 74 guns, Captain, Israel Pellew.

Mars, 74 guns, Captain, George Duff.

Revenge, 74 guns, Captain, Robert Moorsom.

Spartiate, 74 guns, Captain, Sir Francis Laforey, Bart.

Achille, 74 guns, Captain, Richard King.

Colossus, 74 guns, Captain, James Nicoll Morris.

Leviathan, 74 guns, Captain, Henry William Bagutun.

Minotaur, 74 guns, Captain, Charles J. Mansfield.

Swiftsure, 74 guns, Captain, William G. Rutherford.

Bellerophon, 74 guns, Captain, John Cook.

Defence, 74 guns, Captain, George Hope.

Defiance, 74 guns, Captain, Philip C. Durham.

Orion, 74 guns, Captain, Edward Codrington.

Thunderer, 74 guns, Lieutenant John Stockham acting.

Africa, 64 guns, Captain, Henry Digby.

Agamemnon, 64 guns, Captain, Sir Edward Berry.

Polyphemus, 64 guns, Captain, Robert Rodwell.

FRIGATES.

Euryalus, Captain, Hon. H. Blackwood.

Naiad, Captain, Thomas Dundas.

Phæbe, Captain, Hon. T. B. Capel.

Sirius, Captain, W. Plowse.

Pickle, schooner, Lieut. Lapinotiere.

Enterprise, cutter, Lieut. J. Parver.

Owing to the lightness of the wind, only twelve of the enemy's ships succeeded in getting out, and they lay becalmed till the afternoon, when a breeze sprung up, and they stood to the northward, on the larboard tack, with the Eu-

ryalus and Sirius sticking close to them, about two miles to windward. Lord Nelson made sail in chase, but at eight o'clock, the wind shifted and died away, and night closed in upon us. At daylight the following morning, (the 20th,) the remainder of the combined fleet put to sea, with a light breeze at south-east, and having united with the squadron which had got out the preceding evening, consisted of the following ships :—

FRENCH.

Bucentaure, 80 guns.

Vice-Amiral Villeneuve.

Capitaine, Jean Jacques Magendie.

Formidable, 80 guns.

Contre Amiral Pierre Dumanoir-le-Pelley.

Capitaine de vaisseau, Jean Letellier.

Indomptable, 80 guns, Capitaine, Jean-Joseph Hubert.

Neptune, 80 guns, Capitaine, Esprit-Tranquille Maïstral.

Achille, 74 guns, Capitaine, Gabrielle Denisport.

Aigle, 74 guns, Capitain Pierre Paul Gourrège.

Algésiras, 74 guns.

Contre Amiral Charles Magou.

Capitaine de vaisseau, Gabriel Brouard.

Argonaute, 74 guns, Capitaine Jacques Epron.

Berwick, 74 guns, Jean Filhol Camas.

Duguay-Thouin, 74 guns, Capitaine Claude Tauffet.

Fougueux, 74 guns, Capitaine, Louis Beaudouin.

Héros, 74 guns, Capitaine, Jean Baptiste Paulain.

Intrépide, 74 guns, Capitaine Louis Antoine Infernel.

Mont Blanc, 74 guns, Capitaine, Guillaume la Villegris.

Platon, 74 guns, Capitaine, Julien Cosmao Kerjulica.

Redoutable, 74 guns, Capitaine Jean Lucas.

Scipion, 74 guns, Capitaine, Charles Béranger.

Swiftsure, 74 guns, Capitaine, Charles d'Hospitalier.

SPANISH.

Santisima Trinidad, 130 guns.

El Jefe de Esquadra Don B. H. Cisneros.

El Brigadier, Roriarte.

Principe de Asturias, 112 guns.

Gen. el Excmo. S. Frederico Gravina.

M. Gen. Antonio Escano.

Santa Anna, el T. Gen. Excmo. Sr. Ignacio de Alava.

El Capitan, Josef Gardogni.

Rayo, 100 guns, el Brigadier, Enrique Macdonel.

Argonauta, 80 guns, el Capitan, Antonio Parejas.

Neptuno, 80 guns, el Brigadier, C. Valdés.

Monarca, 74 guns, el Capitan, D. Galiano.

Bahama, 74 guns, el Brigadier, T. Argumosa.

Montanez, 74 guns, el Brigadier Josef Salzedo.

San Augustin, 74 guns, el Brigadier T. X. Cagigal.

San Francisco de Asio, 74 guns, el Capitan, Luis de Flores.

San Ildefonso, 74 guns, el Brigadier, Josef Bargas.

San Juan Nepomuceno, 70 guns, el Brigadier, Cosme Churruca.

San Justo, 70 guns, el Capitan, M. Gaston.

San Leandro, 64 guns, el Capitan, Josef Quevedo.

FRIGATES.

Cornélie, Harmonie, Hortense, Rhin, Thémis.

BRIGS.

Argus and Turet.

The marine and military service are so completely blended in Spain, that their Admirals are called indiscriminately Generals, the Vice Admirals, Lieutenant Generals, and their captains of line of battle ships, colonels ; many of the latter having the brevet rank of brigadiers, — which is a distinct grade in Spain, between colonel and major general, — and this while they are perhaps only commanding a ship of the line.

The enemy had scarcely cleared the harbour, when a south south-west wind and hazy weather baffled his progress ; but the Euryalus and Sirius were his humble servants in waiting and close attendance. Meanwhile, Lord Nelson found himself, with his fleet, near the entrance of the straits, but saw nothing of the allies. He therefore wore, and made sail to the N.W. with a fresh breeze. At seven, however, we were relieved from our intense anxiety, by the Phoebe making signal, “ The enemy bearing north.” At noon, we were about eight leagues, S.W. of Cadiz, standing W.N.W. At two, P.M., the fleet was taken aback by a breeze from the W.N.W. At four, it wore again, and came to the wind on the lar-

board tack, steering north. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the *Euryalus* signified by telegraph, that "The enemy seemed determined to go to the westward;" which the Admiral declared "They shall not do if he could possibly prevent them." His Lordship then said: — "Telegraph Captain Blackwood, that I rely on his keeping sight of the enemy during the night."

The *Naiad* now signalized, "*thirty one sail* of the enemy bearing N.N.W." At half past eight our fleet wore and stood S.W. At four the next morning, the morning of the glorious 21st of October, we wore again, and stood under easy sail N. by E. till six o'clock, when, from the *Victory*, the enemy was seen! Lord Nelson soon after formed his fleet in two columns, in the order of sailing, (a plan of attack already prepared by his Lordship, to avoid the delay or difficulty of forming the usual order of battle,) and bore up under a heavy press of sail. The near approach of the British fleet with the weather gage in its favour now rendering a battle unavoidable, Admiral Villeneuve made the signal for the combined fleet to wear together, which they did, forming a line of battle on the larboard tack with the port of Cadiz on their lee bow.

Lord Nelson's fleet was twenty seven sail of the line and three frigates; Admiral Villeneuve's thirty three sail of the line and seven frigates, besides four thousand troops embarked on board. There has been much disputation as to whether the enemy formed in a straight or convex line; and whether in a single line or in double lines. Lord Collingwood says in his public account, "that they formed a line convexing to leeward, so that in leading down I had both their van and rear abaft the beam." Another account says their ships were formed thus:

A. B. C.

D. E. F.

But I do not believe there was any such thing as a double convex line, nor did Admirals Villeneuve or Dumanoir or the brave Alava,* whose flag was on board the Santa Anna. At any rate, if there was such convex or double line it was caused by accident and high winds, and was not the result of design.

While the columns were bearing down towards the enemy, Lord Nelson left the deck and wrote the following remarkable document, which

* This distinguished officer has been generally supposed to have died of the wounds he received in this battle; but I dined frequently with him at Cadiz in 1815.

after his death, was admitted as a codicil to his will, and proved in Doctor's Commons.

“ October 21st, 1805, then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

“ Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to our King and country, to my knowledge; without her receiving any reward from either our king or country: first, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the ministry sent out orders to then Sir J. Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets; that neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton, the opportunity might have been offered. Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be written to the governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet,

being supplied with every thing, should they put into any port of Sicily ; we put into Syracuse and received every supply, went to Egypt and *destroyed the French fleet !* Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country, but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, *a legacy to my king and country*, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country, my adopted daughter Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. *These are the only favours I ask of my King and country when I am going to fight their battle.* May God bless my King and country, and all those I hold dear ; my relations, it is needless to mention, they will of course be amply provided for.

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Witness, { HENRY BLACKWOOD.
 { T. M. HARDY.

To resume my narrative ; from want of wind our progress, after bearing up, was tiresome, and slow, and the Admiral consented, though very reluctantly, that the *Téméraire* and *Leviathan*

might pass us “*if they could.*” But at the moment he said this, he called out to the lieutenant on the forecastle to set the lee studding sail, which he observed should have been set before. He shortly after made the *Téméraire’s* signal to resume her station astern of the *Victory*. The relative position of the enemy, with a lee port under his bows and a lee shore under ours, (the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pietro,) decided the Admiral about 11 o’clock to telegraph, “I intend to pass through the enemy’s line, to prevent their getting into Cadiz.”

Soon after this he made a general signal, which shewed the *prévoyance* of the seaman, “To prepare to anchor after day-light.” After some pause, “I think,” said his Lordship to Captain Blackwood, who was walking the deck with him, “there is still one more signal to make;” and he then dictated those inspiring and immortal words, which should all record be lost, tradition will still preserve :—

ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO

253 269 863 261 471 958 379

HIS D U T Y.

370 4 21 19 24

As soon as the purport of the telegraphic message, was made known by the captains to their respective crews, which was done by their calling all hands aft and reading it to them, cheers rose from each ship and came rolling like thunder on the sea. When Nelson heard those cheers, a light, like a sunbeam, shone across his countenance, he smiled, and was glad ; but those who had seen him at the Nile, said there was an unusual, a kind of mysterious, superstition about all he said and did this day. As he walked the deck, there was a composure in his demeanour, as though a voice without sound, had whispered in his ear ; “ set thine house in order, for thy career of glory will be closed by victory in death.”

“ Now,” said Nelson, “ I can do no more ; we must trust the rest to the great disposer of events. I thank God for this great occasion of doing *my duty*.”

Having asked Blackwood how many of the enemy's ships he should consider a victory, he replied “ *fourteen*.” For my part,” rejoined the Admiral, “ I shall not be satisfied with less than *twenty*.”

As we neared the enemy, and some single shots came about the ship, Lord Nelson desired Cap-

tains Blackwood and Prowse to return to their frigates. "God bless you, Blackwood," said he shaking him by the hand, and as they parted he added in a low voice ; " I shall never see you again."

All his officers felt to what unnecessary risk his Lordship exposed himself, by wearing all his ribbons and crosses, and four stars of different orders on his left breast. But nobody liked to hint or mention what every body felt *ought to be* mentioned to him ; especially as he was known to have refused to listen to the suggestions of prudence on a former occasion ; and when Doctor Beattie had worked himself up to a determination to say something about it and was approaching the Admiral for the purpose, his Lordship said intuitively as it were, " Beattie, your life is too valuable to be here, go below immediately, we shall want you there soon."

About 12 o'clock, the Fougueux opened her broadside upon the leader of the lee line, (the Royal Sovereign) which ship, she (the Fougueux) had allowed to approach considerably within range of her shot, and this commencement acted as a sort of general signal, for, as if by concert, all the flags and co-

lours of the respective fleets were instantly displayed. - The Royal Sovereign returned her bow chacers but seeing the signal hoisted on board the Victory for closer action, she desisted for above ten minutes, when having reached a position close under the stern of the Santa Anna of 112 guns, bearing Alava's flag, she poured in her collected broadside, double shotted and absolutely swept the decks. With her starboard broadside she also raked the Fougueux, then luffed up under the Santa Anna, and continued her destructive fire, muzzle to muzzle with her opponent.

" See," said Lord Nelson, " how that noble fellow Collingwood, takes his ship into action !"

It was indeed a splendid sight, and I had then, never seen any thing like it ; nor have I since, unless I may compare to it, a magnificent movement of a brigade of horse artillery, at the battle of the Nivelle ; which absolutely flew up the side of a mountain, took up a position on the flank of a solid advancing corps of the enemy, made him waver, and fall back. The eagle glance of Wellington directed this movement ; and I never can forget the style, in which it was executed. My eyes filled with enthusiasm at the sight.

Not long after the Fougueux had opened her fire upon the Royal Sovereign, the Belle Isle, her next astern, followed through the combined line and joined in the heat of the battle ; after which the Bucentaur, bearing the flag of Admiral Villeneuve, sent a shot at the Victory, then under all sail, but hardly going through the water. The shot fell short ; another shot was fired, which fell along side ; and presently a third, which passed through her main top gallant sail, when perceiving that her shot reached us, the whole van of the enemy simultaneously directed their broadsides against the Victory. A round shot killed Mr. Scott the secretary, while he was speaking to Captain Hardy, and a double headed shot came on the poop, killed eight marines, and wounded several others. On seeing this, Lord Nelson said, " Captain Adair, divide your men and disperse them round the deck, they will suffer less than if you keep them together. Is that poor Scott that's gone ? " he inquired of Adair, who was covering the corpse from Nelson's sight ; and when he was told that it was, " Poor fellow ! " replied the kind-hearted hero.

Presently a shot, which struck the Launch on

the booms, went between the Admiral and Captain Hardy, and carried away the Captain's shoe buckle. They stopped and looked anxiously at each other. " This is too hot to last," said his Lordship smiling. He then praised the coolness of the ship's company. The Victory had not, up to this time, returned a single shot; but we had already lost fifty, (officers and men,) in killed and wounded; and much passive courage was called for. As the enemy saw that the Victory meant to follow the example of the Royal Sovereign, and break through their line, they closed round like a nest of hornets, and broadside on broadside came in upon us. Captain Hardy observed to Lord Nelson, that it would be impracticable to break their line, without running on board one or the other. " Take your choice, Hardy," said the Admiral, " it does not signify which."

The Victory was at this instant just abreast of a very narrow opening, between the French Commander-in-Chief in the Bucentaur, and the Spanish four decker, the Santissima Trinidad; the very spot of all others Nelson desired to be in; and this is the moment, according to an able writer (James,) when an artist, wishing

to pourtray the position of the Victory in the battle of Trafalgar, should take her. "Let the view," he proceeds, "be from the southward, and then the Victory's starboard broadside will form the centre of the picture, the *Téméraire's* bows (about as far aft as the aftmost part of her fore-chains) the left, and the sterns and quarters of the one Spanish and three French ships the right. The Victory had lost her mizen-topmast, and carried her fore-sail, or what remained of it, fore and main topsails, top-gallant sails, and royals; her studding-sail booms and the sails had been shot away, some of them were hanging in shreds, and all her sails, especially those on the fore-mast, were pierced with holes. She had Lord Nelson's flag (white with a red cross) at the fore, one white or St. George's ensign at the mizen-peak, and another lashed to the starboard mizen-rigging; one union-jack at the upper end of the fore-top-gallant-stay and another at the same of the main-top-mast-stay. At her main-top-gallant-masthead was signal No. 16, "engage the enemy more closely," consisting of two flags, quarter red and white, over blue, white red, or Dutch reversed. The *Téméraire's* fore-top-gallant-stay, and her main one also, was decorated the same as the Victory's. The

four enemy's ships had scarcely a hole in their sails : the Redoubtable had her fore-sail set and her top-gallant-sails upon the caps ; the French Neptune was in the act of hoisting her jib ; and the remaining ships had, it is believed, only their three topsails set : this, however, is of little consequence. These ships had their ensigns at their peaks or gaff-ends ; the Santissima Trinidad, a Spanish flag at her mizen-top-gallant-mast-head, and the Bucentaure, a French flag at the fore. The wind was a mere breath, and blew on the Victory's larboard quarter, or nearly astern, the sea was smooth, with a long ground swell ; and the sun shone with meridian splendour."

The master was now ordered to put the helm a-port, and the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable ; at which moment a shot struck the barrel of our wheel, and carried away the tiller ropes. The ship was now steered with tackles, rove and fastened to the tiller in the gun room, by the first lieutenant and the master alternately. As soon as possible the helm was righted, and a raking fire was poured into the Bucentaure and Santissima Trinidad. Meanwhile the Redoubtable, apprehensive of being

boarded from the Victory, shut her lower deck ports. We still remained foul of her, and the *Téméraire* was also engaging her. As our position altered and our larboard broadside came again to bear on the *Santissima Trinidad*, we worked away at her.

The tops of the *Redoubtable* were at this time filled with soldiers, who had a bird's eye view, and a perfect command of our quarter-deck, poop, gang-ways and forecastle, with their musquetry. It was soon after one o'clock, as Lord Nelson was in the act of turning round on the quarter-deck, that a ball fired from the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*, struck him on the epaulette, entered his left shoulder, descended obliquely into the thorax, fractured the second and third ribs, penetrated the lobe of the lungs, made its way to the spine, and lodged therein.

Nelson fell mortally wounded. The fatal spot is marked on the deck of the Victory. Sergeant Secker of the marines, and two seamen were raising him up, when Captain Hardy coming up, saw what had happened.

"I hope, my dear Admiral, you are not severely hurt," said Hardy, taking him kindly by the hand.

" They have done for me at last," he replied.

" I hope not, my dear friend."

" Yes, Hardy," continued Nelson," my back bone is shot through."

The seamen were then desired to bear the dying hero, to the surgeon below. As they carried him through the gun room, he saw that the tiller ropes were not re-rove, and he sent to Captain Hardy to have them fixed immediately; then, with his characteristic coolness, he took a handkerchief from his pocket, and covered his face, that his loss might be concealed from the crew.

Soon after Lord Nelson fell, Captain Adair and eighteen marines were killed, and a lieutenant and twenty marines were wounded, by the exterminating fire from the tops of the Redoubtable. This continued with little intermission till two o'clock, when down came both her main and mizen masts, and with them the ambush of musquetry that had killed our noble chief, and swept our decks with the scythe of destruction. The main mast of the Redoubtable, fell on board the *Téméraire*, and covered the whole after part of that ship. On the falling of

her masts, however, she ceased firing altogether, and was taken possession of by both her antagonists; but whether she was first boarded by the Victory or the Téméraire is still an unsettled point.

Another disputed question, and in my opinion, of equal insignificance, is "whether the troops in the tops of the Redoubtable had or had not rifles." My friend Dupin, no mean authority, declares, "there was neither a tyrolien or a carbine in the whole fleet;" and Doctor Beattie, the best authority, has certified that the ball which killed the Admiral, did not come out of a rifle. He extracted the ball, and he holds it in proof of his assertion. But suppose it did—in the name of Mars, why should not rifles be used in an action afloat, as well as in an action on shore? For my part I think that all our marines should be equipped with rifles. As for the nonsense about picking off the commander,—why who the devil would you pick off if not the commander?—and then the sorry abuse of the marksman who killed our Nelson—all this and more, is to be found in the *Laureate's Life*; such

things I say are not worth the powder, shot, or time required to bring them down.

The state of the Victory, when the Redoubtable surrendered, was as follows :—her main-mast, fore-yard, and main and main-top-sail yards, were shot away ; fore and main-masts and bowsprit, jib-boom, main-top-mast and cap, and fore and main-tops badly shot through ; all her rigging was cut to pieces, and her spare spars were unfit for use ; her hull much damaged, and some shots between wind and water. She had lost Lord Nelson, Captain Adair, Lieutenant Ram, Mr. Scott, Messrs. Smith and Palmer, midshipmen, and Mr. Whipple, thirty-two seamen, and eighteen marines killed, and Lieutenants Pascoe and Bligh and Lieutenants Reeves and Peake of the royal marines, Messrs. Revirs, Westpall, and Bulkeley, midshipmen, fifty-nine seamen, and nine marines wounded, besides twenty-seven wounded after the reports were made up by the surgeon.

It is in a battle, as at play, the looker-on sees more of the game than the person who holds the cards. I shall not, therefore, pretend to give any precise account of the part taken by any other ships in this glorious battle. From

the manner in which Lord Nelson attacked the combined fleets, as well as from the lightness of the winds, it was almost inevitable that the brunt of the action must fall upon the leading ships of each column; so that of the twenty-seven sail of the line under his Lordship's command, not above fourteen were hotly engaged. It was fortunate for the Royal Sovereign, that as she led down the lee column, the enemy's ships did not open their broadsides upon her sooner; as they might have done her, as well as her next astern, much greater damage before they got into action. The Victory was not so fortunate; having lost fifty officers and men in killed and wounded, before she fired a shot.

The following table gives the killed and wounded on board the British fleet, in the order in which they went into action.

LEE COLUMN			WEATHER COLUMN		
LED BY COLLINGWOOD IN THE			LED BY NELSON IN THE		
ROYAL GEORGE.			VICTORY.		
	Killed.	Wounded.		Killed.	Wounded
Royal Sovereign.	47	94	Victory.	57	102
Belle-Isle.	33	93	Géméraire.	47	76
Mars.	29	69	Neptune.	10	34
Tonnant.	26	50	Leviathan.	4	22
Bellerophon.	27	123	Britannia.	10	32
Colossus.	40	160	Conqueror.	3	9
Achille.	13	59	Africa.	18	44

LEE COLUMN.

WEATHER COLUMN.

	Killed.	Wounded.		Killed.	Wounded.
Polyphemus.	2	4	Agamemnon.	2	7
Revenge.	28	51	Ajax.	2	9
Swiftsure.	9	8	Orion.	1	23
Defiance.	17	53	Minotaur.	3	22
Thunderer.	4	12	Spartiate.	3	20
Defence.	7	29			
Dreadnought.	7	26			
Prince.	0	0			

GRAND TOTAL IN BOTH COLUMNS.

449 Killed.
1,241 Wounded.

1,690

In considering the returns of this, the greatest naval battle, in all respects, that ever was fought, one is forcibly struck with the smallness of the loss of human life, (only 450,) as compared with the tens of thousands that fall in a great conflict on shore. I mentioned this in conversation the other day to a brother officer, from the sister country. "I'faith," said he, "and the why is sufficiently clear; in an action at sea, you fire at masses of wood; while in a battle on shore, you fire at masses of men."

The battle of Trafalgar begun at twelve o'clock, was at its zenith at *half-past one*, (about which hour Nelson was wounded.) At

three o'clock, the fire remitted some of its fury, but lost none of its splendour. (At this time Nelson was dying). *Soon after five*, the action had ceased altogether. (Nelson had then been dead about half an hour.)

We must now go into the painful details of his last moments.* As the surgeon examined his wound, Nelson told him, that he felt he was mortally wounded. "You can do nothing for me, Beattie," he said.

He afterwards desired Captain Hardy to be called down. "Well, Hardy," asked the Admiral, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well, indeed," replied the captain; "ten have struck already." They then shook hands, and Captain Hardy, after a few words of private conversation, returned to the quarter-deck. About four, or a quarter after four, Captain Hardy went of his own accord to the Admiral. "My Lord," said he, taking him by the hand, "I have come down to congratulate you on your glorious victory. It is very complete; though I cannot exactly say how many have struck, as

* When Lord Nelson was carried into the cock-pit, he was laid on a mattress on the table of the midshipmen's berth.

we cannot distinctly see the ships. There are, at any rate, *fifteen* who have hauled down their colours."

"That is very well, Hardy," replied Nelson ; "but I bargained for *twenty*."

He then said with emphasis :—"Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

"I suppose, my Lord," observed Captain Hardy, with some hesitation, "that Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs."

"Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," said the dying hero, struggling at the same moment, ineffectually, to raise himself on the mattress. "No," he continued ; "do you anchor, Hardy."

The captain then asked : "Shall we make the signal, Sir ?"

"Yes," replied his Lordship ; "for if I live I'll anchor." Meaning, of course, to do so when the battle was over, and night came on.

Captain Hardy had left him about a quarter of an hour, when he said in a firm voice : "I have done my duty, and I thank my God for it."

He never spoke after this, but soon after four,

(three hours and a quarter after he had received the fatal wound,) without a struggle or a groan, NELSON DIED, becoming at the same moment immortal in both worlds !

Immediately the event was known to Captain Hardy, he went on board the Royal Sovereign, to communicate to Admiral Collingwood our irreparable loss, as well as to state the nature of his Lordship's last orders, "to anchor."

The grand results of the battle of Trafalgar were, seventeen French and Spanish line of battle ships captured, and one French ship of the line burnt. It almost annihilated the marine of France and Spain ; rendered useless the flotilla at Boulogne, and made a descent upon our shores next to impossible.

RETURN OF NAVAL AND MARINE OFFICERS KILLED OR
WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

ROYAL NAVY.

KILLED.

V. Admiral. The Viscount Nelson.

Captains. Duff and Cook.

Lieutenants. Gelhland, Ram, Smith, Roskruge,
Lloyd, St. George, Simins, Gall and
Wooden.

WOUNDED.

Captains. Morris, Moorsom, Durham.

Lieutenants. Clavill, Rusford, Lloyd, Garrett, Black, Berry, Pascoe, Bligh, Mould, Hay (acting), Torrie, Bully, Forster (acting), Plyn and Bray.

ROYAL MARINES.

KILLED.

Captains. Charles Adair, and J. Busing.

Lieutenants. John Kingston and Robert Greene.

WOUNDED.

Captains. Wemyss, Westropp, Fynmore, Norman and Lily.

Lieutenants. Reeves, Payne, Peake, Wearing, Owen,* Benson, Ledden, and Levisconte.

In this action there were two captains and two lieutenants of royal marines killed, and five captains, and eight lieutenants wounded, shewing *as usual*, a greater number of casualties, in proportion to their force, than amongst the officers of the ships. Honors and riches were heaped upon the next akin of the immortal Nelson, a peerage and a pension of £2,000 a

* Now Colonel Owen C.B. Adjutant-General to the Royal Marine forces and Aid-de-Camp to the Queen.

year were given to Collingwood ; a baronetcy to Hardy ; every captain of every ship had, (to begin with), a gold medal, whether engaged seriously or not ; and every first lieutenant of every ship, indiscriminately, was promoted ; and four midshipmen of the Victory, three from the Royal Sovereign, two of the Britannia, and one belonging to every other ship of the line and frigate present, were promoted to lieutenants.

But what was done for the officers of royal marines, either amongst the killed or wounded ? The killed were thrown overboard, and the wounded got nothing. Lord Byron said, " reality is stranger than fiction ;" and certainly nobody could imagine the fact, that, in this glorious battle, above one hundred officers, and more than three thousand men of the marines, were actually engaged ; that their loss, in killed and wounded, was comparatively greater than the navy ; that while the latter got peerages, pensions, baronetcies, and general promotion, the marines had only one *pitiful brevet majority*, given as their share of the spoil—as a reward *amongst them all* ! The senior officer of marines, Wingrove,* (who had been

* Now Colonel-Commandant of the Woolwich division.

at the taking of the Cape of Good Hope, *ten years before*) received, as the chief of his three thousand one hundred comrades, the honorary rank of brevet-major, which cost our great and grateful country the precise sum total of £92 sterling, two shillings per day, extra pay for *three years*, when it fell into the crown, as he then obtained his majority in the corps by seniority. But let us be just; why should we pass *the odium of ingratitude upon our country*, for which we have fought, bled, and are ready to die?—let it fall upon and bruise the shoulders of the true culprit—the first Lord of the Admiralty, at the time.

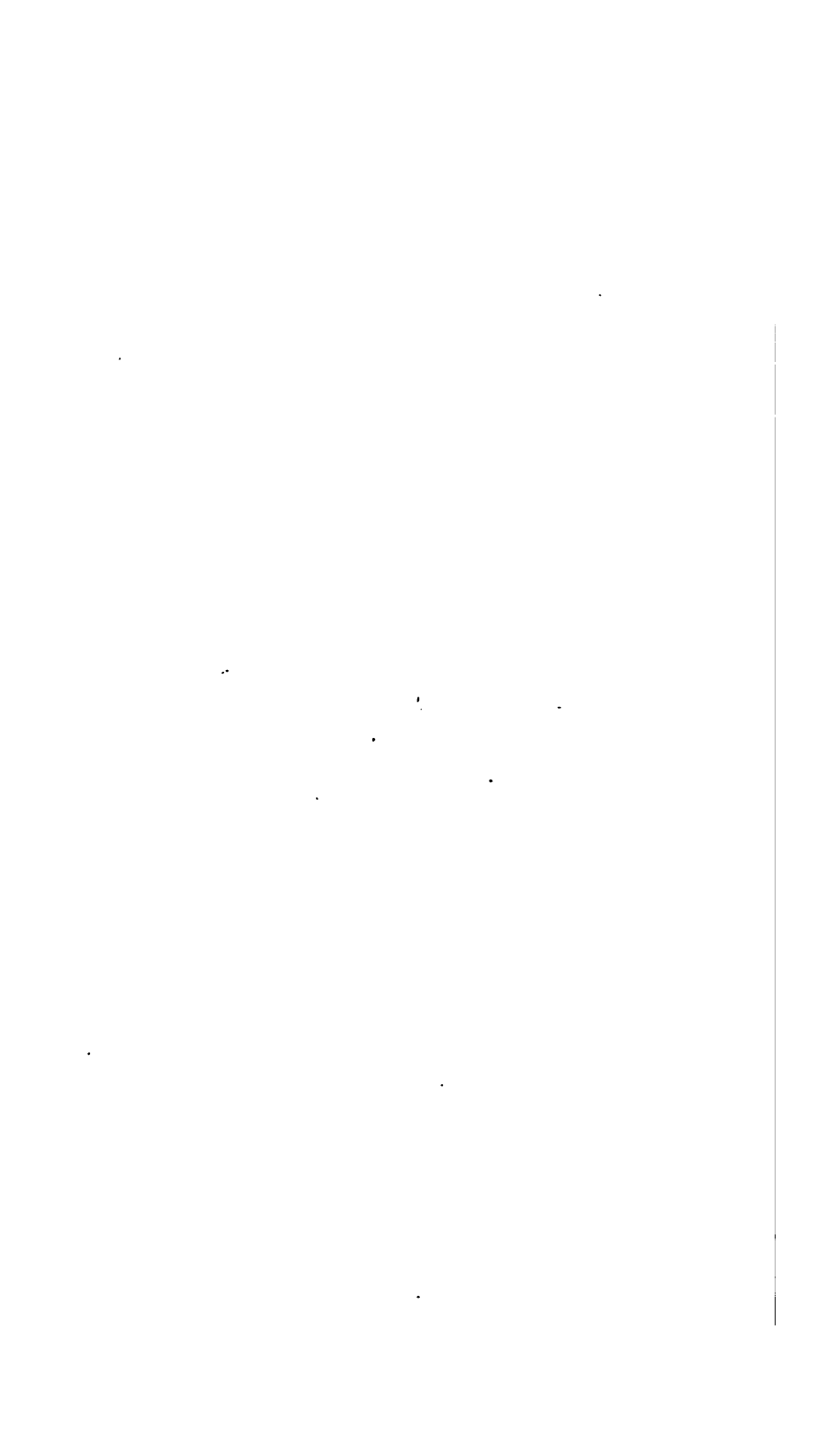
One word at parting with poor Adair; he was killed by a musquet-ball, from the same top, whence Nelson's death proceeded; and he fell near the same spot. He was an active, enterprising, intelligent officer, esteemed by a large circle of acquaintance, and adored by his wife and family.

END OF VOL. I.

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VOL. II.



THE
MARINE OFFICER;
OR,
SKETCHES OF SERVICE.

BY
SIR ROBERT STEELE, KNT., K.C.S.,

DEPUTY LIEUTENANT OF DORSET.

Our marines have marched across deserts—have raised batteries—have stormed
and taken towns.”

Lord Palmerston's Speech in the House of Commons.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE MARINE OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

Adair, Victory's Captain of Marines—Lord Collingwood's Despatch on the Battle of Trafalgar—Jeannette Jacqueline, the French Heroine—State of the Navy—Funeral of Lord Nelson.

IN twining the cypress round the tomb of Nelson, a spray should be given to "Adair," the Victory's Captain of Marines.

I here subjoin the official letter of the second in command: first, because it is a beautiful composition; and, secondly, because it is necessary to correct some mistakes in its details. We have already disposed of the double convex line, or "crescent convexing to leeward." The story of

the "Teméraire being boarded by a French ship on one side, and a Spanish on the other, and the vigorous contest which ended in the combined ensigns being torn from the poop, and the British hoisted in their places" — was also a disorder of the brain. No such event occurred ; and as to His Excellency Admiral Alava being dead of his wounds, (as I have already mentioned,) we dined frequently together ten years afterwards at Cadiz.

But these are venial inaccuracies, and are forgotten in our admiration of the modesty with which Collingwood speaks of his own ship, the Royal Sovereign. "The Commander-in-Chief in the Victory led the weather column, and the Royal Sovereign, which bore my flag, the lee." This is all he says, although the Royal Sovereign was not only engaged *alone* for a considerable time, but her example was the admiration and imitation of the whole fleet, and her loss in killed and wounded very heavy.

(Copy.) *Admiral COLLINGWOOD's Despatch.*

"Euryalus, off Cape Trafalgar,

"SIR,

Oct. 22, 1805.

"The ever-to-be-lamented death of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, who, in the late conflict with the enemy, fell in the hour of victory, leaves

to me the duty of informing my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 19th instant it was communicated to the Commander-in-Chief, from the ships watching the motions of the enemy in Cadiz, that the combined fleet had put to sea. As they sailed with light winds westerly, his Lordship concluded their destination was the Mediterranean, and immediately made all sail for the Straits' entrance, with the British squadron, consisting of twenty-seven ships, three of them sixty-fours, where his Lordship was informed by Captain Blackwood (whose vigilance in watching and giving notice of the enemy's movements has been highly meritorious) that they had not yet passed the Straits. On Monday, the 21st instant, at day-light, when Cape Trafalgar bore E. by S. about seven leagues, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward, the wind about west, and very light. The Commander-in-Chief immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns, as they are formed in order of sailing; a mode of attack his Lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner. The enemy's line consisted of thirty-three ships, (of which eighteen were French, and fifteen Spanish,) com-

manded by Admiral Villeneuve ; the Spaniards, under the direction of Gravina, were with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great coolness and correctness : but as the mode of attack was unusual, so the structure of their line was new : it formed a crescent convexing to leeward, so that, in leading down to their centre, I had both their van and rear abaft the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of the second a-head and a-stern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beam, to leave a very little interval between them ; and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was in the Bucentaure in the centre, and the Prince of Asturias bore Gravina's flag in the rear, but the French and Spanish ships were mixed without any regard to order of national squadron. As the mode of our attack had been previously determined on, and communicated to the flag officers and captains, few signals were necessary ; and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down. The Commander-in-Chief, in the Victory, led the weather column, and the Royal Sovereign, which bore my flag, the lee. The action began at 12 o'clock.

by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line; the Commander-in-Chief about the tenth ship from the van, the second in command about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied, the succeeding ships breaking through, in all parts, a-stern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. The conflict was severe; the enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers; but the attack of them was irresistible, and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to grant his Majesty's arms a complete and glorious victory. About 3 P. M. many of the enemy's ships having struck their colours, their line gave way; Admiral Gravina with ten ships, joining their frigates to leeward, stood towards Cadiz. The five headmost ships in their van tacked, and, standing to the southward to windward of the British line, were engaged, and the sternmost of them taken; the others went off, leaving to his Majesty's squadron nineteen ships of the line, (of which two are first-rates, the *Santisima Trinidad*, and the *Santa Anna*,) with three flag-officers, viz.—Admiral Villeneuve, the Commander-in-Chief; Don Ignatio Maria d'Alava, Vice-Admiral; and the Spanish Rear-Admiral,

Don Baltazar Hidalgo Cisneros. After such a victory, it may appear unnecessary to enter into encomiums on the particular parts taken by the several commanders ; the conclusion says more on the subject than I have language to express ; the spirit which animated all was the same : when all exert themselves zealously in their country's service, all deserve that their high merits should stand recorded ; and never was high merit more conspicuous than in the battle I have described. The Achille, (a French seventy-four,) after having surrendered, by some mismanagement of the Frenchmen, took fire, and blew up ; 200 of her men were saved by the tenders. A circumstance occurred during the action which so strongly marks the invincible spirit of British seamen, when engaging the enemies of their country, that I cannot resist the pleasure I have in making it known to their Lordships. The Teméraire was boarded, by accident or design, by a French ship on one side and a Spaniard on the other : the contest was vigorous, but, in the end, the combined ensigns were torn from the poop, and the British hoisted in their places.

“ Such a battle could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to

lament, in common with the British navy and the British nation, in the fall of the Commander-in-chief, the loss of a hero whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country ; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years' intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection ; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell does not bring that consolation which perhaps it ought.

“ His lordship received a musket-ball in his left breast about the middle of the action, and sent an officer to me immediately with his last farewell, and soon after expired. I have also to lament the loss of those excellent officers, Captains Duff, of the *Mars*, and Cook, of the *Bellerophon* : I have yet heard of none others. I fear the numbers that have fallen will be found very great, when the returns come to me ; but, it having blown a gale of wind ever since the action, I have not yet had it in my power to collect any reports from the ships.

“ The Royal Sovereign having lost her masts, except the tottering foremast, I called the *Euryalus* to me while the action continued ; which ship,

lying within hail, made my signals, a service Captain Blackwood performed with great attention. After the action, I shifted my flag to her, that I might more easily communicate my orders to, and collect the ships, and towed the Royal Sovereign out to leeward.

“ The whole fleet were now in a perilous situation ; many dismasted, all shattered, in thirteen-fathom water, off the shoals of Trafalgar ; and, when I made signal to prepare to anchor, five of the ships had not an anchor to let go, their cables being shot. But the same good Providence which aided us through such a day preserved us in the night, by the wind shifting a few points, and drifting the ships off the land, except four of the captured dismasted ships which are now at anchor off Trafalgar, and I hope will ride safe until these gales are over.

“ Having thus detailed the proceedings of the fleet on this occasion, I beg to congratulate their Lordships on a victory which I hope will add a ray to the glory of his Majesty’s crown, and be attended with public benefit to our country.

“ I am, &c.

“ C. COLLINGWOOD.

“ P.S. I have taken Admiral Villeneuve into this ship. Vice-Admiral Alava is dead.”

When Admiral Collingwood wished to fulfil Nelson's dying admonition "to anchor," it was found that those ships which were in the greatest peril, from having lost their masts, had neither anchors nor cables, they having been shot away or cut to pieces in the action. So that the danger, during the violent gale of wind which succeeded, was greater to the crippled ships than the battle itself; and most of our prizes were destroyed. It was not till the 28th of October that the *Victory*, towed by the *Neptune*, arrived at Gibraltar.

As soon as it was possible to patch up the ship to bear the voyage, and which, by great exertion, was done by the 3rd of November, we sailed for England, and, after a stormy and protracted passage, the *Victory*, with her weeping flags, anchored at St. Helens on the 4th of December. In crossing the Bay of Biscay we had very bad weather, and the wind was constantly heading us; which the sailors ascribed to a corpse being on board, and some of them supposed, that till the noble Admiral was buried (as they thought he ought to be) in his own empire, the Ocean, with due honours, we should never pass the chops of the Channel. The Admiral's venerated remains, after having undergone a post-mortem examination. were put

into a cask of spirits, and placed with a centinel over them, in the steerage cabin.

During our dreary passage home many were the anecdotes told of accidents, and dreadful deaths, which occurred on board the fleet on the memorable 21st; but there was something so marvellous, if not miraculous, in the story of the lovely *Jeannette Jacqueline*, who was on board the enemy's ship *l'Achille*, of seventy-four guns, when she took fire and afterwards blew up, that it has haunted me at times ever since. It made such an impression upon my mind, that in a dream I have seen the helpless *Jeannette*, hanging by the rudder, with the melted lead dropping on her; I have heard her scream of anguish, and stretched out my hand to save her; and, suddenly waking, found it was but the vision of the horrid scene. *Jeannette Jacqueline* was young, beautiful, and brave, and so fond of her sailor-lover, that she resolved to go with him to sea. During the action she had been employed in handing the powder from the magazine for the service of the guns. It was not, therefore, till the upper part of the ship was already in flames that she and a few others with her, hearing the cry of "Fire! fire!" endeavoured to rush to the upper deck. But the ladders were

burning, and the smoke issuing in black volumes through the hatchways would suffocate them. It was impossible to pass : in dismay they hurried down to the gun-room, where they remained while the upper part of the ship was consumed ; and gradually as deck after deck gave way, the guns came tumbling through with terrible crash and havoc. In this last extremity, she found herself the only remaining person ; for the others, expecting the ship every instant to blow up, as the flames were reaching the magazine, had jumped overboard.— Poor Jeannette, all alone, undressed herself, crept out of the stern port-hole of the gun-room, and clasped the rudder-chain. There, with her eyes raised to heaven, she awaited the dreadful explosion, which might separate the rudder from the ship ; and, if she were not killed, it might, she thought, make a sort of raft for her to cling to. But, even this reed, at which she had caught, broke in her hand. The lead from the poop, melted by the flames, ran down like burning lava on her ; every drop pierced like a ball of fire, and, her agony being insupportable, she fell into the sea. The pang of the boiling lead was thus assuaged, and the tenacity of life revived. She grasped a piece of cork that was near her as she sunk,

pressed it to her bosom, and she floated above the wave ! In this forlorn condition, impossible alike to be imagined or described, the shot from the guns now heated on the lower deck of the *Achille*, and which all went off, seemed destined to put an end to her sufferings, when, with tremendous roar, the ship blew up, and Jeannette was in the midst of spars and pieces of wreck ! By the dissolution of the ship, however, many were saved who were struggling in the water, and a good swimmer gave Jeannette a plank, on which she clung, till a cutter of the *Belleisle*, picked her up and rescued her from the jaws of death ! As the English seamen lifted Jeannette into the boat, although nothing could appal them in battle, they felt alarmed, and stared between fear, admiration, and astonishment. A creature so divinely handsome, handsome as Canova's *Venus*, her rich dark hair falling like a veil, and with its luxuriant folds covering her to the feet ! Who — what could she be ? Was it a mermaid ? Or might she not be the daughter of the Danube, carried away by the swelling of her native streams, and having fallen into the Black Sea, was lost in the Atlantic ? As she lay scarce breathing on the floor of the barge, the Lieutenant covered her with his clothes ; and,

on her being put on board the *Belleisle*, she was sufficiently recovered to recognise her husband, who had also been providentially preserved, and to whom she exclaimed, as she fell weeping on his bosom, "Mon ami, mon ami, how true it is ! the brave English but conquer to save."

While we remained at St. Helens, we received the congratulations and the condolence of our friends, and the opinion of the country on the Battle of Trafalgar. The glory and the calamity, they said, like the Angels of Mercy and Affliction, travelled together ; and indeed Britannia so deeply mourned her hero, that she could hardly be said to exult at her victory, opportune and necessary as it was, as a counterpoise to the treason at Ulm, and the triumph of the arch-enemy at Austerlitz.

Independently of these great events, which almost entirely engrossed the public attention, there were three incidents, amongst many others, that produced a considerable sensation in the maritime world. First, an acting commander in the service, Lord Camelford, had, at Antigua, shot a first Lieutenant dead on the spot, by way of disposing of a question of seniority, assumed by Lieutenant Peters, and for which deed his Lordship had been "honourably acquitted " by his professional peers,

who sat upon his court-martial in the West Indies. Second, a seaman belonging to the *Theseus*, at Chatham, named John Arthur, had been flogged to death on board that ship, by order of a Captain Temple, against whom a solemn verdict of "wilful murder" was returned by the jury, who had the victim's body disinterred. And third, an action had been brought in the Court of King's Bench, by a man called Paine, against the captain of the *Egyptienne* frigate, for impressment against protection, and flogging against humanity, who obtained 300*l.* damages.

These pleasant specimens of the state of the Navy were canvassed over and over again, till the 10th inst., when we weighed and sailed for the river. On the 22nd, as we were crossing the flats from Margate, we were boarded by the Commissioners' yacht from Portsmouth, which had been sent by the Lords of the Admiralty to receive Lord Nelson's body and carry it to Greenwich. It would be difficult to describe the scene on board when those adored remains were put into the coffin, which had been made out of the main-mast of the "*Orient*" (blown up at the Nile and given to him by his friend Hallowell six years before). and lowered into the yacht ; or the general sorrow

when his flag, which had descended since his death mournfully to half-mast, was struck on board the Victory for ever.

The yacht proceeded to the river, receiving from every battery the honours due to its noble freight. At two P. M. on the 24th she anchored off Greenwich, and, on Christmas Eve, the body of Nelson was landed at the central gate of the Royal Hospital, *in solemn silence*, amidst a vast concourse of people.

“Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise !”

On the 5th of January, 1806, the great hall of that magnificent pile, Greenwich Hospital, was thrown open to the public, when there, in all the solemnity of state, lay what remained of Nelson of the Nile. The nation, fond of sights, but fonder still of him, assembled in myriads round his bier. Some indeed stepped into the chamber of death, for they were crushed in the crowd and perished. It were vain to attempt to describe all the pomp which surrounded the departed Hero of Trafalgar. His own heraldic honours, achievements, and motto—“The laurel to him who deserves it;”—the legend of the most honourable order of the Bath; the aigrette of diamonds from the Ottoman; the grand cordon of Merit, and ensigns of his Duke-

dom from Sicily ;—all hung upon his coffin, at the foot of which sat his chaplain, in deep but unavailing sorrow ;—black velvet to represent the gloom of the grave ; hundreds of lights to mimic his firmament of fame ; mute mourners, and mourners who were heard in their lamentations, stood round about, above, and below.

On the 8th the procession on the river proceeded, and the body of Nelson once again, and for the last time floated upon the waters. The destination of the procession was the Admiralty ; and, as it passed the forest of masts upon the Thames, flags of every nation were bowed down, and the yards of the ships were manned and lowered ; while the heavy bells of the steeples wailed upon the wind. Before day-break on the 9th the household troops, battalions of marines, detachments from the fleet, regiments of the line, and brigades of artillery, occupied the environs, and lined the streets from the Admiralty to the cathedral of St. Paul, under whose dome Nelson reposes. The heir apparent to the throne, the Royal Dukes, the nobility, the clergy, the gentry, the judges, and the *whole people*, all in the mighty metropolis of the world, came forth to follow him to his tomb.

He rose like the sun, in the east, at the battle

of Aboukir; and, like the sun too, after a summer's day of glory, he set in the west at the battle of Trafalgar, leaving the heavens in a blaze as he went down, and in darkness when he had descended !

On his coffin was written—

DEPOSITUM.

THE MOST NOBLE LORD HORATIO NELSON,

VISCOUNT AND BARON NELSON OF THE NILE,

AND OF

BURNHAM THORP, IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK,

BARON NELSON OF HILBOROUGH, IN THE SAID COUNTY,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH,

VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE SQUADRON OF THE FLEET;

AND

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS IN THE

MEDITERRANEAN ;

ALSO

DUKE OF BRONTE IN SICILY ;

KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE SICILIAN ORDER OF

ST. FERDINAND,

MEMBER OF THE OTTOMAN ORDER OF THE CRESCENT,

AND

KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOACHIM.

BORN SEPTEMBER 29, 1758.

AFTER A SERIES OF TRANSCENDENT AND HEROIC SERVICES, THIS GALLANT ADMIRAL
FELL GLORIOUSLY IN THE MOMENT OF A BRILLIANT AND DECISIVE VICTORY OVER THE
COMBINED FLEETS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.

OFF CAPE TRAFALGAR,

ON THE 21st OCTOBER, 1805.

The battle of Trafalgar finally decided our dominion on the seas : it dropped the curtain on the farce of invasion ; under its influence the nations of Europe recovered their panic after the overthrow at Austerlitz ; and if the sceptre on the continent seemed confirmed to Napoleon, the trident of the sea had evidently become Britannia's for ever. All the vauntings and poetical paintings, all comparisons between the Boulogne flotilla and the Spanish Armada, were now become ridiculous or forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

Deaths of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox—Retrospective glance—Ellenborough's Maiming Act—General Picton and Louisa Calderon—Lisbon—Portuguese Portrait of Portuguese Beauty—Recruiting in Manchester and Liverpool—Expedition to Denmark—Despatch of Sir Sidney Smith on the departure of the Braganza Family from the Tagus—Affair of the Chesapeake.

NELSON'S ashes were hardly cold when the public generally, and politicians and placemen, in particular, were excited anew by the deaths, within a very short time, of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, the Cicero and Demosthenes of modern times. These statesmen, the second sons, respectively, of Lords Chatham and Holland, died in the same stations of private life in which they were born; for, although they held great offices of state and had bestowed dignities, titles, and orders upon many others, they did nothing for themselves,

and, after a stormy life of political hostility, their manes repose, within a few feet of each other, in Westminster Abbey. The star of Mr. Pitt's ascendancy was waning at his death. His unfortunate coalitions with the European powers, and the denunciation of his colleague and confederate Lord Melville (whom he could no longer screen from public exposure and merited disgrace), aggravated his illness and hastened his death. Mr. Fox did not live long enough after he had succeeded his rival in office to do more than manifest his desire for peace, and send Ministers in a sort of leap-frog to Paris, who, after being humbugged by Talleyrand, and treated *de haut en bas* by the new Emperor, returned pretty much as they went.

In casting a retrospective glance at the occurrences of those bygone days, how one shudders at the domestic part of the picture, when sanguinary executions were of continual occurrence ! The pages of the statute-book were at that period written in blood, and persecution, prosecution, and death were the order of the day. Men were hung up for minor offences, like a string of sparrows ; and to crown all came Lord Ellenborough's act against " maiming with an *intent* to kill"—as if any *earthly* judge or jury can tell what

passes in the mind of another, or what his *intention* may be ! But even in the midst of these excesses there was a point not to be overstepped with impunity ; and on its being known that a British General had inflicted the torture on a girl in the island of Trinidad, public indignation raised its voice ; an indictment was preferred against him in the Court of King's Bench, and the facts of the case having been proved, a verdict of guilty was returned by the jury. It was urged in extenuation, that he only executed the Spanish law, which was in force on the island. But that did not avail him ; his character was stained ; there was that one " damned spot ;" there was the smell of torture still, and " all the perfumes of Arabia " could not sweeten him.

Napoleon had now got all his steam up ; his power was at its highest pressure ; he had put his brothers upon several of the thrones of Europe ; dissolved the German Empire ; consolidated the confederation of the Rhine ; and was ready to pounce on Portugal, when the Earl of St. Vincent, who then commanded the Channel fleet, was directed by government to proceed to Lisbon, with an offer of assistance in men, arms, and money.

The provisions of an old treaty prevented more

than six sail of the line from being in the Tagus together. His lordship therefore selected that number from his fine fleet, and, having ordered the rest to cruize off the mouth of the river, *anchored abreast of Lisbon.*

Lisbon in those days was a novelty. It has since been occupied by our troops, visited by our tourists or travelling gentlemen, sung by our poets, described by so many pens, sketched by so many pencils, that nothing is left to say or sing of it that has not been said or sung before.

Everybody is enchanted by the magnificence of the river and its yellow or golden sands, and the site of the town, on its seven hills, which is more favourable to health, cleanliness (if they would), and beauty, than any capital in Christendom. The *first* look of a foreign town is to the eye what its strange language is to the ear,—confused and unintelligible ; but by degrees you become familiarized to both, and by slow degrees comprehend them.

The unrivalled charm of Portugal is unquestionably its climate, which is heightened by the warmth of its poetry, its chivalrous romance, and the sweetness of its music. It is delicious to land, and wander by the wild myrtle, or repose in the orange

groves, to smell the blossom or enjoy the fruit; and as for their women the following is a *Portuguese* portrait of female beauty :—Forehead broad and smooth; eyes large, bright and quick, at the same time still and modest; colour of the eye either black, blue, or green (a treatise has been written in preference of the last); eyebrows large and black, forming an arch concentric with that of the eyelids; the nose descending in a direct line from the forehead, and forming a regular pyramid; the mouth small, lips full, and of a pure carnation; teeth white and regular, resembling a row of pearls in an arch of ruby; the cheeks smooth and somewhat relieved in the centre by a carmine colour, fading insensibly to the whiteness of the lily, and both colours so blended that neither can be said to predominate. With respect to the neck, there is great majesty in one that is large and smooth, rising from the shoulders like an alabaster column. But amongst all the female charms, the most transcendant are the breasts; in form they should resemble a lemon, in colour and smoothness the orange blossom. The most beautiful hands are long and white, the fingers full and tapering; the feet are not accounted good if they are not small. Of the stature, the middle size is preferred. With-

out a graceful walk the most perfect beauty appears awkward ;—whereas a modest, airy, and serene movement, enhances every charm, and bespeaks a tranquillity of mind formed in the school of decorum. Such is a Portuguese portrait of a Portuguese beauty !

As autumn approached, the aspect of affairs had changed in the North of Europe, and, as an immediate attack on Portugal was no longer likely, the troops which had been embarked at Plymouth, for Lisbon, were re-landed, and Lord St. Vincent and his squadron left the Tagus. Towards the close of this year the seas were swept of the remains of the French marine. Such detachments of ships as had escaped, or rather stole out of port, since the battle of Trafalgar, to pirate, steal, and commit petit larceny upon our trade, Strachan, Duckworth, Warren, Hood, and others, had captured or destroyed. Even the stray birds were bagged, and single ships were rare in the harbours of France.

The succeeding months of my life were passed diligently on the recruiting service, at the great manufactories and marts of cotton and spinning-jennies, Manchester and Liverpool ; and I must confess that the Lancashire witches made some

havoc with me. I, however, got pretty well off, though rather "chipped at the edges."

I was a good deal surprised at the scale upon which business was conducted in those great, rich, and rising towns, and could hardly believe that a Manchester manufacturer, who usually dined on a beef-steak and a pint of port, at 2 P.M., could lose 40,000*l.* by a fall in cotton of a halfpenny per pound ! The aristocracy of wealth in those days at Liverpool did things in a very capital style, and several officers of corps, employed there on the same service as myself, received great kindness and hospitality from them. Slight symptoms, too, of scarlet fever were sometimes manifested amongst the "Witches."

During the summer of this year, (1807,) one of those anomalous proceedings which have so disgusted the rest of Europe—I mean the expedition to Denmark—took place. It is impossible to read the correspondence between the commanders of the British forces and the general commanding at Copenhagen, without thinking with him, "That the Danish fleet, their indisputable property, was just as safe in the hands of its own sovereign, as it could possibly be in the hands of the King of England."

I have always thought that the only way to de-

cide a question of might and right fairly was to put yourself on the weaker side, and then give your opinion. Nevertheless, the result of this expedition, and of a three-days' bombardment of a neutral town, was the getting possession of sixteen sail of the line and nine frigates, besides sloops of war and gun-boats, to take care of for the royal Dane ; and for which magnanimous achievement Jamie Gambier was made a peer, and Lord Cathcart a viscount. In this case the proverb was not verified : there was " a great cry, and a *great deal* of wool." The act was declared to be worse than the capture of the four Spanish frigates, before any declaration of war, by Commodore Graham Moore, off Cadiz, on 5th October, 1804 ; and stormy debates took place in the House of Commons upon the subject. The King of Denmark made what reprisal he could, and declared all intercourse with Great Britain by his subjects disgraceful and criminal.

France allied herself to Denmark ; again threatened Portugal with hostilities ; and was joined by Russia in reprobating so gross a breach of the law of nations on the part of Great Britain. On the 17th of October Junot left Bayonne at the head of 27,000 men, and directed his march on Lisbon. This led to the emigration of the Prince

Regent and the Court of Portugal to the Brazils. The circumstances of this determination are so graphically given in my friend Sir Sidney Smith's official letter to the Admiralty, that I shall embellish my narrative by inserting it at length :—

“ H.M.S. Hibernia, 22 leagues west of the

“ SIR,

“ Tagus, Dec. 1, 1807.

“ In a former despatch, dated the 22nd November, with a postscript of the 26th, I conveyed to you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the proofs contained in various documents, of the Portuguese government being so much influenced by terror of the French arms, as to have acquiesced to certain demands of France operating against Great Britain.

“ The distribution of the Portuguese force was made wholly on the coast, while the land side was left totally unguarded. British subjects of all descriptions were detained ; and it therefore became necessary to inform the Portuguese government that the case had arisen which required, in obedience to my instructions, that I should declare the Tagus in a state of blockade ; and, Lord Strangford agreeing with me, that hostility should be met by hostility, the blockade was instituted,

and the instructions we had received were acted upon to their full extent. Still, however, bearing in recollection the first object adopted by His Majesty's government, of opening a refuge for the head of the Portuguese government, menaced as it was by the powerful arm and baneful influence of the enemy, I thought it my duty to adopt the means open to us of endeavouring to induce the Prince Regent of Portugal to reconsider his decision, "to unite himself with the continent of Europe," and to recollect that he had possessions on that of America affording an ample balance for any sacrifice he might make here, and from which he would be cut off by the nature of maritime warfare, the termination of which could not be dictated by the combination of the continental powers of Europe.

"In this view, Lord Strangford having received an acquiescence to the proposition which had been made by us, for his Lordship to land and confer with the Prince Regent under the guarantee of a flag of truce, I furnished his Lordship with that conveyance and security, in order that he might give to the Prince that confidence which his word of honour, as the king's minister plenipotentiary, united with that of a British admiral, could not

fail to inspire, towards inducing his Royal Highness to put himself and his fleet into the arms of Great Britain, in perfect reliance on the king's overlooking a forced act of apparent hostility against his flag and subjects, and establishing his Royal Highness's government in his ultramarine possessions, as originally promised. I have now the heartfelt satisfaction of announcing to you that our hopes and expectations have been realised to the utmost extent. On the morning of the 29th, the Portuguese fleet (as per list annexed) came out of the Tagus, with his Royal Highness the Prince of Brazil and the whole of the royal family of Braganza on board, together with many of his faithful counsellors and adherents, as well as other persons attached to his present fortunes. This fleet of eight sail of the line, four frigates, two brigs, and one schooner, with a crowd of large armed merchant-ships, arranged itself under the protection of his Majesty, while the firing of a reciprocal salute of twenty-one guns announced the friendly meeting of those who, but the day before, were on terms of hostility; the scene impressing every beholder (except the French army on the hills) with the most lively emotions of gratitude to Providence, that there yet existed a

power in the world able as well as willing to protect the oppressed.

(Signed) "W. SIDNEY SMITH.

*"To the Hon. W. W. Pole,
&c. &c."*

At the opening of parliament by commission, on 31st January, 1808, the royal commissioners, after alluding to the Danish business, and the more creditable arrangement with Portugal which Sir Sidney Smith has so well described, informed Parliament that the result of the negotiations at Tilsit had deprived his Majesty of his august allies, the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and that the war with Turkey continued. They then referred to our relations with America, and stated that the treaty of commerce and amity between England and the United States had not taken effect, *because* "the President refused to ratify that instrument." The commission went on to state that, "for an unauthorised act of force, committed against an American ship of war, his Majesty did not hesitate to offer an immediate and spontaneous reparation."

Now, let us inquire, what was this unauthorised act of force, and what were the consequences attending it? It was understood that some sailors,

who had deserted from his Majesty's sloop *Halifax*, (commanded by a very young nobleman,) and other ships, were on board the United States frigate the *Chesapeake*, Commodore Barron, and amongst them a man named Jenkin Retford. Captain Humphreys was despatched therefore in his Majesty's ship *Leopard*, of 50 guns, by Admiral George Berkeley, with orders to take the opportunity of the *Chesapeake's* going to sea, and to board her and take out the deserters. The two ships met off Cape Henry, when the following notes passed :—

“The Captain of His Britannic Majesty's ship *Leopard* has the honour to enclose to the Captain of the United States frigate *Chesapeake* an order from the Hon. Vice-Admiral Berkeley, commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships on the North American station, respecting some deserters from ships therein mentioned, under his command, and supposed now to be serving as part of the crew of the *Chesapeake*.

“The Captain of the *Leopard* will not presume to say anything in addition to what the Commander-in-chief has stated, more than to express a hope that every circumstance respecting them may be adjusted in such a manner, that the harmony exist-

ing between the two nations may not be disturbed."

Answer.

" I know of no such men as you describe ; the officers that were on the recruiting service for this ship were particularly instructed by the government, through me, not to enter any deserters from His Britannic Majesty's ships, nor do I know of any being here.

" I am also instructed never to permit the crew of this ship to be mustered by any but her own officers. It is my disposition to preserve harmony, and I hope this answer to your despatch will prove satisfactory.

(Signed) " JAMES BARRON,

" Commodore, &c. &c."

On receiving this answer, Captain Humphreys hailed and remonstrated without effect ; after which he fired a-head, and then broadside after broadside into the American frigate, which, after a feeble defence of ten minutes, hauled down her colours to the *Leopard*, which the Americans called a line-of-battle ship, but she was in fact only rated to carry 50 guns on TWO DECKS.

On searching the frigate, by the right of might, the only person taken out was the unfortunate Jenkin Retford, of the Halifax sloop-of-war; but permanent possession of the Chesapeake was refused by Captain Humphreys, although the following note was written to him by the American commodore:—

“SIR,

“I consider the American frigate Chesapeake as your prize, and am ready to deliver her to any officer authorised to receive her.

“JAMES BARRON.”

On the return of the Leopard, a court-martial was assembled for the trial of Retford, who was presently condemned and hanged on board the Halifax sloop, commanded by Lord James Towns- end. In the king's speech to Parliament the attack upon the Chesapeake is designated an “un- authorised act of force.” But, if it is to be so called, by what right could Admiral Berkeley try and execute a man, seized, in violation of the law of nations, under a neutral, nay, under a friendly flag?

The following are the individuals who sat on the trial, and condemned him to die:—

Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane,
President ;

Captain F. Pickmore, Captain J. E. Douglas,
,, W. C. Fatrie, ,, P. Beaver,
,, Edward Hawker, ,, N. D. Cochrane.

Napoleon has been condemned all over the world for seizing the Duke D'Enghien on neutral ground, and under the protection, therefore, of a neutral flag ; and for having tried him by a military court-martial, which condemned him to be shot. Yet, here is an Englishman seized by order of a British admiral, on board a neutral or friendly ship-of-war, under the protection of a neutral or friendly flag, tried by a naval court-martial, and sentenced to be hung at the yard-arm ! The parallel needs no comment. Alas ! shall we never take the mote out of our own eye, but for ever be pointing at the beam in our brother's ?

I do not stop to inquire whether or no Retford had been pressed into the service, or whether he had been much flogged on board the Halifax. It appeared, by the minutes of the court-martial, that his hatred to the captain and his abuse were personal. The poor fellow made little

defence; he seemed to consider himself a lost man, threw himself upon the *mercy of the court*, and was hanged.

As I have before mentioned, the Leopard was a two-decker, and prepared for battle; the Chesapeake was a frigate, and taken by surprise: her resistance was therefore comparatively formal, and nobody was touched on board his Majesty's ship. This act, however, cost the Chesapeake three men killed; and the commodore, one midshipman, and sixteen seamen wounded. It would have required a strong sense of moral duty, attended, perhaps, by some personal danger, if the British captain had disobeyed the directions of his Commander-in-Chief; but as excess of virtue becomes vice, so blind obedience to an unlawful order is not without blame. It is quite true that the Government disavowed the act, and declared they had "no right to search national ships for deserters;" (nor have they merchants' ships, unless Napoleon is justified,) and they *recalled* the Commander-in-Chief, who was, however, soon afterwards appointed to the command of the squadron in the Tagus.

Long since these events happened,—nay, but yesterday,—the taking out of the Spanish pilot from

the British packet at St. Olaão, by the Prince de Joinville, made much noise both in and out of Parliament. Some were for throwing the young Prince overboard; others for impaling the French Admiral; and others, again, for playing the deuce with the English Lieutenant. I do not call it the *forcibly* taking out of the pilot, for no force was used; and so far the Lieutenant (whom, as the weakest, I would fain help) was to blame. He ought to have acted precisely as the American Commodore did. When the Royal Commander fired a shot "*which dropped unnecessarily near the English packet,*" the English Lieutenant should have shown all his colours, (like a peacock in a rage,) and have sent a shot back which should have fallen *necessarily near* the French sloop of war; and, instead of putting about, and standing towards her, he should have coolly continued his course, and at last have supported his colours by some exchange of shots.

As to the quibble about the French party not knowing that the packet was under English colours, and its being a mistake of the young Prince,—why, when His Royal Highness fired at the packet, he hoisted the English union jack, to show it was for her, and no mistake. Louis

Philippe, however, put the matter to rest, by His Majesty's message through his Ambassador at our court, General Sebastiani (Wellington's opponent at Talavera); and all we have to recollect is, that it is the *national flag*, and not the *pennant*, (as some naval Captains say), which protects the merchant-ship, as well as the man-of-war, from superior force, violence, or search.

CHAPTER III.

The Peninsula—Roads from France to Spain—The Pyrenees—Abdication of Charles IV.—Ferdinand—Spain ceded to Napoleon—Ferdinand, his Uncle, and Brother, sent Prisoners to Valençay—The Seville Manifesto—Deputation of Patriots in London—Appeal to Great Britain—Joseph Bonaparte—Murat—Countess Lipona—Affair at Roleia—Sir Arthur Wellesley's Despatch after the Battle of Vimiera.

I TURN with gladness from the sickening details in the foregoing chapter to an event that burst enchantingly, like a spring in the pathless desert, revived the fainting hopes of freedom in Europe, and called all England's energies into action with far more success than had attended her subsidies and coalitions ; — *the Spanish Revolution.*

As a great part of my own humble history turned upon, and took its colour from, that glorious event, I shall, from time to time, describe several of the persons, and detail many of the circumstances,

connected with the war. The great Peninsula, comprehending the European dominions of Spain and Portugal, is washed on all sides by the ocean, and is joined to France by an isthmus, formed of the magnificent Pyrenees, a prodigious chain of mountains, only second to the Alps, 250 miles in length, and in some parts 108 in width, and extending from the Bay of Biscay, in the Atlantic Ocean, to the Mediterranean Sea. This boundary, formed by nature, between the kingdoms of France and Spain, may be traversed by various lateral valleys and passes; but from policy, as well as local impediment, only two have been made practicable by carriages, one at each end of the range. The first and greatest of these is from Bayonne to the Bidassoa, where you cross the river, which divides the two countries, by a bridge; on either side of which stands a French and Spanish sentinel. Soon after you enter the small Spanish town of Irun; from whence you gradually ascend the mountains for 50 miles. Over these I have galloped with six mules, or crawled with four oxen, as the relays could supply me. You then cross the ridge, and, having passed altogether a distance of 22 leagues through the Pyrenees, you come into the plain watered by the Ebro. I

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passed the steepest and more gloomy part of this defile one Sunday night, in the midst of a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning. The imagination of Fuseli could paint nothing more awful or terrific. Hell and Earth seemed in rebellion against high Heaven, and danger and death threatened us at every step. It was exactly on that part of the way where I could only have oxen, and we dragged slowly on as if going to execution. I should here explain, however, that the road across those wonderful hills is extremely good, and that there is a relay of horses all along the line ; but I arrived at the post-house in the middle of the night, soon after the last horses had been driven from the door ; so that, rather than stand still, being in charge of despatches, I kept moving on, though ever so slowly ; and, having accomplished one league in four hours, and weathered the storm, I reached Madrid on the sixth morning after my departure from Paris.

The eastern route from France to Spain, and which is at the other extremity of the Pyrenees, is from Perpignan, across the Plains of Roussillon, to the foot of the mountains, which are about 50 miles in width. Here you pass by a rapid torrent, and wind your way to the top of Bellegarde,

on which stands the fortress of that name, and completely commands the pass. Indeed there are many straits through this route, where a band of armed peasants might arrest the progress of a whole army. The descent from Bellegarde is rapid, and the traveller soon reaches Tunquera, the first village in Spain. You now gradually near the Mediterranean, and, passing by Figuéras, Gerona, and Barcelona, Lerida and Saragossa, reach Madrid, a distance by this route of about 360 miles from the frontier.

A third, and the shortest, but only a bridle-road, is by Bayonne and Pampeluna, to the capital.

There is a fourth road, or rather track, which leads from Tarbes (where Lord Wellington beat Soult in 1814) to Saragossa. But it is only available to the muleteers and smugglers in the summer months; and in winter is either closed by snow, or guarded by beasts of prey.

The Pyrenees, since become so familiar to our language, produce large supplies of timber for building ships,—in which art the Spaniards so eminently shine,—and great quantities of pitch and tar: it was at the west pass of these mountains, on the Spanish frontier, that the great battle of July 1813 was fought between Marshal Soult and the Duke of Wellington, the details of which we

shall come to by and by.—The Pyrenees present a mighty amphitheatre of irregular heights. The Point of Vignemale is 3456 yards in perpendicular height, and from which is a sudden declivity to La Somma de Soutra, which is 3214 yards in height. The Peak of Ama is 2560 yards high. The fourth range declines to the level of the mountain of Hory, the height of which is 1,602 yards. The level of the mountains of Hanssa, in which is situated the beautiful Vale of Bastan, is the fifth ; and the sixth is the mountain of La Rhune, about 924 tracts high, and ‘ cold lying,’ as the coursers say, and as I can testify, having bivouacked on it without a tent, in the month of November, in the campaign of 1813.

The mountain of Aizguibel, on the border of the sea, rises about 556 yards above its level. This mountain terminates in a precipice which overhangs the sea, and would make an incomparable lover’s leap.

The peaks of the Pyrenees are naked rock, almost always covered with snow. The valleys are often lost in fogs, while the heat in summer is so intense as to be fatal to human life.

Such is the bulwark which nature has raised up between Spain and France, and which Louis XIV. by words, and Napoleon Bonaparte by

wiles and works, attempted to beat down. These great natural defences are strengthened by art. At a short distance from Fuentarabia stands San Sebastian, the grave and glory of some of the best soldiers of Britain.

As France possesses the fortress of Bellegarde, Spain has regularly fortified Figuéras, Gerona, Barcelona, and Lerida—all towns impregnable, except to treason. But, as Marshal Saxe observed, there are few places into which a mule laden with gold cannot gain entrance. As I write this, *Saragossa* starts to my recollection. Palafox all hail!—What a defence was that!—Heroic city! cherish the memory of thy warrior and thy maiden, whose courage and constancy, and memorable declaration of “*La guerra hasta el cuchillo*” (war to the knife), never can be forgotten while tradition or song remain. I afterwards met Palafox, covered with wounds, the trusty councillor of his prince and the soldier of his country; and I remember him at *Bayonne* (then in the toils of the tyrant), when he advised Ferdinand to scorn Napoleon, and reject the proposed compromise of the crown of Tuscany. When at Seville, too, I saw the *Maid of Saragossa*, decorated with medals *al merito militar*, and heard from her own tongue the story of her passion;—how her lover

was killed in the breach,—which goaded her to madness, made her unsex herself, and take his post at the gun, which she fought like a demon, and became the dread of France, and the “Joan” of Spain. I thought her hardly of this world;—so wild and fierce, yet with so much witchery, the warrior woman spoke and looked.—But I must resume the order of my history.

The French Emperor having, by stratagem and force, got possession of Barcelona, Pampeluna, and Figuéras, those strong places, the keys of which assured his free entry into the Peninsula, commenced a game of duplicity, treachery, and dishonour, not surpassed in the history of human transactions, and which he continued to play, chiefly through the agency of the minister of the Catholic king, and the lover of the queen, Don Manuel Godoy.

Godoy, “Prince of the Peace,” having fomented a quarrel between Charles IV. and his heir apparent, Ferdinand, Napoleon, in imitation of the monkey in the fable, constituted himself equity-judge between them, and solved all difficulty by seizing the crown, as the monkey had done the cheese. But the lions were not so easily let off as the cats; for his imperial majesty crimped them one after another to Bayonne, and then, in his own peculiar

way, announced to the world that the Bourbon dynasty had ceased to reign.

Charles IV. had become the ridicule of his people, who looked with contempt upon a man who connived at his wife's adultery, and who solaced his dishonour in the pleasures of the chase. As the French armies poured through the passes of the Pyrenees, and advanced upon Madrid, the court became alarmed, and prepared to fly to Seville, the ancient capital of Spain, and once the residence of her kings. But this was opposed by the populace. Disturbances broke out, and Charles, amidst anarchy and alarm, abdicated the throne, on the 19th of March, in favour of his son the Prince of Asturias, who was immediately and joyfully proclaimed under the title of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain and the Indies. Ferdinand was then adored by the people. He had some good points about him, and was by no means likely to "embroider petticoats," (according to poor Mr. Whitbread's story,) whatever else he might be tempted to do with them. The first act of his authority was to arrest Don Manuel Godoy,—whose intrigues with France, though more veiled than those with the queen, began to develop themselves,—and confiscate his estates. In the midst of this tumult, Murat, at the head of the French army, marched

into Madrid ; and the following day, the 25th, prevailed on Charles IV. to write a letter to Napoleon, in which he protested against his act of abdication on the 19th, and declared it was forced from him by the partisans of the Prince of Asturias.

On the other hand, Ferdinand was persuaded to court the protection of the Emperor of the French, and to petition for a queen from his family.

It required no second sight to divine what sort of use Bonaparte would make of these appeals ; but nobody imagined he would go the lengths he did ; for the moral treason and trickery of the " Spanish Transaction " are the deepest stains in the history of that extraordinary man.

The emperor arrived at Bayonne on the 15th of April, " to settle, (as he said,) the disputes that were disgraceful to royalty." Thither Ferdinand VII. had been almost compelled to proceed to meet him ; though in many places he was intreated not to go. At Vittoria the people assembled in crowds at the post-house, cut the traces, and drove away the horses. But they were brought back by French soldiers ; and the Spanish captive, though treated, or rather mocked at, as king, was enabled to proceed to Bayonne ; but *there the mask fell*, and he was received only as the prince of Asturias. M. Champagny, Napoleon's

minister, was now sent to Ferdinand, to express the emperor's horror at his disobedience and high treason, as a son and a subject. In vain did Ferdinand protest and prove that the abdication was the spontaneous act of his father; for Charles IV. was brought to Bayonne not only to deny the fact, but to claim the restitution of his crown. "Then take it, sire," said the angry and injured Ferdinand; "I vacate the throne, since you say you desire to resume its power, but on condition that my rights are never compromised." Four days afterwards, on the 5th of May, Charles IV. signed over all his right and title to the Spanish empire to Napoleon Bonaparte, with a faculty to appoint his substitute to reign.

To complete the matter, Ferdinand, his uncle, Antonio, and his brother, Don Carlos, who had been also escorted to France, were sent prisoners to Valençay, the seat of the cameleon Talleyrand; they having all, according to the programme of these events, given their adhesion to the nefarious act of the 5th, making over the sovereignty of Spain to Bonaparte, and which piece of forgery and falsehood was duly transmitted to the provisional government at Madrid. Under any view, their signatures to so monstrous a document, obtained while they were in prison, and, possibly,

threatened with the axe of the executioner, could have no consideration ; still the world was insulted by the publication of them. But I do not believe the signatures were ever obtained from them at all. Is it, for example, consistent with the subsequent behaviour of Don Carlos, the present Pretender? Look at him, standing alone as he does at this moment, in the midst of the mountains, keeping his enemies at bay, and urging what he thinks his claim to the crown. Would he, when a younger man, a more ardent spirit, and as great a fanatic as ever, —would he have been coaxed, cajoled, or frightened, to sign away his presumptive pretensions to the throne? Would he have enacted Esau? It was mere trick, foolery, and forgery, unworthy any man, far more the modern Cæsar.*

The day Ferdinand VII. and his uncle and brother were sent to Valençay, Charles IV. proceeded to Compéigne, and as these Royal *dramatis personæ* walked off the stage, a deputation from the supreme junta, under the management of Murat, at Madrid, walked on, to ask the Emperor to deign to remove his brother Joseph from the throne of Naples, and place him on that of Spain and the Indies. This Napoleon did of course by an imperial decree ; but, from the moment he affixed

* Vide Appendix.

his seal and signature, and so consummated an unparalleled act of villany, his glory became dim, and his own throne was shaken under him. The chariot of fire in which Genius and Fortune had hitherto borne him above the world, from this time gradually descended ; and, after buffeting for a while amidst the elements of earth, left him a prisoner chained on a rock.

However infamous the Spanish usurpation was, and however blasting in its consequences to the career of Napoleon, it was, according to the ethics of Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, worse than a crime, —it was a blunder. Talleyrand's word was a "*bétise*," a word difficult to translate, being a compound of stupidity and folly.

In this instance the devil must be admitted to have been a true prophet ; for, on the 27th of May following, St. Ferdinand's day, revolt broke out in various parts of the Peninsula. At Cadiz, the inhabitants rose to a man ; and a spirit of resistance to the dominion of France darted, like forked lightning, from the Pyrenees to the sea.

At Seville, the Roman Hispolis, the inhabitants stood forth in their ancient pride and strength. The magistrates and the people assembled together, constituted a junta, or provisional govern-

ment, set at nought the jurisdiction of the supreme council of Castile ("so long as Madrid should be occupied by the enemy,")—proclaimed their own authority to arise from the captivity of their legitimate king, Ferdinand VII.,—and *declared war against France.*

The supreme junta then issued a manifesto "from the Spanish nation to the other nations of Europe," in which they said, "during a hundred years, we were united with France, but the revolution which drove the Bourbons from the French throne for ever ended the domestic confederation. In 1793 Charles IV. declared himself against France, but the overruling influence of the favourite (Godoy) ruined us. A disastrous war was followed by a disgraceful peace, and this disgraceful peace was succeeded by a still more humiliating alliance; from which moment to the present, Spain, bound to the car of France, has been dragged along with its wild and rapid course."

The manifesto then alludes to the unfortunate maritime conflicts into which they had been hurried,—deplores the loss of their fleets and colonies,—and declares generally, that streams of treasure ran without ceasing from Spain to France. It then speaks of the "*llama funesta*," the destroy-

ing flame, which had overrun Italy and Holland, dismembered Germany, and ruined Prussia; and which was only changed in its course by the peace of Tilsit, which had thrown it back in all its fierceness, to continue its ravages in the west.

While this eloquent and impassioned appeal was making its way to the rest of Europe, a more direct application was made to Great Britain. A deputation of patriots arrived in London, announcing the proceedings of the junta at Seville; declaring that there were 40,000 men in arms against the French; and asking for the sympathy and assistance of the English nation.—I do not know a more striking instance of national unanimity than England presented upon this remarkable occasion. From the prince to the peasant the welcome to the patriots was without exception. In a moment all former enmity was forgotten; common cause against the treachery and tyranny of Napoleon was proclaimed; and the Spanish prisoners were released, armed, and sent back to their country.—Nay, some of the old Romance of Spain was borne upon the fair west wind which brought the patriots over;—their national airs were heard in the streets and public places; the fandango was the fashionable dance; and the

jocund castanet was sprung by the fairy fingers of British maids !

The foregoing pages describe the manner in which that contest began which ultimately raised the military glory of England (which had slept a long sleep) over the martial fame of France : so was lit the torch of liberty in Spain, which burnt brightly in the breeze, and blazed in the storm. But alas ! it expired in the calm which followed, and darkness has again come over the land of beauty !

At Cadiz, the five sail of French line-of-battle ships in the harbour were obliged to haul down their colours. On the breaking out of the revolution, the French admiral had offered " to go quietly home, if the English ships outside would let him ;"—but this was of course refused, and they surrendered.* The loss of the line-of-battle

* The naïveté of this request reminds one of the Irish soldier, who having inadvertently crossed the line at the outpost, fell into the enemy's hands. The officer of the picket, seeing one of his men arguing with three French soldiers, called out to know " what he was doing ?" " Your honour," says Pat, " I've taken these three men prisoners." " How so ?" said the Lieutenant, somewhat incredulously. " Your honour I just surrounded them." " Then bring them across to our lines," continued his commander. " But they won't

ships at Cadiz exceedingly provoked Napoleon, who had made incredible exertions to restore his navy after the battle of Trafalgar. In the early part of this year he had the command of 80 sail of the line, which were built and launched as if by the wand of the enchanter.

While these ominous proceedings were going on in the west, Joseph Bonaparte had been installed king at Madrid, where he remained a week, and was frightened away, and soon afterwards France declared war against *his* Most Catholic Majesty's dominions. As a recompense, Murat, for his execrable doings at Madrid (which almost reconcile one to the miserable termination of his earthly grandeur), was elevated to the throne of Naples by the style and title of Joachim Napoleon. —This man had married Caroline, the favourite sister of Napoleon, who, through all the vicissitudes of her glittering life, from Mademoiselle Bonaparte to Grand Duchess of Berg, and Queen of Naples, has preserved the goodness of her dis-

come, Sir!" "Then do you come and leave them," called the subaltern sharply. "Please your honour, and *they won't let me*," replied Pat, in the most sorrowful tone, and he was marched off to the enemy's camp.

position, and the devoted attachment of her friends; and, at the moment I write, she is living, within a few doors of me, in tranquil retirement, under the simple title of Countess Lipona, a transformation of *Napoli*; mourning her husband and her brother, and exercising acts of the kindest sympathy and beneficence*.

After the departure of the Royal Family of Portugal, for South America, General Junot, commanding the French troops at Lisbon, issued a proclamation on February 1, declaring that "the house of Braganza should never return, or reign in Europe again!" As a sort of commentary upon which, an insurrection broke out at Oporto on the 16th of June, so formidable, and with so powerful an impulse, that all the northern provinces were soon cleared of French troops. England, having sent vessels to receive the Spanish army under the Marquis of Romana (which Napoleon had marched 800 leagues from their own country), with orders to land them in the Peninsula, decided on still more effectually aiding the good cause, by sending a British expedition to Portugal.

* Madame Lipona has died since in Italy, having only enjoyed the pension granted her by the Deputies of France a single year.

On the 31st of July, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed; with his troops on the 17th of August he attacked and carried the enemy's position at Roleia; and on the 21st he again unfurled his banner at Vimiera—that banner which never bowed to the bayonets of France. If record, in reply to this, points to the retreat from Burgos, I say, in the words of the historian of Frederick the Great, “It was the retreat of the lion who turns from his foe, foiled but not vanquished, carrying with him all his artillery and baggage.”—So his banner never bowed, but floated in a series of triumphs over town and plain; it soared like the eagle, over the mountains of the Pyrenees, glanced across the vineyards of France, and settled, in the pomp of its power, on the walls of Toulouse.

In the attack of the enemy at Roleia on the 17th of August, in a most formidable position, Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were already in possession of the mountains on his right, and the Portuguese infantry were ordered to move up a pass upon the right of the whole; the light companies of General Hill's brigade and the 5th regiment moved up a pass next on the right; and the 29th regiment, supported by the 9th regiment, under Brigadier-General Nightingale, a third pass;

and the 45th and 82nd regiments, passes on the left. These passes were all difficult of access, and some of them well defended by the enemy, especially those which were attacked by the 29th and 9th, where the defence was desperate. It was upon this occasion that one or two circumstances arose, which showed traits of character at once remarkable and interesting. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, commanding the 9th regiment, was one of the best commanding officers of a regiment at that time in the service : he had great skill, temper, and experience : he had served in India, and was the chosen friend of the new Commander-in-Chief, who, while the expedition was assembling, and then waiting for a wind, visited the transport in which the 9th were embarked almost every day. The method Colonel Stewart had adopted for the arrangement of the men's arms, accoutrements, and knapsacks, and the way in which the troops were berthed on board, particularly pleased Sir Arthur, who used to send the colonels of other regiments to see how well Stewart had contrived. Well, the expedition sailed, the troops landed, advanced, and, after an affair of outposts, reached Caldas ; and the French General remaining in his position at Roleia, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined to attack him in

the morning.—Colonel Stewart was adored in his regiment: he ruled by love; his successor, as he often boasted after, by fear. On the eve of the attack, Stewart, and an intimate friend and brother officer in the regiment, were bathing together. “B.,” said the Colonel, “we have bathed frequently together, but I have a presentiment it is now for the last time.” The next morning, at nine o’clock, he breathed his last in the arms of this dear companion and comrade.—As the 9th regiment advanced in column of companies to the attack, and approached the deep and rugged ravine by which they were to ascend, B. told me (for I had the story from his own mouth) that he went to Stewart and said, “Colonel, it is impossible to ride up such a steep, you had better dismount and scramble up.” “No, no,” he replied, “Dandy,” patting a favourite charger, “will carry me up;” “besides,” he added, “I don’t think it would look well to dismount:” and he passed on to the head of the column with Dandy, who sprang up, like a chamois, along the bank. By the side of the ravine lay some wounded of the enemy, who, having cried for quarter, were left as prisoners by the skirmishers and the columns of the 29th. One of these wretches, on seeing the gallant Stewart coming up, stretched

out on his wounded limbs, and drew his musket to him ; and, as poor Stewart came abreast of him, sat up, fired with a deadly aim, and mortally wounded him : the ball struck his seals and carried part of them into his body. In an instant, several of Stewart's soldiers, who saw the murder committed (by a prisoner who had just received quarter), sprung from the ravine upon the bank, and took up the criminal on the points of their bayonets ; then they pitched him from one to the other, catching the carcase on the points of their bayonets as if it were a bundle. The cry of indignation against the assassin of their colonel so inflamed the rear companies of the 9th, who were following up, that they put all the wounded to death who lay upon the bank as they mounted the height of Roleia. But this could not save poor Stewart, who was lifted from his horse to die, in a few minutes. While he lay on the bosom of his friend, near the plain on the top of the ravine, Sir Arthur appeared, from the post of honour and danger, as he generally did : he was sucking an orange, when, looking first at Stewart and then at his friend, he saw how it was ; and, without saying a word, he turned his horse's head, and went where the battle was hottest.

As an illustration of the martinet system, or governing by fear, according to the system of the successor to the command of the 9th, after the ascent of our troops at Roleia, I will just state that he established a permanent court-martial in the regiment,—a kind of sitting provost-commission, composed of the minimum of officers required by the Articles of War for a regimental court-martial. These individuals were exempt from other corps' duties, and were therefore *toujours prêt* : and, as a specimen of the working of the system, and how completely brutalized, and what tools mankind may become, it is further stated, that a soldier of the 9th Regiment of Foot, while serving in the Peninsula, committed some irregularity, which subjected him to the sentence of the aforesaid court-martial to be flogged ; that the regiment being on the march, it was halted, the halberts stuck up, the proceedings of the court read ; and the culprit ordered to strip,—when a serjeant of the regiment, who, it may be presumed was a deserving soldier, recovered his musket, and, stepping out of the ranks, respectfully saluted the successor to Stewart, and said, “ May it please your honour, the culprit is guilty ; but he is a brave soldier, and if your honour will take me as a security for his

future good conduct, I'll answer for him with my body, and if he commits any future offence, I'll be ready to offer myself up to receive the sentence of the present court-martial." One would naturally suppose that any mortal, with as much of the milk of human kindness in him, as would prevent his herding with the northern bears, would have been touched by the serjeant's offering ; but what did our colonel?—" You mutinous rascal !" he exclaimed, in a fury, " I'll teach you manners !" And he had his arms taken from him,—those arms which had helped to make his comrades " victors on every field in Spain"—and sent him a prisoner before the permanent court-martial, who not only (*plant tools*) reduced him to the ranks, but sentenced him also to be flogged ; when, in imitation of his Divine Master, he was scourged, for interceding for a sin not his own ; and, while writhing in agony at the halberts, he ground his teeth, and muttered, " I will have blood for this." The cruel colonel mocked him ; and when the whole of the sentence was carried into execution, cried out before the regiment, " We all heard what you said ; the whole corps heard your threat ; you cannot put on your jacket, or carry your knapsack or accoutrements ; but load his musket (to the serjeant-major)—*give*

it to him, and let him follow me, and shoot me if he dares." It was all done accordingly ; but the man's heart was broken, and the tyrant escaped : the column continued on its triumphant march to Bordeaux, murmuring as it went along "That the colonel was a Tartar, but *he was brave.*"

The battle of Vimiera gave the French troops a sample of what they had to expect from British bayonets ; and, through all the campaigns that followed, the same superiority, both in physical and moral courage, was maintained.

After the affair at Roleia, a junction between all the enemy's troops was effected near Torres Vedras, when the personal command of the whole army was assumed by General Junot, Duke of Abrantes, and who on the 21st of August attacked Sir Arthur Wellesley in the position he had taken up on the river Maceira, which runs through the village of Vimiera. While the battle was going on, Sir Harry Burrard, who was senior officer to Sir Arthur, arrived on the ground, but he very sagaciously contented himself with being a spectator. To him, however, the following report of the proceedings of the day was addressed by Lieut.-General Wellesley.

SIR,

Vimiera, August 21, 1808.

I have the honour to report to you that the enemy attacked us in our position at Vimiera this morning. The village of Vimiera stands in a valley, through which runs the river Maceira; at the back, and to the westward and northward of this village, is a mountain, the western point of which touches the sea, and the eastern is separated by a deep ravine from the heights, over which passes the road which leads from Lourinha and the northward to Vimiera. The greater part of the infantry, the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and eighth brigades, were posted on this mountain, with eight pieces of artillery; Major-General Hill's brigade being on the right, Major-General Ferguson's on the left, having one battalion on the heights, separated from the mountain. On the eastern and southern side of the town is a hill which is entirely commanded, particularly on its right, by the mountain to the westward of the town, and commanding all the ground in the neighbourhood to the southward and eastward, on which Brigadier-General Fane was posted with his riflemen and the 50th regiment, and Brigadier-General Anstruther with his brigade, with half a

brigade of six-pounders, which had been ordered to the position in the course of last night, and it had not been occupied, excepting by a picquet, as the camp had been taken up only for one night, and there was no water in the neighbourhood of this height. The cavalry and the reserve of artillery were in the valley, between the hills, on which the infantry stood, both flanking and supporting Brigadier-General Fane's advanced guard.

The enemy first appeared at eight o'clock in the morning, in large bodies of cavalry on our left, upon the heights of the road to Lourinha; and it was soon obvious that the attack would be made upon our advanced guard, and the left of our position; and Major-General Ferguson's brigade was immediately moved across the ravine to the heights, on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon; Brigadier-General Nightingale with his brigade, as also those of Brigadier-Generals Acland and Barnes. These troops were formed (Major-General Ferguson's brigade in the first line; Brigadier-General Nightingale's in the second; and Brigadier-General Barnes, and Acland's in columns in the rear) on those heights, with their right upon the valley which leads to Vi-

miera, and their left upon the other ravine which separates these heights from the range which terminates at the landing-place at Macceira. On these last-mentioned heights the Portuguese troops, which had been at the bottom near Vimiera, were posted in the first instance, and they were supported by Brigadier-General Craanford's brigade. The troops of the advanced guard, on the height, to the southward and eastward of the town, were deemed sufficient for its defence, and Major-General Hill was moved to the centre of the mountain on which the great body of infantry had been posted as a support to these troops, and as a reserve to the whole army. In addition to this support these troops had that of the cavalry in the rear of their right. The enemy's attack began in several columns upon the whole of the troops on this height; on the left they advanced, notwithstanding the fire of the riflemen, close to the 50th regiment, and were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of the corps. The second battalion, 43rd regiment, was likewise closely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimiera; a part of the corps having been ordered into the church-yard to prevent them from penetrating into the town. On the right of the position they were repulsed by the

bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was successively supported by the second battalion, 52nd regiment, which by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank. Besides this opposition given to the attack of the enemy in our advanced guard by their own exertions, they were attacked in flank by Brigadier-General Acland's brigade, in its advance to its position on the heights on the left; and a cannonade was kept up on the flank of the enemy's columns by the artillery on those heights. At length, after a most desperate contest, the enemy was driven back in confusion from this attack with the loss of seven pieces of cannon, many prisoners, and a great number of officers and soldiers killed and wounded. He was pursued by the detachment of the 20th light dragoons; but the enemy's cavalry were so much superior in numbers that this detachment has suffered much, and Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor was unfortunately killed. Nearly at the same time the enemy's attack commenced upon the heights, on the road to Lourinha. This attack was supported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the usual impetuosity of French troops. It was received with steadiness by Major-General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 36th, 40th, 71st regiments;

and these corps charged as soon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him, supported by the 82nd, one of the corps of Brigadier-General Nightingale's brigade, which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the first line, by the 29th regiment, and by Brigadier-General Barnes and Acland's brigades; while Brigadier-General Crauford's brigade, and the Portuguese troops, in two lines, advanced along the height on the left. In the advance of Major-General Ferguson's brigade six pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many prisoners, and vast numbers killed and wounded. The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover a part of his artillery by attacking the 71st and 82d regiments, which were halted in a valley in which it had been taken. These regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley to the heights, where they halted, faced about, fired and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him to retire with great loss. In this action, in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed, under the command of the Duke d'Abrantes in person, in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and ar-

tillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, he has sustained a signal defeat, and has lost thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 rounds of musket ammunition. One general officer (Benniere) has been wounded and taken prisoner, and a great many officers and soldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken. The valour and discipline of his Majesty's troops have been conspicuous upon this occasion, as you, who witnessed the whole of the action, must have observed ; but it is a justice to the following corps to draw your notice to them in a particular manner, viz., the royal artillery, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robe ; the 20th dragoons, which had been commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor ; the 50th regiment, commanded by Colonel Walker ; the 2nd battalion, 95th foot, commanded by Major Travers ; the 5th battalion, 60th regiment, commanded by Major Davy ; the 2nd battalion, 43rd regiment, commanded by Major Hall ; the 2nd battalion, 52nd regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, the 97th regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lion ; the 36th regiment, commanded by Colonel Burne ; the 40th regi-

ment, commanded by Colonel Remmis; the 71st regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Pack, and the 82nd regiment, commanded by Major Eyre. In mentioning Colonel Burne and the 36th regiment to you upon this occasion, I cannot avoid to add, that the regular and orderly conduct of this corps throughout this service, and their gallantry and discipline in action, has been conspicuous. I must take this opportunity of expressing my obligations to the general and staff officers of the army. I was much indebted to Major-General Spencer's judgment and experience, in the decision I formed with respect to the number of troops allotted to each point of defence, and for his advice and assistance throughout the action. In the position taken up by Major-general Ferguson's brigade and in its advance upon the enemy, that officer showed equal bravery and judgment ; and much praise is due to Brigadier-General Fane, and Brigadier-General Anstruther, for their gallant defence of their position in front of Vimiera, and to Brigadier-General Nightingale, for the manner in which he supported the attack upon the enemy, made by Major-General Ferguson. Lieutenant-Colonel G. Tucker, and Lieutenant-Colonel Bathurst, and the officers in the departments of the Adjutant and

Quarter-Master-General, and Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, and the officers of my personal staff, rendered me the greatest assistance throughout the action.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

N. B.—Since writing the above, I have been informed that a French general officer, supposed to be general Thebault, the chief of the staff, has been found dead upon the field of battle.

A. W.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival of General Dalrymple—Treaty at Cintra—General Kellerman—Marshal Soult—Surrender of the French at Baylen—Events in Spain—Battle of Corunna—Despatches of Generals Baird and Hope—War against France by Austria.

THE very day after the glorious achievement described in the last chapter, a third Commander-in-Chief emerged from the sea, in the person of Lieutenant-General Dalrymple, and, being senior to Sir Harry Burrard, assumed the command of him, of Wellesley, and his victorious troops. What the wise men in the west meant by such appointments it would be difficult to guess; but the common cause suffered, and England still suffers from the consequences. The finger of scorn still points to Cintra; and its immediate effects were, that what we had gained in the field we lost in the closet; and General Kellerman, who managed the

convention on the part of the French, never ceased laughing at us, to the day of his death. A few hours after the arrival of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Kellerman, (whom I since knew very well as the Duke de Valmy,) arrived with a flag of truce from the Duke of Abrantes, “ to propose an armistice, for the purpose of concluding a treaty under which the French army was to quit the Portuguese dominions.” This was unfortunately granted, and became the basis of a treaty that was executed on the 30th of the month, which made us the butt of Europe. Kellerman used to chuckle and say he was in a cold sweat for fear the Trinity of Generals should not comply with his risible proposition, to be allowed to march off their beaten army with the honours of war, without being considered prisoners, and with liberty to serve the moment they had landed them in France ! Well might he shake his sides at us ; for even at this distance of time, one cannot recur to that untoward transaction without a feeling of sickening surprise that men in their senses could have subscribed to such articles as these :—

Art. 2.—The French troops shall evacuate Portugal, with their arms and baggage ; they

shall not be considered prisoners of war, and shall be at liberty to serve.

Art. 3.—The English Government [poor John Bull!] shall furnish the means of conveyance for the French army to France.

Art. 4.—The French army shall take all its artillery.

Art. 5.—The French army shall take all its equipments, military chest (i. e. money), &c. &c.

Art. 6.—Artillery, cavalry, and officers, shall take all their horses.

The seventh article proposed an arrangement for the Russian fleet in the Tagus, which the naval Commander-in-Chief had the good sense to refuse, and these ships were sent to Spithead*; but their crews were transferred also at the expense of Great Britain to Russia, while the whole French

* I have lately been assured upon high, and indeed undoubted, authority, that although the Emperor Alexander was at this time in alliance with Napoleon, he was more than coquetting with Great Britain; and that an autograph letter from the Autocrat to his admiral in the Tagus had been conveyed by the brave and clever Sir Sidney Smith, through the very hands of Junot himself, desiring that he should seize the very first opportunity of putting his squadron under the protection of England.

army were transported, (to the dismay of the United Kingdom and the displeasure of the Sovereign,) to the shores of France, then and there to renew hostilities to the common cause, and promote the views of Bonaparte.

The battle of Vimiera ceased at 12 o'clock on the 21st, by the French being repulsed at all points. Sir Arthur Wellesley proposed to his superior officer an immediate advance, which was not listened to by Sir Harry Burrard: and here was the original sin!—had Sir Arthur been permitted to profit by his success, and take the tide of victory on with him, *as he did at Waterloo*, we should never have heard of a Convention. But that not having been the case, he gave a moody assent to the general principle of the negotiation, though he objected to the details, which remain the reproach of Sir Hew Dalrymple. This latter General, however, seemed from the first doubtful of the transaction; for although the armistice was signed on the 22nd of August, he sent no account of it to England till the 4th of September, when it was accompanied by the ratified convention; a delay on the part of Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, which his Majesty declared “calculated to produce great public

inconvenience, and which inconvenience did in fact arise therefrom."

As I have already stated, I used to kindle at the sort of self-approving smile Kellerman put on, whenever he adverted, (which he was very fond of doing—half-joke, half-earnest,) to this abominable convention. I used to "get away," as they call it in sparring, from the subject; acknowledging that we were outwitted, and saying it should have been executed in the convent of "Nossa Señor di Pina," instead of the halls of Marialva. One murky morning, however, when I was not in a very good humour, he touched the chord of the old harp, by saying, "I pretended at Cintra not to understand English; but I understood it more than your Generals would have wished me to do;"—and then he smiled.

"Well," said I, "though we did make fools of ourselves at Cintra, you need not laugh, for we made you laugh the other side of your mouth before we had done with you."

"What devil you mean by laugh todder side of the mouth?" said Kellerman.

"Ask Soult, the Spanish picture-dealer," I replied, "on the right side of whose mouth a smile never played. He can tell you better than anybody."

There is, however, no metamorphosis in all Ovid more complete than the change Marshal Soult has undergone since he came to England as ambassador at the coronation of our pretty queen. He had no idea of how he was to be received; the absurd stories set about, of his claim to conquest at Toulouse,—and to which he was no party,—filled him with inquietude; and, not understanding the huzza of John Bull, he really did not know whether the people were jeering him or cheering him, as he passed down to Westminster Abbey. But these national greetings were explained; and on his return the old veteran bowed to the people,—the people were enchanted,—and then for the first time in my life I saw a smile play, like a ray of light, upon his countenance. I have been asked, and I have heard it doubted, whether he carried away with him a due sense of the kindness of his reception amongst us,—but I know it from himself; for the first time I met him after his return to Paris, (and it happened to be at the English embassy,) he came up to me, and, taking me by both hands, said, “We have not met since the beautiful Review at Woolwich.” “I hope,” I replied, “M. Le Maréchal was satisfied with his reception in England?” “Mon Dieu!—my

God," he said, with great energy, "that reception is *here*," (laying his hand upon his heart,) "and never, never can be effaced. "And he has repeated in the Tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, (since he has been Minister for Foreign Affairs,) the expression of his sense of his personal obligation to the English nation.

Cintra is almost as well known now as Richmond, and the Tagus as the Thames. Its crags, cork-trees, and convents ; its glens, and mountains, and azure sea ; its torrents, cliffs, and valleys ; its orange tints, and green boughs ;—all sparkle in the Childe's Pilgrimage in their original freshness and beauty ; and it is not for me to paint such a landscape over again.

As a set-off against the convention of Cintra, however, we had the *surrender of the French forces at Baylen*, on the 22nd of the preceding month, under very different circumstances, and which must be attributed rather to a misunderstanding between the French commanders, Dupont and Vedil, than to the formidable conduct of the Spaniards, or the skill and courage of their chief, Castaños. In a moral and political sense, however, its effects were withering to the projects of Napoleon, and may be considered the warning

shock, preceding those changes and reverses which subsequently crumbled his throne to atoms. The unwelcome news of these events reached him at Erfurth, where he was engaged with the Emperor of Russia, and all the petty Princes of Germany, in a series of sports and pastimes, which lasted during twenty days. The intelligence hastened his return to Paris. It was during these festivities that the two Emperors addressed a joint letter to the King of England, expressing their desire for peace, and which reached London at the precise moment that an expedition under Generals Moore and Baird landed in Spain to assist the patriots. As these offers were hollow and temporizing, and were principally made to gain time, or check our ardour in the Peninsular cause, they produced no result.

On the 14th of October Napoleon and Alexander separated at Weimar. On the 26th the French Emperor harangued the legislative body at Paris, and after alluding to our coalition with Spain and Portugal, pompously declared that his eagles should ere long float again upon the towers of Lisbon.

Eighty thousand veteran troops had been drawn from the French forces in Germany, and marched

beyond the Pyrenees ; to which may be added 15,000 from Italy and 30,000 under Junot : making, with the troops already in Spain under Soult and others, an army of at least 200,000 men. Of this army Napoleon took the command in person at Vittoria early in November. To such an array, so ably commanded, successful resistance by the badly organized and worse commanded Spaniards could not be hoped for. Burgos fell before Soult and Bessières, and Blake and Romana were beat by Marshal Victor at Espinosa on the 12th of November, with the loss of 20,000 men, ten persons called "generals," and thirty pieces of cannon.

On the 23rd the battle of Tudela was fought by Palafox and Castaños, with the armies of Arragon and Andalusia, against Marshal Lannes, who defeated them, with the loss on their part of thirty guns and 3000 prisoners.

Such reverses would have disheartened men of colder temperaments. But, although the patriots were defeated, their patriotism was not destroyed ; and on the 1st of December Palafox overcame Lannes, and beat him from his lines in front of Saragossa.

On the 2nd of December Napoleon, at the

head of an overwhelming force, summoned Madrid, which, being an open town, was obliged to capitulate, to avoid the horrors of an assault. The conqueror entered the capital of Spain on the 4th. Here he renewed his artifices; and, having already disposed of Ferdinand VII. by removing him from France to Savoy, he adopted popular measures. He abolished the inquisition, suppressed a third of the convents, and abrogated feudal rights. But, finding this plan of proceeding did not answer, he resumed his natural character of tyrant, and declared, by a proclamation, that he should treat Spain as a conquered country, should the Spaniards persist in refusing to acknowledge his brother Joseph as their king.

Throughout the Spanish war of independence, **THE PEOPLE** stood forth in bold and magnificent relief, in comparison with their mean and miserable grandees; but the whole revolution did not call forth one really great man. Palafox, from whose brows the laurel can never fade, was certainly an intrepid hero as regarded his native town; and, as I shall presently show, the defence of Saragossa throws Thermopylæ into the shade. But as a statesman to direct the mind of a nation, or as a general to direct

its military energies, Palafox was unequal. As for the grandees, they had either heads without hearts, or hearts without heads, or, (which comprehended a vast majority,) neither one nor the other. Not so the people :—full of character ; the finest peasantry in the world ; with women the most ardent and attractive ; they were sure to produce, and they did produce, a race of splendid soldiers. No longer ago than the reign of Charles V. the Spanish infantry, the staple of an army, were the most formidable and renowned in Europe.

Napoleon, having received a deputation of traitors or fools, who came to thank him for “his magnanimity and generosity to their heroic city of Madrid,” put himself at the head of his army, and, on the 19th of December, quitted the capital, and took the field against the English expedition.

Besides the misfortunes already recounted as having befallen the Spanish cause, General St. Cyr, who commanded the French troops in Catalonia, defeated the patriots at Llinas on the 16th, and, on the 21st of December, completely routed a whole army at San Felice and Molina del Rey, taking all their artillery and magazines.

On the 24th of December Sir John Moore commenced his retreat.

At this awful moment, when the Spanish armies were dispersed, or had fallen like corn before the tempest; when even our own troops were obliged to give way before the advancing masses of Napoleon, let us inquire what was the position of old England? How did she gather herself up in her pride? What front did she show? The King had Wellesley for his minister, supported by large majorities in parliament; he was strong in the affections of his people, who made common cause with Spain. He had 1021 ships of war in commission and building: he had 201,000 soldiers, besides those in India; he had 100,000 seamen, 30,000 marines, and 108,000 militia; and, finally, his government had the command of a revenue of 48,319,807*l.* per annum!

With such a matériel, and such sinews of war as these, well might we defy Napoleon to the death.

Formidable, however, as were these mighty means, and broad and just as were the principles upon which they were to work, the year 1809 did not dawn brightly on the British arms; and Spain was destined to be for several months the arena of disaster and disappointment. Of all the generals in the service, Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird

stood highest in public opinion. Extraordinary anxiety and apprehension therefore followed their steps as they retreated before the overwhelming hosts of France. The French armies were in close pursuit of the routed Spaniards, when Napoleon found that Sir John Moore had not, as he expected, (and as the general intended), fallen back upon Portugal; on the contrary, that he meditated an attack on Soult. All operations in the south were therefore instantly stopped; Soult was greatly re-inforced, so that his corps alone outnumbered our little army, which did not altogether exceed 23,000 infantry and 2400 cavalry; while Napoleon advanced from Madrid at the head of 32,000 infantry and 8000 cavalry, and Marshal Mortier came up with his corps from Saragossa. In short, the whole disposable force of the French army, forming an irregular crescent, were marching in radii to enclose our army. To attain this favourite end, to take the British lion in his toils, all present, and apparently all future objects, were abandoned. Napoleon turned from Cadiz and Lisbon; which cities would have thrown open their gates at his approach, and pressed upon his prey; but the lion retreated, saying to his army, "When it is proper to fight a battle I will do it; meanwhile, be

assured there is nothing dearer to my heart than your honour, and the honour of our country."

On reaching Astorga, we were obliged to abandon our heavy baggage, shoot our sumpter-mules and horses, sacrifice the military chest, and start barrels of dollars into ravines and rivers. In fact, everything and everybody that could not keep up with the columns was lost. All sorts of horrors were committed, and every deprivation and human misery were endured.*

On being joined by Soult at Astorga, Napoleon gave him 70,000 men, and ordered him to pursue the English army. Frequent skirmishes took place between the French advanced and our rear-guard; and, at Lugo, Sir John Moore offered battle to Soult, but this was refused, and the retreat continued.

On the 11th of January, after a retreat of 250 miles over a dangerous and difficult country, harassed by an enemy infinitely superior in numbers,

* The following is one instance among many:—The child of one of the soldiers' wives, who had died of hunger and fatigue, was found clinging and trying to draw sustenance from the dry breasts of its lifeless mother. A soldier of a Highland regiment took the infant, carried him along with him, and now fosters and calls him his child.

but who always refused to meet in regular battle, the army took up its position in front of Corunna.

At this early period of the Peninsular war little light shone upon us as to the real state of Spain. Neither Mr. Frere, our Minister to the Supreme Junta, nor the military emissaries who were sent to collect information, at all comprehended the character of the contest in which we were engaged. If we had the mass of the people with us, there was no method adopted by which to influence, guide, or direct their course. Colonels Doyle, Dyer, Whittingham, Carrol, Roach, and other individual officers deputed by Government, and attached to the head-quarters of the different Spanish armies, saw things *couleur de rose*, and made their reports rather from what they wished and hoped, than from what they really saw ; and the publication of these reports in England excited expectations that were attended by bitter disappointment. Still the universal feeling of Spain was good ; the heart of the cause was sound and beat truly ; and the Doyles and the Dyers were proved to be ultimately correct in their opinions, though they were somewhat too sanguine in their reports. In the work published in vindi-

cation of Sir John Moore's memory, by his brother, all the circumstances of his campaign, the retreat, the battle, the victory, and his for-ever-to-be-honoured death, are so distinctly detailed, that I shall only here insert the official letters which filled the United Kingdom with mourning and admiration. "Not a drum was heard" when Moore, one of "England's best soldiers," was wrapped in his military cloak, and buried in the field on which he was the conqueror over all but Death: Nor was there a murmur when the prowess and great military accomplishments he had displayed in this wonderful retreat were made known to the generous, intelligent, and right-judging people of England.

The first letter is from the brave Sir David Baird, who lost his arm in the battle:—

H.M.S. Ville de Paris, at Sea,

MY LORD,

January 18, 1809.

By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your Lordship that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day. A severe

wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to the enclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions, in direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of his Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy at every point of attack. The Honourable Captain Gordon, my aide-de-camp, will have the honour of delivering this despatch, and will be able to give your Lordship any further information which may be required.

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. BAIRD, Lieutenant-General.

The following letter is from the third in command, and addressed by him to Sir David Baird, the surviving though desperately wounded successor to the Commander-in-Chief. It is considered beautiful, as a specimen of clear, simple, and intelligent composition, and comparable even with the renowned reports of Julius Cæsar.

SIR,

*H.M.S. Audacious, off Corunna,**18th January, 1809.*

In compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant. It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong and commanding position, which, on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front. This indication of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the Commander of the Forces, and by yourself, at the head of the 42nd regiment and the brigade under Major-

General Lord William Bentinck. The village on your right became an object of obstinate contest. I lament to say, that, soon after the sword-wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able dispositions, fell by a cannon-shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed, but, by the most determined bravery, not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged. The enemy, finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of the position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major-General Paget with the reserve, which corps had moved out of its cantonments to support the right of the army, by a vigorous attack defeated this intention. The Major-General, having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps) and 1st battalion 52nd regiments, drove the enemy before him ; and, in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position.

This circumstance, with the position of Lieu-

tenant-General Fraser's division, (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line,) induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter; they were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the left of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders.

Upon the left, the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our picquets, which, however, in general, maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled with considerable loss by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls. Before five in the evening we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occu-

pied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and a fire upon his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six the firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were reassembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the picquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over an enemy who, from his number and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I know was the fixed and previous determination of the late Commander of the Forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation, the previous arrangements for which had been already made by his order, and were, in fact, far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order that did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed,

and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The picquets remained at their posts until five in the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movement.

By the unremitting exertions of Captains the Honourable H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Rainier, Serrett, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the royal navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral de Courcy, were intrusted with the service of embarking the army, and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Major-Generals Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before daylight. The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land-front of the town of Corunna; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town. The enemy pushed his light troops

towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But, notwithstanding this circumstance and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon ; Major-General Beresford, with that zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land-front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously removed, embarked before one this morning. Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers, and advan-

tageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, to the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained amidst many disadvantages. The army, which had entered Spain amidst the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Douro afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved ; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular troops in the north of Spain. You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued. These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperi-

ous necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered it indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect. When every one that had an opportunity seemed to vie in improving it, it is difficult for me, in making this report, to select particular instances for your approbation.

The corps chiefly engaged were the brigades under Major-Generals Lord William Bestinck, Manningham, and Leith, and the brigade of guards under Major-General Warde. To these officers, and the troops under their immediate orders, the greatest praise is due. Major-General Hill and Colonel Catlin Crawford, with their brigades on the left of the position, ably supported their advanced posts. The brunt of the action fell upon the 4th, 42nd, 50th, and 81st regiments, with parts of the brigade of guards, and the 26th regiment. From Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quartermaster-General, and the officers of the general staff, I received the most marked assistance. I had reason to regret that the illness of Brigadier-General Clinton, Adjutant-General.

deprived me of his aid. I was indebted to Brigadier-General Slade, during the action, for a zealous offer of his personal services, although the cavalry were embarked. The greater part of the fleet having gone to sea yesterday evening, the whole being under weigh, and the corps in the embarkation necessarily much mixed on board, it is impossible at present to lay before you a return of our casualties. I hope the loss in numbers is not so considerable as might have been expected. If I was obliged to form an estimate, I should say that I believe it did not exceed in killed and wounded from 700 to 800: that of the enemy must remain unknown, but many circumstances induce me to rate it at nearly double the above number. We have some prisoners, but I have not been able to obtain an account of the number; it is not, however, considerable. Several officers of rank have fallen, or been wounded, among whom I am only at present enabled to state the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, 92nd regiment; Majors Napier and Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed: Lieutenant-Colonel Winch, 4th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, 26th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Fane, 59th regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Griffith, of the

guards ; Majors Miller and Williams, 81st regiment, wounded. To you, who are well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the consolation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service ; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamation of victory ; like Wolfe, also, his memory will for ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served. It remains for me only to express my hope that you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the

unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieutenant-General.

To Lieutenant-General Sir D. Baird, &c.

SUCH was the termination of the first expedition in the afterwards successful war in the Peninsula. But still there was consolation in the midst of the national disappointment. How glorious was the final triumph at Corunna! how thoroughly was the enemy not only repulsed in his attack, but completely beaten from his own ground! "In the evening our picquets occupied more advanced positions than they had done in the morning."

Then the embarkation in the silence and darkness of night—so magically effected! Well might we exclaim, "Now are the evils of Pandora's box exhausted, and we find 'Hope' at the bottom!"

Only two days before the event above referred to, Marshal Victor fell in with a Spanish corps, near Aranjuez, and destroyed it. They had escaped from the battle of Tudela to be scattered to the winds. On the 27th of the same month

Soult captured Ferrol, where he found 1600 pieces of cannon, vast magazines, three frigates, and several smaller vessels. To these reverses must be added the fall of Saragossa, the history of which will be an eternal monument of her heroic defence and her General's glory. This city, the capital of Arragon, after being besieged for three-quarters of a year, and assailed by uninterrupted attacks ; having also suffered a month's fire from open trenches, when the breach was practicable and the town entered, had continued for twenty-three days fighting from house to house ; was at last compelled to surrender. Fortunate was it for Saragossa that the Spanish flag was struck to that truly noble warrior Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, who conducted the siege, and who, so far from avenging the obstinacy of the defence, held it up as an example of heroism to his own soldiers, and, having declared it unequalled in ancient or modern times, called upon them to spare the inhabitants from the horrors usually awaiting a fortress carried by storm.

On the 25th of February General St. Cyr, at the battle of Vals, routed the Spaniards, and took their artillery at the point of the bayonet—a weapon the French army used with great success

against the undisciplined corps of the Iberian Peninsula, but which they have never wielded without being worsted against the soldiers of Britain.

On the 12th of March the second French expedition against Portugal took the field under Marshal Soult, and carried Chaves, where he found large magazines. Soult then defeated the Portuguese, who made a hardy resistance at Lanhozo, and the following day Oporto was obliged to receive the tri-coloured flag. On the 27th, however, the allies had a turn in their favour, when the British and Spanish troops took Vigo. On the 29th of the same month the Bishop of Oporto, a patriot in lawn sleeves, with his crosier in one hand and the cross in the other, set forth, like a good shepherd, to destroy the wolves of France, under Soult; but he was vanquished and routed, with the loss of 20,000 men, killed in the battle or drowned, and 200 pieces of cannon.

The dawn of brighter days now broke upon the sacred cause of freedom and justice. On the 6th of April, Austria declared war against France; and on the 10th, Napoleon left Paris to take the field against the troops of that country, under the Archduke Charles. At the opening of this campaign

Austria had in the field, including the landwehr or militia, 550,000 men in Germany and Italy, while the French had not above 200,000, including the troops furnished by the Confederation of the Rhine.

CHAPTER V.

Lieut. Meerhay joins the *Vestal*—Sir John Douglas—Caroline Princess of Wales—The Defence of Acre—Djezzar Pacha—Capture of the French Flotilla—Major Oldfield—Arrival at Acre of Hassan Bey's fleet—The British in the Breach—Redeeming act of Djezzar Pasha—Retreat of the French—Sir Sidney Smith—Anecdotes—Nazareth.

WE must now raise our telescope and give a glance at the sea. In the beginning of this year, having been recalled from the recruiting service (among the Lancashire Witches) to join the headquarters at Woolwich, I was soon embarked in the command of a detachment of Royal Marines, in his Majesty's pretty little frigate of 28 guns, the *Vestal*, under the orders of Captain E. L. Graham ; a good fellow, and who had been a lieutenant with Sir Edward Pellew, when, in conjunction with his friend Reynolds, they drove the French 74 on shore.

While I was doing duty at Woolwich I became acquainted with Sir John Douglas, one of the

field-officers of that division of Marines. The distinguished part Sir John had taken in the glorious defence of Acre, with Sir Sidney Smith, and for which he had been knighted by George III., had singled him out from amongst the bold many of the corps. Douglas bore his "heart" upon his shield, and was descended from those heroes of the north whom verse and legendary tale have handed down from generation to generation as of romantic and daring character. The Douglasses occupied a villa near Greenwich Park, and lived in good style. At their table I first met the ill-fated Princess of Wales, then heiress to that mighty throne from which she was afterwards sought to be hurled by her own husband and the ministers of England. Caroline Princess of Wales was at that time a fascinating woman; she possessed almost overpowering spirits, but was without guile and artless as a child. She well knew the Douglas's foible, and therefore, as soon as the dessert was laid and the servants had withdrawn, she playfully touched him upon a chord to which he always responded with a smile and a bumper of claret. "Come, Sir John," said the Princess, "we must drink our old toast,—the glorious memory of the Defence of Acre." At this, off went the chevalier like a Congreve rocket.

I was enchanted as he repeated the well-known details of this famous conflict, in which Napoleon was, for the first and last time, save the great exception of Waterloo, personally opposed to, *and beaten by*, a British commander. The only chance of Sir John's being checked in the career of his many-times-told tale was in the veto of his lady; but that was withheld by her exceeding partiality for the chief hero of the defence, Sir Sidney Smith, whose praises she loved to hear. The Douglas touched all the chords with the skill of an eyewitness and a master. He told us how the Turks were assured by the Council and inspired by the intrepidity of Sir Sidney Smith—how the assault was delayed by repeated sallies on the besiegers—how, and under what touching circumstances, the brave Major Oldfield, of the marines, fell in the sortie to destroy the mine. His eye rolled with a fine frenzy at the recollection of the strife, and for a moment he seemed lost in the intensity of his feelings. Then, like the last minstrel,

“He caught his measure wild,—

The old man raised his head and smil'd,”—

and gave us such a relation of the heroism displayed at Acre, of the rage of Bonaparte, and the disappointment of his troops, that even those

who had heard him over and over again listened with attention, and with that sort of agreeable association of the past and the present with which one always hears the national anthem of " God save the King." The peculiar character of *the defence of Acre* is, that Bonaparte, who had never before been beaten, commanded in person, and that the repulse of this formidable land attack was commanded by a British seaman, supported by British marines. Sir Sidney Smith, independently of his authority as commodore, had been clothed with the powers of minister extraordinary to the Sublime Porte, where he arrived on the 2nd of January, 1799, in the Tigre, of 80 guns. Thence he proceeded to Asia, he bearing with him the signet of the Sultan Selim.

Bonaparte opened the Syrian campaign with 12,000 men and some cannon, and had proceeded onward with his usual success, when Sir Sidney Smith, who arrived off Alexandria on the 8th of March, 1799, was informed by Commodore Trowbridge (whom he that day relieved in the command), that the French General was marching on St. Jean d'Acre. Having sent the *Theseus* off Jaffa on a particular service, he proceeded himself in the Tigre, of 80 guns, with some small vessels,

to the Bay of Acre, where he anchored on the 15th of the same month.

The monster in human shape who at this time commanded Acre, and who had but the negative virtue of personal courage, with "a thousand crimes," was *Djezzar* Pasha, his first name signifying his office of Bourreau, or executioner of the Bey. This ruffian, who had been more or less a rebel for twenty years, was to be recast by the Christian commodore, who immediately undertook to say that *Djezzar's* resistance to the French should be used as a means of his reconciliation with the Sultan, whom his insubordination had so long offended. Taming a tiger would not have been a more difficult task than bringing *Djezzar* to anything like rational sense, even of his own interest. Address, conciliation, firmness, and resolution, were the expedients, by turns, resorted to, and happily not without success, till at last Sir Sidney was able to use *Djezzar* as Bruno did his dogs, for his own protection, and to fly at the throats of his enemies. But there never was such a monster as our Christian hero's confederate, and the partaker of his lasting military fame.

Let us pause a moment, and take a peep at his story. Ahmad, *alias* *Djezzar* Pasha, was born

in the province of Bosnia, and at sixteen years of age escaped to Constantinople, to avoid prosecution and punishment for an atrocious attempt to violate his brother's wife. In the narrow hiding-places of the ancient Byzantium he might have starved in safety, had he not sold himself to a slave-merchant, who carried him to Egypt. At Cairo he was purchased by Ali Bey, who took a fancy to him, and put him amongst his Mamelukes. Ahmad soon became distinguished for a perfect contempt of danger and an insinuating address, qualities which made him invaluable as a double-edged tool in the hands of a cruel tyrant. Had Ali a rival Bey or obnoxious Cachéf to put out of the way, Ahmad was immediately put in requisition, and his return, with the head of his victim on a halbert, proved his terrible success. Such success must be recompensed : so he was favoured by Ali with confidence and gold, and by his comrades and companions with the surname of Djezzar, Egorgeur, or executioner. But the star of his fortune was dimmed by blood, and the weapon became dangerous to the hand that used it. Ali Bey was of a dark, suspicious nature ; a sense of obligation was irksome to him, and he imagined an affront and cause of complaint against his neighbour and benefactor, Saléh Bey.

As the shadow follows the light, so did death succeed suspicion in the mind of Ali. -

He sent for Djezzar, and demanded the head of Saléh ; but, whether from some secret view, or some undefined feeling of remorse, or a strange interest for his destined prey, Djezzar not only refused the bloody mission, but remonstrated with his master. A mocking devil sat upon the lip of Ali, and his eye fell darkly upon Amhad, whom he put in arrest. On learning the following day that Mohammed Bey had accepted his office and murdered Saléh, Djezzar felt that he must again seek security by flight ; and, having escaped the vigilance of his guard, he hid himself again in the City of many Towers. There he wished to obtain an employment of trust equal to that he executed so exactly in Egypt ; but, as he approached the portals of power with empty though blood-stained hands, he was dismissed at the gate by the Swiss. Despair again drove him forth, and he embarked in a vessel bound to Syria, determined to engage as a common soldier in the service of the first Pasha who would hire him. Chance threw him amongst the *Druzes*, and he ate salt in the house of the Kyaya of the Emir Yousef. Soon after he repaired to Damas, where

the interest of his host, the Kyaya, obtained for him the appellation of Aga, with the command of six colours, or a body of 50 men. By and by the Emir of the Druzes intrusted him with the government of Bayruth ; but he had hardly taken the command when he betrayed his new master, and with his own hand planted the standard of the Sultan on the walls of the town. The Emir Yousef, furious at his treason, called on the Pacha of Damas for redress, but, being wearied with assurances that were forgotten as soon as made, he joined *Dahers*, Scheick or Chief of one of the most powerful tribe of Arabs on the coast ; a treaty, offensive and defensive, was signed between them ; and they immediately besieged Bayruth. The place was attacked from the land approaches by the allied troops, and bombarded from the sea by two Russian frigates, whose co-operation the Emir and the Scheick had purchased for 600 purses (9000*l.*). Djezzar's defence was as desperate as his situation. His resistance surprised and excited the admiration of his enemies ; so that, when he was at the last extremity, and every ray of hope had passed away, he offered to surrender to the Scheick, who, charmed with his courage, readily received his submission, and, glad

to obtain and attach to his interest so brave a fellow, he immediately conveyed him to St. Jean d'Acre, which place belonged to him, and was the capital of his small dominion. Such men ever run into extremes. His friendship for, and confidence in, his prisoner, was without limit ; he not only struck off his chains, but placed him amongst his superior officers, and endowed him with the command of an expedition into Palestine. No sooner was the muzzle off the villain, (who must have been born a traitor,) than he betrayed his new benefactor, went over to the Turks, and engaged in the service of the Pasha of Damas.

In a little while a war between the Porte and the Pashas of Syria furnished Djezzar with an opportunity of developing himself to the Capitan Pasha, or Commander-in-chief of the Ottoman fleet. Having taken care to get employed near the Turkish Admiral, he wheedled himself into his confidence, and got leave to accompany him to an attack on St. Jean d'Acre. Thus, his knowledge both of persons and of the locality, aided by his subtle and daring nature, enabled him to excite a revolt and carry the town, and all but capture the person of his former benefactor, the Scheick Dahers, who had hardly time to throw

himself on his horse, and escape by the land gate. The women of his seraglio sought to follow him, but were pursued by the ruthless Ahmad. Dahers stopped to succour, and, if possible, to save, the beautiful companions of his flight; and, supported by a few faithful followers who had come up, he made a rally, and attempted to cover their retreat. But the bloody Djezzar was there, and with one blow of his poniard he struck Dahers dead at his feet—*the man to whom he stood indebted for life and freedom!* The body of this betrayed and murdered master lay bleaching near the city which he had governed, no one daring to give it burial, till it was forgotten, except by a few attached Arabs, who collected his bones and placed them in a grave, which they covered with a single stone, and on which they simply traced his name,

“ DAHERS,”

in the Arabic character.

The part which Djezzar took in the capture of Acre, however shocking in its nature, procured his appointment to be Pasha of it, and of Saïd (Sidon). From this moment his career advanced. The government of Damas was added to Acre and Sidon, and he became the most powerful chief

on the Syrian coast. But that which gave additional éclat to his power was the swelling title of "Emir-adji" (Prince of Pilgrims), which was attached to the office of Pasha of Damas. Nor was this merely a nominal dignity : it engaged him to give escort, as far as Mecca, to the various caravans of pilgrims who yearly paid a visit to the Holy City. This duty not only required the "Emir-adji" to protect the pious pilgrims on their weary way, but it obliged him, *under indemnity*, to supply the wants of the caravans, and to contract with the Arabs of the desert for the transport of men and necessaries. This, to a man of Djezzar's genius for trick and cupidity, was made the means of prodigious profit. Once in possession of his power, Djezzar was able to indulge in his horrid propensity for pillage and blood. The territories which were united under his sway, and over which he held independent sovereignty, had no refuge from his power. He was absolute master of the lives and properties of his subjects ; and every day saw him increase in cruelty and confiscation.

It would be sickening to follow the monster through his course of carnage ; but some instances may be quoted from his historian, the late *Louis*

Dameisian, from whose interesting Travels in Syria and the Desert my materials for this notice have been taken.

Of the two capitals of his dominions, Djazzar chose Acre for his residence, a preference most probably given to the position of the place, which was almost an island, therefore safe from surprise and easy of defence. His favourite dwelling was in a kiosque or chapel belonging to his palace, the windows of which commanded the principal street of the city.

Every morning he came into this kiosque, and took his seat on a cushion or divan, which was so placed that he could at his ease examine every individual who appeared in the street ; and, if it so happened, (as it frequently did happen,) that a passenger had either a look or manner or dress that displeased the Pasha, he sent one of his officers to invite him to his presence. If the invitation was declined, force was employed, and the unfortunate victim soon found himself before the terrible Pasha. He, of course, with trembling voice and shaking frame, begged to know the pleasure of his Highness ? “ Thy face displeases me,” answered the mocking Pasha ; “ thou hast a squinting eye.” He would then order one of his officers to split

the nose of the stranger, or cut off his ear, or to punch out the offensive eye,—or perhaps do the bloody business himself. One day he was in his divan, and in the act of being shaved, when a Turk crossed the street, with what the tyrant considered an awkward gait. He instantly ordered him up, and then directed his “Birber-bachi,” or chief barber, to tear out one of his eyes. The poor barber was frightened, and hesitated. “Ho! ho!” cried Djezzar, “you have qualms, have you? Come hither, sirrah! and I’ll give you a lesson.” The chief barber drew nigh, when the cruel Pasha thrust the fore-finger of his right hand into the socket of his eye, and forced out the ball, which he seized between his finger and thumb, tore it apart, and threw it in his victim’s face.

On another occasion the fancy took him, as he was reclining on his sofa, to have every man who appeared in the street arrested and brought before him. They were ranged on either side of him till their numbers filled the place. “O! Pasha,” said his officer, “what is thy will? no more can be brought into thy terrible presence for want of room.” Djezzar raised himself up, and his searching eye passed over the trembling crowd. Then sinking back, as if wearied with looking, he said,

“ Hang the persons on my left hand, and give a good breakfast to those on my right !”

So sweeping a sentence, however,—so wicked and wilful a sacrifice of human life,—produced great consternation in the city. The wives, children, and relations of so many martyrs to the capricious tyrant rushed to his palace, and filled the air with their cries and lamentations. Still the work of murder in cold blood proceeded, and, as the last victim perished on the cord, Djezzar appeared at his window, and thus addressed the people : “ What would ye of me ? I am but the executioner of the will of God.” “ *It is written—it is written,*” superstitiously repeated the families of the victims ; and they went their way.

If a baker, butcher, or other merchant, was reported to sell short of measure or weight, Djezzar would disguise himself, go to the shop, and ascertain the fact, and, if proved, the tongue of the culprit was instantly torn out to a sufficient length to nail him by it to the door of his shop. Sometimes the ear was preferred to attach the offender by. But neither of these monstrous inventions of torture satisfied this Pasha. If a butcher happened to be the delinquent, he was hung by the chin in his own shambles, amidst the meat ex-

posed for sale, and there left to linger or die during a whole day.

The existence of such a monster could only be protected by spies, and death awaited even suspicion;—for it was better, he declared, that ninety and nine innocent beings should be immolated, than that *one* guilty of even imagining his death should be abroad. It once happened that an eaves-dropping *mouchard* brought word to Djezzar that there was a project amongst his servants to murder his favourite physician, who was besides a Frenchman, and the object of their jealousy and hatred. This promised sport to the Pasha, who disguised himself as one of his grooms, and at night went into the stables and entered into the project of the conspirators, who, thinking him one of themselves, entertained him with all the particulars of their plan. The artful, bloody, and dexterous Djezzar suggested some improvements to insure success without risk, and concluded by asking to be allowed himself to give the fatal blow. It may be naturally supposed that such a test of intrepidity was not refused. A ladder was required to mount upon a terrace, over which the physician was to pass, and Djezzar undertook to have the ladder ready for the following night. When the

time arrived, it was agreed that he should first mount upon the terrace, and then make the signal for his confederates to ascend the ladder one after another as he wanted them, each waiting for the sign. In due time the disguised Pasha went up the ladder, and took his station on the terrace. The signal was made, and the first groom mounted; but no sooner had he put his foot on the terrace than his head rolled to the ground under the blow of Djezzar. The signal was repeated—a second servant ascended—and another head fell beneath the scimitar. And so he continued to call them up and to destroy them, till in a quarter of an hour all his new allies, to the number of ten, lay headless trunks upon the terrace. When the last lay stretched dead before him, and he had assured himself there was no lingering victim left, he coolly wiped and sheathed his gory sword, descended and removed the ladder, retired to his room in the chapel, and slept.

The next morning, when the doctor passed over the terrace, he started back, and was appalled at seeing the heads and carcasses of the grooms stretched along the way and floating in blood; he crept with terror to the chamber of Djezzar, who listened and frowned, then laughed, and told him the story.

Many years after the death of the villain Djezzar Pasha, mutilated victims to his capricious cruelty might be seen in the streets of Acre, and amongst them no less a personage than his Malhim-hahim (Minister of Finance), an honest Jew, who served the same office in the reign of his successor, and who had the rare reputation, for one of his race, of fair and liberal dealing. This high functionary had an eye, an ear, and part of his nose torn away by the ferocity of the Bey, and he endeavoured to mask his misfortunes under patches and a wig.

Still, by the imposing qualities of his valour, and the distinguished part he took in the chivalrous defence of Acre, the memory of Djezzar is held in awe and veneration by his survivors and successors in this famous city. To be sure, it was here the career of Bonaparte was first stopped; it was here that his attacks failed. He who had passed a triumphant army over the tortuous track of the chamois, and rode rough-shod, as it were, across the Alps, could not penetrate the single gate of Acre. Here was the check to the expedition to the East; for, had Acre fallen, the aspect of affairs in Europe and in India might have marvellously changed.

The city of Acre stands, like Cadiz, in the midst of the sea, and therefore affords great facilities for naval co-operation and determined defence. Yet, when Sir Sidney Smith landed there, and showed Djezzar the powers he brought from the Sultan to do all things in his name, and take whatever measures he thought best to resist the progress of the French forces in Syria, he found the Pasha restless and undecided. He began by showing the commodore a statement (from a cavalry officer of the name of La Salle, who had been brought in prisoner) of a formidable force, with which Bonaparte was marching to attack him, as well as a summons sent in by the French General for the surrender of the place. But as yet Djezzar had by no means satisfied himself that it was his interest either to oppose the French or to defend the town. After some desultory conversation the British commodore pressed these questions and insisted on positive answers, adding, with some warmth, "In ten minutes the batteries from that ship (pointing to the *Tigre's* broadside) will blow your palace about your ears."

"That cannot happen *while you are here*," said the Pasha coolly and significantly.

"*Raison de plus*," retorted the sturdy seaman:

“ my orders are given, the men are at their guns, their matches are lighted, and the bare suspicion that I may be *detained* would be sufficient for prompt proceedings. In short, Pasha,” continued the Commodore, “ you have no alternative between obedience to the Sultan, whose power I hold, or in being now arrested, and sent a prisoner on board that ship, when *I will defend the town.*”

The devil had met his match at last, and more than his match, in a truly Christian hero; one whom the milk of human kindness has softened into a being so mild, so gentle, and yet so firm and brave, that his description is given in Bayard's motto, “ *Sans peur et sans reproche.*”

Djezzar Pasha, thus placed on the horns of a dilemma, and obliged to choose, paused for a moment; then stretched forth his hand to the British Commodore, and swore, by the beard of the Prophet, “ *that Acre never should surrender.*”

Every effort was now made to put the town in the best condition to meet the meditated attack. Its ruins were repaired, its defences strengthened, and the skill of colonel Philippeaux, of the artillery (a contemporary with Napoleon at the academy of Brieune), and who accompanied Sir Sidney in the Tigre, was conspicuously useful. On the night of

the 17th the enemy's advanced guard was discovered at the foot of Mount Carmel, by the boats of the Tigre, in which the British Commodore was himself rowing guard. These troops, not expecting to find a naval force of any description in Syria, occupied the beach, and were therefore exposed to a fire of grape-shot from the boats, which was instantly opened with astonishing effect. It threw them into indescribable confusion, blew their tents to ribbons, and drove them for safety beyond the range of the guns, to the acclivities of the mountains. Bonaparte, with the main body of the army, finding the approach along the beach and Mount Carmel so dangerous, made a detour inland and invested the town on the eastern side, but not without being much harassed by the Samaritan Arabs, who were more formidable, as well as more inimical to the French, than the Egyptians, being better armed. At the moment of taking up his position before Acre, Bonaparte had only two 12-pounders; but the battering-train for carrying on the siege was expected by water from Jaffa—a circumstance not unknown to the Commodore; so a sharp look-out to seaward was kept on board the Tigre. The enemy's flotilla had captured the Torride, and was smoothly rounding Mount Carmel,

when it was discovered from the mast-head of the Commodore. It consisted of a corvette, and nine sail of gun-vessels. Appalled at the sight of the British flag, they endeavoured to fly ; but the Tigre was under weigh as if by magic. Our guns soon reached them, and seven struck their colours. The corvette, containing Bonaparte's private property, and two small vessels, escaped ; for it was necessary to discontinue the chase in order to secure the prizes. And *what* a prize was their cargo ! —the battering-train of artillery, ammunition, platforms, and all the “*matériel précieux*” destined for the attack of Acre, and which, as Sir Sidney very naïvely observes, was so much wanted for its defence. The captured vessels were anchored off the town, manned from our ships, and employed in harassing the enemy's posts, impeding his approaches, and in covering the ships' boats, which were sent further in-shore, to cut off supplies and provisions coming coast-wise. We took their bark ; so they had neither tan nor leather ; and captured their sulphur, and prevented their making gunpowder. The battering-train was landed and mounted on the works of the town.

While these important operations were going

on Lieutenants Bushby, Inglefield, Knight, and Stokes, and, though last, not least, Lieutenant Burton of the marines, particularly distinguished themselves. During five days and nights this flotilla and our boats incessantly worried the enemy, and by their brilliant example encouraged the Turks. The guns were fought by alternate watches, so that our men were either nodding or fighting ; while the enemy had no respite. At last the old saw about an ill wind was once again exemplified ; for a stormy equinoctial gale, blowing right into the unsheltered anchorage at Acre, compelled the Tigre and the squadron to put to sea, which they kept till the 6th of April, when the weather moderated, and they returned to the attack.

During their unlucky absence the enemy had pushed their approaches to the counterscarp, and even to the ditch of the N. E. angle of the town wall ; where they were employed in *mining* the tower, and endeavouring to increase a breach they had already made in it, but which was not practicable, although they had attempted to storm during the absence of the squadron, on the 1st instant. This mine immediately became a subject of great anxiety, and it was determined to attack it with

the marines and seamen of the squadron, while the Turks assaulted the trenches on both its flanks. The sally took place purposely before daylight on the 7th ; but, with such noisy and ill-disciplined allies as the Turks, surprise could hardly be hoped for. However, their deficiency in caution was supplied by their valour, and success attended the enterprise. Lieutenant Wright (whose mysterious death, at another period, throws suspicion on the character of Napoleon) led the seamen, and was admirably supported in this desperate service by Major Douglas, Captain of the Marines of the *Tigre*, to whom the local rank of Colonel was given, to enable him to command the Turkish superior officers. Major Oldfield, who commanded the *Theseus's* marines, fell gloriously, at the head of his men ; and Lieutenants Wright and Beatty, of the marines, were wounded—Lieutenant Wright so severely, that, with Mr. Janvoim and others, he would not have had strength to get out of the enemy's trenches if he had not been rescued and brought away by Douglas.

The mine was now searched to the bottom, its direction verified, its supports pulled down, and the work destroyed.

The retreat to the garrison was covered by the

fire of the *Theseus*, who had taken up a position for the purpose.

The Turks, on their part, and in proof of their terrible prowess, brought in sixty men's heads, besides muskets and intrenching tools, which were an irreparable loss to the besiegers. The possession of the body of the brave Major Oldfield became an object of strife between his comrades and the enemy, after the retreat of the former to the lines. A hook rope from the wall caught his coat, and another part of his dress was taken hold of by a hook fastened to the end of a sponge-staff from the trenches. Each party pulled with all their strength, when the coat was torn away, and the body was obtained by the French, who, under the direction of Bonaparte, buried it with military honours, as was notified to the Commodore by an official letter signed Alexander Berthier. When the corpse was laid out at head-quarters, General Bonaparte sent for the prisoners taken in the *Tigre's* launch at Kaiffa, and asked them if those were not the remains of Sir Sidney Smith ; and he seemed unwilling to believe their denial. The remaining part of the scarlet uniform however, the Major's commission, and a certificate of his distinguished services at the Cape of Good Hope, found in the one pocket left,

proved his identity, and caused his memory to be respected by him who, with all his faults, was brave himself, and ever showed "*honneur aux braves.*"

Nothing daunted by their late reverse, the enemy continued to make the most vigorous efforts to carry the place ; and the Commodore, in his official letter, written under the walls of Acre on the 2nd of May, states, " that the garrison made occasional sorties, under the cover of our boats, in which the most essential service was rendered by Lieutenant Brodie and Mr. Atkinson, of the *Theseus*, and Mr. Joes, the master of the *Tigre.*"

" Yesterday," he continues, " the French, after many hours' tremendous cannonade from 30 guns, brought from Jaffa, made a fourth attempt to mount the breach, but were repulsed with loss ; and nothing but desperation could have urged them on—for the *Tigre* was moored on one side the town, and the *Theseus* on the other, and flanked its walls ; while gun-boats, launches, and rowing-boats enfiladed their trenches and worried them to madness."

During these operations some of our bravest and best fell ; amongst them Capt. Wilmot, who was shot by a rifleman in the trenches. Colonel

Philipeaux, too, of the engineers, who had planned and superintended the execution of the works for the defence, fell, from fatigue, fever, and exhaustion. Colonel Douglass, of the marines, who had hitherto acted with him and under him, succeeded to his place ; while Lieut. Knight, on the ramparts, kept up an incessant fire within half-pistol-shot of the enemy.

Things went on in this desperate way till the 30th of May, when Sir Sidney Smith was able to inform his government that Bonaparte's expedition to Syria had completely failed, and that, after *fifty-three days' siege*, the enemy had retreated.

The tiger was now turned, foiled if not vanquished : Acre was delivered, and India safe from depredation. In his letter to Lord Nelson, giving the details of these chivalrous and hardly credible proceedings, Sir Sidney says, " Our best mode of defence had been frequent sorties, to keep *them* on the defensive and impede the progress of their covering works. We have thus been *in one continued battle* ever since the beginning of the siege, interrupted only at short intervals by excessive fatigue on both sides." Like mastiffs they lay down to pant, then rose to fight again.

But their means were wasting away, and they

stood in great need of reinforcement, which had been delayed in consequence of Hassan Bey having been ordered to join Sir Sidney in Egypt, but who had shown some reluctance to do so. However, on the evening of the 7th of May, being the fifty-first day of the siege, Hassan, with his fleet of corvettes and transports, made his appearance. The approach of this additional strength spurred Bonaparte to a vigorous, persevering, and desperate assault, in the hope of carrying the town before the reinforcement to the garrison could disembark. "The constant fire of the besiegers," says the Commodore, "was suddenly increased tenfold. Our flanking fire from afloat was, as usual, plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements to protect him from it." The enemy were gaining ground, and had made a lodgment in the second story of the north-east tower, and at daylight the French flag was floating on the outward angle of the tower. Our fire had slackened, while that of the enemy had increased : he had covered himself in this lodgment and the approach to it by traverses across the ditch, which were formed of dead bodies and sand-bags, over the top of which the French bayonets bristled. Hassan

Bey's troops were in the boats, and pulling—but only half-way on shore. It was at this most critical point of the contest that it was necessary to make a last effort—a sort of death struggle—to preserve the place till the reinforcement arrived. The Commodore, therefore, instantly landed at the Mole, with his boats'-crews armed with pikes, and, with Douglass and his marines, rushed to the ramparts. There they found the Turks striking down the assailants with heavy stones, which they threw upon their heads. As these fell, others mounted on their bodies to scale the breach. The muzzles of the muskets touched, the spear-heads of the standards locked—but *the British were in the breach!*

What a scene for a picture ! If the hero of a thousand battles is to be depicted on the bridge of Arcola, leading his men, and forcing their way across it, give me the hero of Acre, stopping up the breach with Douglass and the marines and seamen, and obliging the victor at Arcola to retreat across the sands of Syria !

Djezzar Pasha, on being told *the English were at the breach*, quitted his station (where, according to the custom of his country, he was sitting to reward those who brought him the heads of the enemy, and distributing cartridges with his own

hands), and flew to the spot. When he got there at the head of his men he disputed for the post of danger and honour, declaring that if his English friends were killed all was lost. This was indeed a redeeming act in his atrocious life, and who would wish to deprive him of the benefit of it ?

Meanwhile the first body of Hassan Bey's troops came up. On Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount stood Bonaparte, surrounded by his generals and staff. His gesticulation indicated a renewal of the attack, and his despatching an aide-de-camp showed that he waited only for a reinforcement. Some alteration was now made in the disposition of our squadron, in consequence of the arrival of Hassan's ships ; when, a little before sunset, a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with steady steps. The Pasha's idea was not to defend the breach this time ; but, according to the Turkish mode of defence, to let some of them in, and then fall upon them. The enemy's column thus mounted the breach unopposed, and descended from the rampart into the Pasha's garden ; where, in a few minutes, the bravest and foremost amongst them lay headless corpses ; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for a French bayonet. The rest re-

treated precipitately ; their commanding officer was carried off wounded by a musket-shot, and General Rombauid was killed. After so many repulses, it struck the Commodore that the superstition of the Syrians, as to the invincibility and almost charmed life of their Gallic invaders, must be on the wane. He therefore wrote a circular letter to the princes and chiefs of the Christians of Mount Lebanon, and also to the Sheikhs of the Druses, recalling them to a sense of their duty, and engaging them to cut off the supplies to the French camp. This letter had the desired effect. They sent envoys to promise not only friendship but obedience ; and, as a proof of their sincerity, they sent out parties to arrest any of the mountaineers who were carrying wine or powder to the enemy, and soon placed 80 prisoners of this description in the Commodore's power. By these means Bonaparte's career northward was effectually checked by a war-like people occupying a difficult country. General Kleber's division had been recalled from the fords of the Jordan ; and, from its fame and discipline, was expected to carry the obstinate town : but, after various ineffectual efforts, counteracted by a successful sortie from the Turkish Chifflich regiment, the French troops, sickened with disappoint-

ment and disgust, at last refused to go to the breach over the putrid bodies of their unburied comrades. Subordination being thus shaken and hope destroyed, nothing was left for Bonaparte and his army but retreat ; which they did in the night between the 20th and 21st of May ; when the English flag was hoisted at the Consul's house—under which the Pasha and Sir Sidney Smith met, “and made it an asylum for all religions of every description of the surviving inhabitants.”

I have been led into long details of the renowned defence of Acre. But it forms so dazzling a spot in the escutcheons of my personal friends, and so luminous a page in the history of the Marine Corps, that I have not dwelt longer upon its merits than they deserve ; so, at least, impartial judges will allow—and I appeal to none other.

I will conclude my story of Acre with an extract from that part of the King's speech which alluded to its defence, when George III. opened his Parliament on the 24th of the September following.—“The French expedition to Egypt has continued to be productive of calamity and disgrace to our enemies ; whilst its ultimate views against our Eastern possessions have been utterly confounded. The desperate attempt which they

have lately made to extricate themselves from their difficulties has been defeated by the Turkish forces, directed by the skill and animated by the heroism of a British officer (Sir Sidney Smith), with a small portion of my naval and marine force under his command."

It is almost forty years since these events happened, and I still enjoy the society of this skilful and heroic British officer. Though now an old man, his mind retains all its freshness and vigour. His gray hairs fall in profusion on his still handsome countenance, and his manners are so mild and conciliating that the little children go to him. He likes good fellowship—kindles over his claret, and fights his battles "o'er and o'er again ;" and, while concluding a social evening, with a cigar, will put a match to the mind and show how the day was won.—A braver or a better man never breathed, and few have so much general information, or a more attractive way of communicating it. When in authority his power has always been directed to the purposes of benevolence and humanity. With the Sultan's signet, he comparatively tamed the savage Pasha ;—threw open the dungeons of Acre, and delivered even his enemies from death.

He went to Syria soon after he had broken the bolts of the prison of the Temple at Paris,—in which he had been immured for two years, in the same cachot from which Louis XVI. and the beautiful Marie Antoinette passed to the scaffold.

Although during that period he suffered enough to make him hate his species, his amiable character underwent no change; his tranquillity of mind never left him. From the bars of his prison he contrived to establish a sort of telegraphic communication, and procured money, with which he conciliated his gaoler and bought information and succour. It was then, he declares, that he studied mankind, and became acquainted with himself: for, (to use his own words,) “if two years’ solitary communion with a man’s own heart in a dungeon does not make him know himself, nothing can.”

Possessed of astonishing intellectual resources and fertile invention, he contrived the whole plan of his escape, and brought it to bear; and when he had so far succeeded, and reached the coast, and met the boatman, already engaged to his service, he directed him exactly how to shape his course, and pointed out the spot where, according to the wind and tide, he would most probably fall in

with the British squadron. They went out with the fishing-vessels, and, as soon as they had got the offing, steered to the indicated ground, where, sure enough, they found the squadron which, two years before, he had himself commanded.

The boat was received alongside His Majesty's ship the ————, of ——— guns; the disguised Commodore sprung to the deck, and was announced to the Captain as a British subject escaping from a French prison to England.

"Pray, Sir, tell me," said the Captain, anxiously, "how is our beloved commander? how do they treat him? how is Sir Sidney Smith?"

"*As you see him: he stands now before you,*" was the reply.

Nine-and-thirty years afterwards, when the illustrious seaman told me the story, the spring-tide rose to his eyes, and his heart was baffled, when he added with deep emotion,—“These were sweet sounds, and at the very instant, too, when I felt that *I was myself again.*”

I must add, that Sir Sidney cherishes all his old prejudices against Napoleon—he either cannot, or will not, comprehend or allow the talent or genius of that wonderful man. Amongst other things, Sir Sidney Smith ever repeats the

charge he first launched against Bonaparte, and which Sir Robert Wilson subsequently repeated, of the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa. He declares "that Desgurnet, the physician, refused Napoleon's order to administer the death-drug, but that Royer did it;" and he added, that "Royer owned to his doing so to Hutchinson in my presence."

Now what are the facts of the case? In the hospital at Jaffa there were certain French soldiers attainted to a *hopeless degree* by the plague. *There Bonaparte had visited them, and touched them*, to encourage their attendants not to be afraid of contagion in giving them every assistance; but when a precipitate retreat became as peremptorily necessary as their removal or cure was impossible, he advised the physician to put them beyond the reach of the avenging Turk, who was coming quickly on with torture and lingering agony;—who would have flayed them piecemeal, and killed them by inches.—Say, reader, if thou hadst a brother, a comrade, or a dear friend in similar circumstances—what wouldst thou have done?—I, God forgive me! should have offered the poisoned cup; and, if the chances of war shall ever place me in so cruel a position, I

trust compassion will be at hand to do as much for me.

I was always glad to get Sir Sidney off this point,—one of the few upon which we did not agree,—and to get him to make an excursion into the neighbourhood of Acre ; before leaving which finally, I must observe that, just without the wall of the town, Djezzar Pasha built a beautiful mosque ; the interior court of which is paved with marble, and contains his tomb—into which he descended at an advanced age, without suffering that violent death which his cruelties and crimes, if punished in this world, would assuredly have subjected him to. But “ it was *not* so written ; ” on the contrary, his name (as connected with the astonishing defence of Acre) is held in high and almost superstitious reverence by the inhabitants of the town and country. Nazareth, the birth-place of our Saviour, is the only outlet from the garrison by land ; thither the Commodore often rode, and, on one occasion, saved the lives of many convicts who had fallen under the displeasure of Djezzar, for even he, absolute as the tyrant was, dared not refuse to obey the pleasure of the British Knight, who bore the signet of the Sultan. At Nazareth a church has been built upon the spot where

Joseph and the Virgin dwelt, before their dwelling was transported on the wings of the wind to Loretto. This edifice is called the Church of the Annunciation; beneath the high altar you descend an excavation in the rock, and find two columns of granite; one marking the spot where Mary was sitting when the Angel Gabriel saluted her as the Mother of God, and the other is where the Angel stood when he delivered the annunciation. Here is the locality in which Joseph, the guardian of the infant Jesus, carried on the occupation of a carpenter, and the synagogue in which the Saviour expounded the text of Isaiah, and excited the enmity of his countrymen.—Here is the room in which he ate the Last Supper, and the precipice over which the multitude sought to hurl him.—Nazareth is situated in a beautiful vale, surrounded by a belt of rocky hills, which seem to shut it out from the world; here Jesus was born—to this spot he returned—in this still smiling and verdant valley he passed the days of his youth—here he ripened into manhood, and died;—after, by precept and example, giving us lessons which, even as regard our welfare and happiness on this side the grave, entitled him to our adoration and respect as the greatest and kindest moralist

the world ever saw ; but, as regards his divine mission, I do not presume to speak of him here.

The general features of the surrounding country are flat and uninteresting ; in the distance you behold a fine line of hills, called the Mountains of Israel, and which divide the Holy Land into two equal parts—cities, aqueducts, and the breakwater lay round about in ruin and decay.—“ The defenced town has become desolate, and the habitations of man a wilderness,—here the calf feeds, and the snake crawls, and the lizard shoots along the earth—on these now ruined spots Peter converted Cornelius, and St. Paul defended himself against the Jews,—by yon river called Kishon, Elijah arrested the Prophets of Baal, and ordered them to be taken down to the brook of Kishon and slain ; and they were taken down and slain. Mount Carmel, into which the Tigre’s gun-boats drove the French grenadiers for shelter, was the habitation of Elias ; and the monastery, which stands high upon it, was probably the first institution of the Carmelite Order ; legends, tales, and wonders are still told by the withered monks, who yet haunt the place.”

CHAPTER VI.

The Vestal—Rev. James Stanier Clarke—Dr. Clarke, "The Traveller"—Madeira—General Beresford—St. Michael's—Convents—The beautiful Nun.

I AM now got on board the pretty Vestal, and have proceeded in her down the Thames, through the Downs (where, by the way, I was nearly swamped in one of those surfs which are so peculiar to Deal beach, and so dangerous), and anchored at Spithead. There the Captain received his sailing orders, which were contained in what, according to Jack's vocabulary, was called "a roving commission." We were to cruise in the Atlantic, proceed to Newfoundland, and come back when the winter drew nigh. So pleasant an excursion, during which we were to touch at

Madeira, and visit the Azores, or Western Islands, induced a very agreeable person to accept Captain Graham's invitation, and accompany us *en amateur*.—The Reverend James Stanier Clarke, librarian and chaplain to the Prince of Wales, being at the time engaged, with Mr. M'Arthur, in writing the life of Lord Nelson, thought very naturally that, on board a ship, and especially a cruising and visiting ship, he might collect anecdotes, and increase his stores of information respecting the illustrious seaman whose career, services, and character, occupied all his time and attention. Poor Clarke (he has been dead some years) was brother to Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, surnamed "The Traveller." Of his brother he used to speak with great deference, often dwelling with great veneration on "his brother's book." He was a fine, handsome man, with a simplicity and primitiveness of manner ; at the same time, he was subtle, dexterous, and of this world. He was on board the frigate which brought Caroline of Brunswick to England ; and he told a story of the giddy young Princess borrowing Captain Payne's nightcap, and some other innocent hoydenisms, that were not likely to please a person of such exclusive taste as her destined husband. However,

the pastor had the tact to preserve the advantage he derived from Her Royal Highness's introduction of him to the Prince of Wales ; and, having got a place at Carlton House, and some church preferment to boot, he kept both for years after the separation of his illustrious benefactor ; and, indeed, up to the day of his death.

Captain Graham of the *Vestal* was a perfect boy for fun ; and he loved to get up a laugh at our author's expense. He used to concoct anecdotes and stories of Nelson, and have them ready cut and dried, and tell them as occasion served, or oftener get somebody else to tell them, as if by accident, after dinner. On these occasions Clarke's eye would sparkle ; he would lay down his half-broken biscuit, and listen ; and then he would say, with a chuckle—“ *that will do for my book.* ” Then out came his memoranda, and down it went with his ever-ready pencil. All this time we were absolutely expiring, and Graham's look and command of countenance were irresistible.

As we ran south, the blood, the thermometer, and our expectations, rose together ; so that, hours before we should, according to our reckoning, make the land, I was on deck with my glass looking anxiously for the famous island of Madeira,

which my imagination had portrayed as the Eden of the earth.

"Land a-head, Sir!" was called at last from the foremost truck, and repeated from the top below ; and away I scampered up the shrouds to look for it. As we approached nearer and nearer, my sanguine expectation was succeeded by disappointment—"Faith," said I, "it is not a place to make a song about, after all ; I prefer the Isle of Wight."

"And who would not?" replied little midshipman Peake. "But wait a while, Sir," he continued, "that's only Porto Santo, which is generally made before Madeira, and a barren place it is, about fifteen miles long and twelve broad : but at eight bells" (that was in about four hours) "you will not be disappointed."

Nor was I. Madeira certainly is one of the most lovely spots in the creation. The emerald set in diamonds is nothing to its beauteous green and sparkling sea. Far and wide, hill and vale, all was vineyard, or gardens of plants and flowers. The vines sprung out of ruby earth, and were bursting with fruit. Funchal, with its graceful bay in front, looks like a city of alabaster, perfumed by the sweetest flowers. The villas in the

distance seemed the dwellings of fairies, clasped by the geranium and myrtle—with wild canaries and goldfinches singing and flying around. Higher up the mountain, sheltered by the cedar and native dragon-tree, in the bosom of plants, stands the still convent, with its dark cross, towering to the sky; while the cottages which are sprinkled about, are entwined by honeysuckles; and the hedges are everywhere formed of the jasmine and the rose, the larkspur, lupin, or lily. Then the climate—which is never hot, and never cold—eternal spring and summer—all the joys of youth and of manhood, without the attenuation of age, or the misery of a long wintry decay. Noxious or venomous creatures are unknown. The harmless lizard is almost the only reptile to be seen.

Such is Madeira; and when I landed and saw a new people, heard a strange language, with foreign costumes and foreign manners—all was new, all was charming. I was enchanted, entranced with delight; I seemed to tread on air, and felt ineffably happy.

When in 1419 the Portuguese discovered this island, it was uninhabited and covered with wood. They therefore called it Madeira. In the

course of a few months a settlement was made ; domestic animals introduced ; and the vine from Cyprus, and the sugar-cane, planted. Nature did the rest ; and the sugar and wine of Madeira became famous in the world. In after-times, the sugar-cane has been removed to give more room to the vine, which bears the palm and flourishes without a rival ; unless I except (which I must in conscience do) the produce of Xeres. But, if Sherry is the king, Madeira is the queen, and Hock the prince regent of white wines. " Hock and soda-water," said Byron ; but I think, with the Spaniards, that mixing any wine with water, even soda-water, is to spoil two good things. And, as to the respective claims of Sherry and Madeira to preference, each is so good that, like race-horses of *equal* breeding, power, and speed, whichever happens to be brought to the post *in the best condition* is sure to win.

The year preceding our arrival (1808), General Beresford, with a small British force, took possession of this island, under a conditional capitulation ; and, when we arrived, the great part of his force was still there, under the command of General Meade, with a strong detachment of artillery. The officers of this corps always took

care to have a good mess, and were very hospitable. They invited us to dinner, and I made myself quite ill with the new wine; for the old is not to be bought, and only to be tasted at the tables of the merchants. To the accidental acquaintance with the Portuguese and their language which Beresford here formed, he may perhaps owe his future connexion with the Portuguese army, of which, in a very few months afterwards, he became the Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief. How the Marshal shone in all the despatches of the Duke of Wellington, through the whole course of the Peninsular war, everybody knows; and his merit as one of the regency of Portugal, as the organizer and leader of the Portuguese armies, from victory to victory, from the Tagus to the Garonne, nobody will dispute. It was no common system, and no common man, who could, in the course of a few campaigns, have brought the Portuguese Caçadores, from what they were, to be the rivals in discipline and courage of our almost incomparable 95th.

After laying in as much wine as we could stow on board, for ourselves and our friends, we weighed anchor and stood for the Azores.

During a calm, which succeeded the setting sun

of the day on which we sailed, and which lasted many hours, we caught the turtle, shark, and dolphin. The first we ate with zest, accompanied by punch, after the true aldermanic receipts. The second we destroyed with delight, and contemplated the dying beauties of the last with admiration mingled with sadness. A breeze sprung up: we fired a shot at a water-spout; and soon after made the island of St. Michael's. This island, which is the largest of the Azores, would have seemed perfect, if we had not just come from Madeira. In beauty the former is certainly inferior, though perhaps it is equal in general fertility. The chief town, Ponta del Gada, like Funchal, is very attractive from the sea, and has an air of peculiar distinction, from its convents, several of which are large and imposing buildings. How did my young blood then—ay, and how does my old blood now!—spurn at these convents, or rather prisons for life of many young and beautiful women! To cage a bird, pen up the wild panther, or even cram plants into boxes,—all these are cruel and unnatural enough!—but to lock up these syrens, the very sighs or sound of whose voice can lift one to Elysium—the very thought of it is not patiently to be borne! The priests, who are false in their

generation, would persuade us that these "weddings to the Lord," and abjuration of the joys of life, are spontaneous, voluntary, and agreeable to the inclinations of the maidens themselves. On the contrary, just before our arrival at St. Michael's two of these doomed daughters to superstition (of the convent of Hope) had declared the most positive aversion to take the black veil. Their parents persisted: in vain did they implore for grace to return to their home, to society, and the world; and, when cant and menaces and curses failed, it was insinuated to them, in terms they could not mistake, that if, at the moment when they were to pass sentence on themselves for ever, they should shrink back, the insulted interests of religion would be appeased by their "being buried alive." So that, when the moment to pronounce the fatal vow arrived, they just articulated "I swear" and fainted. The ceremony proceeded to the end, and their fate was to all appearances sealed for ever. It came to pass, however, that a gallant commander in our navy arrived in the bay, soon after, in one of his Majesty's sloops; and, hearing the sad story, felt pity, and with one of his officers went to the convent, and, after the usual forms, got permission to see the nuns at a grate. On beholding their rare

and bewitching beauty, pity soon gave place to passion, a plan of escape was arranged, and again love laughed at the locksmith. There is nothing like a ship for the ways and means of carrying off prizes ; so, before they were missed in the convent, they were on the boundless sea ;—each blessed in the arms of her sailor.

During our stay we visited most of the convents. At the convent of the Conception, I was perfectly fascinated by the beauty and accomplishments of the sister Theresa Jacinta Amalia, and I had reason to flatter myself she was also pleased with “ The Commandante de la Tropa de la Marina.”

Upon special occasions, oratorios are performed in the convents ; and, from her magnificent voice, which was very little inferior either in power or sweetness to that of Catalani, Jacinta led the choir. But she also had another duty, which, in my delirium, I fancied might give me an opportunity. When it came, however, either from fear or modesty, or perhaps from the influence of both, the occasion was comparatively lost. During a tête-à-tête at the grate, Theresa told me she had, in turn, the charge of the granary ; so that about once a fortnight the key was confided to her by the Abbess to receive flour for the use of the convent. “ By St. Peter,

it is the key to heaven!" I exclaimed. Jacinta put her finger to her pretty mouth to enjoin silence; I was dumb. "Then," she said, with a look that would have set the son of Sarai on fire,—“ then we may meet for a moment.” “ Yet, do not come,” she added, while a large tear glistened on her dark silky eyelash—“ do not come, for, if you are seen, you will be murdered or worse.” “ Never mind, never fear, Jacinta bella ;” I replied, “ La Santa Maria will protect you, and I have my sword.” “ Alas, but that will not avail you against the stiletto.” However, after a short struggle with herself, she again gave way, and said, “ Well, come then to-morrow morning at five; go to the eastern angle of the convent: just by the great window is a small postern door, with a crucifix over it; be there at five.” She murmured a short prayer, crossed herself, smiled, and went away.

I counted the hours from midnight, till four; at five, as the clock of the convent struck, I was *there*. The key was softly put into the lock, which grated as the bolt fell back, but the door immediately opened, and the beautiful form of the nun stood defined before me. I sprung within the walls, and in an instant pressed the burning lip of Jacinta. She did not resist me, but her bosom

throbbed like the caught bird. Nineteen and twenty-one, May and June. My blood boiled like lava through my veins. We were in an agony of love and fear ; but fear is a master-passion, and we trembled together. " For God's sake, for my sake, for your Jacinta, go !" Another long delicious kiss ! another longer still ! one more ! *hark ! !* — we listened — footsteps. " Fly !" exclaimed the terrified Thérèse, tearing herself from me, " fly for your life !" I pressed the vestal to my heart, and, darting out, flew to her namesake at sea

Before many days, perhaps happily for us both, the Atlantic Ocean rolled between us.

We got soundings on the great bank of Newfoundland, and pulled on board the most splendid cod-fish as fast as we could throw over the line.

A few words on leaving the Azores. They are a lovely group, and are called Maria and St. Michael, Terceira and St. George, Graciosa, Pico, and Fayal, and are situated 900 miles west of Portugal. It is now (1838) just 400 years since they were discovered by a heavy Dutchman of Bruges, called Vanderberg, who was driven on them in a storm, from whence he got safe into the Tagus. While at Lisbon he went into the cafés, and, over

his canon or dram, boasted of the discovery he had made, upon which the *then* enterprising Portuguese immediately equipped a vessel, set sail, and took possession of them, and they have retained them ever since.

The Peak of Pico is remarkably high, and is to be seen at a long distance at sea. When we entered the land-locked harbour of St. John's, the chief town of the island of Newfoundland, on the east side, which is well defended by forts, we found a British man-of-war of 50 guns, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Halloway, and a frigate moored to their anchors. The town, which has been burnt down three times since (in 1816, 1817, and 1818), has, I hope, acquired something by its misfortunes. There was ample room for improvement, for never did I behold so long and dismal a string of unsavoury dwellings as the capital of Newfoundland then presented. Although his flag was flying afloat, the governor resided on shore in one of the principal forts. This *terre-neuve*, as the French call it, so renowned for dogs and cod-fish, is an island on the east coast of North America: it was for a long time the subject of covetous dispute between us and the French, owing to the extreme value of its fisheries,

which supply, more or less, every part of Europe and the West Indies, but especially Spain and Portugal, who live on little else than dried cod during their Lent and other constantly-recurring fasts. It was finally ceded to us by treaty in 1713. The whole island is larger than England, being 350 miles long and 300 broad. It is of a triangular form, and is only separated from the coast of Labrador at the north point by the Strait of Belle Isle. The settlements which we have formed are chiefly confined to the harbours, the country about Placentia, and the bays east, in the direction of Cape Raze, and from thence to Cape "Buena Vista." This name reminds us that this land was first discovered by a Spaniard, Don Sebastian Cabot, in the year 1496. It is a cold, mountainous, and happily a woody country, for the snow covers the ground during five months in the year. During the fishing season, which begins in May and terminates in September, more than 100,000 persons are calculated to come here to cure the cod, which they take on the Great Bank, which we had crossed on the south-east side of the island. Within the last fifty years Newfoundland has trebled its population, its inhabitants being, in 1789, 25,000, and now, at least 75,000. In the

winter they occupy themselves with cutting wood and felling timber, taking the smaller kind for fuel, and which some travellers say is drawn by their large dogs, trained up and harnessed for the purpose. I do not know whether the dogs come with the season, like the cod-fish, but while I was there I never saw any of these beautiful animals. The produce of the country is wood, game, fowl, and fish, but hardly any corn, cattle, or fruit, excepting cranberries, which are to be found in perfection as well as profusion.

It pleased the dear old Admiral, one day after dinner, to determine to send the Vestal on a cruise, with a hint to call at St. Michael's, and bring back some cattle and fruit. To be sure, the run was only a thousand miles. However, saying and doing go together on board ship; so away we shot with a fair wind and a flowing sheet, and in six days had gone from the ground on which the snow lies for nearly half the year, to those favoured isles where the snow is never known to fall.

White flags from the convents told us the Vestal was welcome. We all went and carried tribute to our different divinities. Jacinta, I thought, looked paler and thinner than when I saw her last. She told me she had not sung since the frigate had

sailed, and that her guitar, like her heart, was unstrung for ever. All the pleasure I anticipated in seeing her was damped by the utter hopelessness of our attachment, so that I was not sorry to find our stay shortened to the time required to take on board some stock for ourselves and the Admiral. We then sailed, and in a fortnight were again at anchor in the harbour at St. John's.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Spithead — Action in Basque Roads — Lord Gambier and Lord Cochrane — Battle of Talavera — General Mackenzie — Expedition to Flushing.

As autumn approached the Admiral desired us to start and rove our way to England ; so, having laid in a good supply of cranberries and cods' sounds, we sailed, and, after some cruising and squalls, crosses and gales, made the Lizard, worked up Channel, and anchored full of glee at Spithead.

On landing and meeting our friends, hearing the news, and going over the files of papers, we found that some striking events had happened during our absence. The Greek islands of Zauli, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, had been rescued from French

dominion, and their own government restored. Martinique had fallen into our hands, and a commercial treaty had been entered into with America. But what interested *me* most was the attack on the French squadron in Basque Roads, upon the merits of which there has always been much diversity of opinion ; or, more clearly speaking, the question yet to be decided is, *to whom* the honour, which was indisputably gained there, of right belongs ? It was the first occasion, I think, upon which the Royal Marine Artillery had been employed ; and the subject, at the time, and at different periods since, has occupied my particular attention ; I shall, therefore, simply lay the result of my inquiries before my readers, and leave them to distribute the laurel—" *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*"

Admiral Lord Gambier, with blue at the main, on board H.M.S. the *Caledonia*, of 120 guns, Commander-in-Chief in the Channel Soundings, anchored in Basque Roads on Saint Patrick's Day, 1809, with several sail of the line and some frigates. From a suspicion which haunted him that he should be attacked by fire-ships from Rochfort, he wrote to the Admiralty to suggest that they should enable him to attack the French fleet, at anchor off the Isle d'Aix, with the same weapons.

But the Admiralty, already apprized that the British squadron had got to the roadstead, had anticipated and gone beyond Lord Gambier's proposal, by adopting the original proposition of that excellent officer, Captain Keats, in 1807, viz :—"that an attack should be made on the ships in the road of the Isle of Aix by fire-ships, covered and protected by a squadron." They had in fact written a letter to Lord Gambier, which crossed his Lordship in the Channel, directing his consideration to the possibility of making an attack upon the enemy, either with or without fire-ships; informing him at the same time that fire-ships, and bombs, and Congreve and his rockets, were under orders and preparing to proceed to him as soon as possible. On the 3rd of April, *Captain* Lord Cochrane, of the *Impérieuse* frigate, of 38 guns, arrived in Basque Roads, sent out by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, for the purpose of commanding the attack upon the French fleet. Had Captain Keats, who originated the mode of attack, been sent out to partake in the honour (according to his seniority) of carrying it into operation, all had been well. But that an inferior officer should have been put over so many of his superiors in rank, and at least his equals in professional achieve-

ments, was an innovation that produced great prejudice to the public service. The prerogative vested in every Government and Commander-in-Chief, to select the most efficient individuals for particular services, is unquestionable and absolute ; but for the due exercise of that absolute but still *discretionary* power they are heavily responsible. Why, then, when such men as Harvey, Stopford, Neale, Malcolm, &c., were holding much higher appointments in the same fleet, (and volunteering to lead the fire-ships,) the captain of a frigate was put over their heads, it would be impossible to say ; but the result was discontent and insubordination, disgust and courts-martial, as well as the ruin of Admiral Harvey—as intrepid a seaman as ever trod the deck of a man-of-war.

Captain Eliab Harvey commanded the *Téméraire* at the battle of Trafalgar, and shone forth the most brilliant of all the stars that moved in the same sphere with himself upon that glorious occasion. What said Nelson of Collingwood at Trafalgar ? “ See how that noble fellow takes his ship into action ! ” And what did Collingwood, the successor of Nelson, say of Harvey, after the same battle ? “ He has taken so noble and distinguished a part in the action, *that nothing could be*

finer ; I have no words to express my admiration of it." In fact Harvey was exactly cut out for such a service as the attack at Basque Roads. But Harvey was neutralised to make room for the captain of a frigate, who, I must not forget to add, was at the same time *Member for Westminster*. I wonder what Arthur Wellesley would have said if the Horse Guards had dictated or attempted (for it would not have gone beyond that) to dictate to him whom he was to employ? Methinks such doings would have fomented a little military mutiny, as, in fact, the process before Basque Roads did a little naval one.

Notwithstanding the objections which, according to the rules of the service, existed to the captain of a frigate having the command "of the attack" upon an enemy's fleet, nobody could blame *him* for getting it if he could, much less for taking it if it was offered to him. But, as I began by stating, it is my object to show, in a fair unprejudiced manner, what share of merit belongs to all the parties respectively engaged.

The French fleet consisted of nine sail of the line besides one three-decker, the *Calcutta* of 50 guns, four frigates, and one large ship. They were also defended by their own cannon, in a strong

position, flanked by 13 guns on the Isle of Aix, and the mortars on the island.

The British force—of eleven sail of the line, nine frigates, one bomb, with fire-ships and small craft.

On the 11th, all the arrangements for the attack being completed, the frigates, bomb, and small vessels took up the positions respectively assigned to them, and waited till darkness should come upon the waters. Why, in the name of all things visible, this attack did not take place by daylight, except that fire-ships and fire-works look best at night, I am at a loss to conjecture. However, night was chosen, and, at about half past eight P.M. (the eve of Rodney's victory), all the fire-ships, 16 in number, cut or slipped their cables, and stood in with a favourable wind and flood-tide. Each ship bore a lieutenant and five men, including the Mediator, Captain Wolrige; and Captain Lord Cochrane was on board one of the largest of these machines, which contained 1500 barrels of gun-powder, started into casks, placed an-end, fastened to each other by cordage bound round them, and jammed together by wedges and wet sand; so that the whole formed a solid body capable of great resistance. Moreover, on the top of this mass of

powder lay from 300 to 400 live shells (that is, charged with fusées) and as many thousand hand-grenades.

It was soon found that a boom had been drawn across the front of the line by the enemy, which stopped the headmost ships; but the Mediator, Captain Wolrige, bore down with her superior weight and a press of sail, carried away the boom, and cleared the passage for her followers. It is understood that Lord Cochrane hailed the Mediator to shorten sail, but was fortunately not heard or not heeded by Captain Wolrige; for, had she not broken the boom by her weight and way, the whole expedition must have entirely failed. As it was, from the utter darkness of the night, and most of the fire-ships being ignited and abandoned too soon, and from the impossibility of co-operation, little good, or rather little mischief, was done by them. Indeed they all failed of their expected purpose, as far as grappling and blowing up the enemy was contemplated. But, if they were not blown up, they were abundantly frightened, cut their cables, and were driven on shore. From pitchy night, the heavens became, as if by sorcery, in a blaze; the burning ships seemed to ride upon a sea of fire; rockets and shells flew around, and

the retreating ships poured out their broadsides as they drifted on the shore. Still there were no immediate results ; all passed away, like some of those magnificent displays of artificial fire to be seen during the fêtes at Paris.

The Captain of the *Impérieuse* returned to the command of his frigate, while darkness spread over the waters again. But when morning dawned, and the rosy twilight of April broke upon the scene, most of the enemy's ships were discovered to be on shore ; and the *Impérieuse*, from the position she had taken up the preceding evening, when her intrepid Commander went on board the fire-ship, was the first to see their condition, and made the following signals to the Commander-in-Chief, who lay at anchor with his fleet in the offing :—At day-light, A.M. 5h. 48m., “ Half the fleet can destroy the enemy—seven on shore.” At 6h. 40m., “ Eleven on shore.” At 7h. 40m., “ Only two afloat.”

It must be observed, that, while the *Impérieuse* was making the *first* signal, she was compelled, in consequence of the falling tide, to weigh and stand out ; but at ten o'clock she returned to the same position.

The place where the enemy's ships lay was

compared, by an officer of the Marines who was present, and whose account was published in the *Annual Register*, “to their being aground in Portsmouth harbour, under cover of two batteries of three tier of guns, each of which contained twenty-nine pieces of cannon. The navigation was intricate and difficult, there being in some places only four fathoms water.”

As soon as the tide served (which was about 11 o'clock) Lord Gambier weighed with his fleet, and stood in; but, being of opinion that, from the state of the wind and the shallowness of the water, it would be injudicious and too hazardous to proceed into Aix Roads, he anchored within three miles of the forts on the island.* “As the tide suited, the enemy evinced great activity in endeavouring to warp the ships which had grounded into deep water, and succeeded in getting all but five of the line towards the entrance of the Charente before it became practicable to attack them.” With the least possible delay, however, the *Etna* bomb, carrying two mortars, the one for 13-inch shells, and the other for 10-inch, supported by the light squadron, and covered by the *Valiant* and *Revenge* of the line, was sent in to bombard the

* Public Despatch.

ships, and destroy the batteries on shore. As the Etna stood in to the attack, she passed Lord Cochrane in the *Impérieuse* as she lay at anchor. His Lordship hailed the mortar vessel, and said he should follow forthwith. The Etna took up her position, and the marine artillery, under Lieutenant Steele, opened their fire.

It should here be observed, *en passant*, that Lord Gambier, in his despatch, particularises Captain Godfrey of the Etna, but, as usual, not one word of the marine artillery, who exclusively fought her; for in fact the commander of the vessel, as compared with the commander of the artillery, *in a bomb*, stands in the relative position of the fly upon the coach-wheel, when he says to his companion in rotary motion, "What a devil of a dust you and I kick up!"

This discrepancy, however, did not strike the Commander-in-Chief, or prevent Captain Godfrey being promoted, although the commanding officer of the detachment of marine artillery got nothing. The same measure of justice was repeated a few weeks afterwards at the bombardment of Flushing, with another naval commander, but the same officer commanding the marine artillery. The commander was posted from the Etna, but the

artillery officer who directed her fire remained a lieutenant.

I am called upon, also, to mention a variance from the fact in Lord Gambier's despatch, which cannot be excused on the score of inadvertence. His Lordship, in his letter, implies, at least, that the *Impérieuse* was the first vessel that attacked the enemy's ships on shore ; and he declares that the *Calcutta* struck to the *Impérieuse*. Now, as I have already stated, the *Etna* passed the *Impérieuse* at her anchors, and commenced action ; *after which*, the *Impérieuse* went *within* the *Etna* and opened her broadside, because a position that might have been advantageous for the range of shells would be far without the reach of shot. But, as the *Calcutta* was subject to both shot and shells, it would be impossible to say exactly to which she struck—probably to both.

While the *Impérieuse* was thus engaged she made three signals that must have been wormwood to the Commander-in-Chief. 1. "The enemy superior to the ships engaged, but inferior to our fleet !" 2. The general signal "To close !" 3. "The *Impérieuse* in distress and in want of immediate assistance."

The *Revenge*, *Valiant*, frigates, and small ves-

sels, had joined the *Etna* and *Impérieuse* in their attack upon the batteries and ships on shore, and, after a heavy carronade of shot and shells, the *Warsaw*, *Aquillon*, and *Tonnerre*, followed the example of the *Calcutta*, and hauled down their colours. It was quite time they did so, for, the batteries having got the exact distance of our ships, every shot told, and the tide was falling ; so that, if a favourable breeze had not sprung up, and taken us out of fire and into deep water, the consequences might have been deplorable. However, as soon as we were safely anchored, our boats went to the ships that had struck, took out the prisoners and set the ships on fire.

While these operations were going on in the advanced squadron, Rear-Admiral Stopford was directed, with the *Cæsar* and *Theseus*, three fire-ships, and all the boats of the fleet, armed with Congreve's rockets, to attack the five French ships of the line that had got aground at the entrance of the Charente. But, the wind having changed, he returned on the morning of the 13th (both line-of-battle ships having been on shore) without having effected his object. Meanwhile, the *Warsaw* and *Aquillon* were set on fire, and the burning of these ships carried dismay amongst the

French, who mistook them for two fresh fire-ships *drifting towards them*, and they opened their broadsides upon them. Indeed, the captain and crew of the *Tourville*, of 80 guns, were seized with such panic, that they abandoned their ship and fled ; but, having recovered themselves, and seeing the *Tourville* still at her anchors, they mustered courage enough to return to her, after an absence of two hours. During this time, however, their ship very nearly became a prize to one of our row-boats, and was wonderfully preserved by the presence of mind of *one* man, who, when all hands were bolting in fright, crept back to the *Tourville*.

The following is his own curious account of the affair:—" My name is Eugène Joseph Romain Bourgeois, and I am 31 years old. Being resolved to stick to my ship, I crawled out of the boat and got on board through one of the lower-deck ports. When all the boats were clear off I began making a raft in case the supposed fire-ship should grapple the *Tourville*, or the fire which had been set to her by our own men should take effect. I had just completed the raft when an enemy's boat approached ; I challenged the boat twice, and, having no answer, fired off the musket which the sentry

on the gangway had left behind. The boat returned the fire, when I ran into the Captain's cabin, and, seizing an armful of muskets from the rack, discharged at least twenty of them in quick succession. This had the desired effect—the ruse succeeded, and the boat pulled away. Soon after three of our boats arrived from on board the Ocean, and a young Midshipman took the command of the crews, now amounting to thirty men. We immediately took measures to defend the Tourville, and swore amongst ourselves to fight to the last.”

Notwithstanding that Sir R. Stopford and the force under his immediate direction returned, as already stated, early in the morning of the 13th, to the body of the fleet, the Etna bomb, the *Impérieuse*, *Pallas*, and gun-brigs, remained in advance ; but, there not being sufficient water for the frigates, the Etna and small craft only went in, and opened their fire on the Ocean, *Regulus*, and *Indienne*, as they lay aground. But, when the tide fell at 4 P.M., this gallant little squadron were obliged to work back to their former anchorage under a galling fire from the batteries.

During this day's work the Etna burst her 13-inch mortar.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the Tourville having thrown her stores and most of her guns overboard, *floats*, and entered the Charente; but soon after her pilot ran her on the opposite shore, off the town of Fouras, and close to the wreck of the Meteor fire-ship. At noon the Aigle was sent to replace the Impérieuse; Lord Cochrane having been chosen by the Commander-in-Chief to carry his despatches to England. At 4 P.M. the Impérieuse got under weigh, and proceeded to Basque Roads. Previously to this, the Etna and the brigs had again taken the tide at the flow, and gone in to renew the bombardment of the prostrate ships; and they only ceased firing when the Etna had expended her last 10-inch shell, her largest mortar having, as already stated, become useless.

Thus it is clear that the Impérieuse had *no share* whatever in the last two days' action. But let me not be for a moment mistaken.—I do not make this observation with any view to subtract from her Commander's fair share in the laurels for Basque Roads; but only as proving that he is not exclusively entitled to *all* that were earned at this memorable attack;—and I am urged to this apparently ungracious part, even by the mis-

conceptions and misrepresentations upon the subject which have existed from that, now distant, period up to the present time.

When the Captain of the *Impérieuse* went on board the *Caledonia* an explanation was demanded and given, through the Captain of the Fleet, of the extraordinary signals hoisted on board the *Impérieuse* on the morning of the 12th. It was stated that the signal to close was only meant for the small craft, and that that part of the third signal which declared the *Impérieuse* to be "in want of immediate assistance" was an inseparable contingent in the code of signals from her intimation that she was in distress. To this explanation was added a frank assurance that there was not the slightest intention of giving umbrage, or of reflecting in the most distant degree upon the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief. After all this, an interview took place between Lord Cochrane and the Admiral, who even then, half good-humouredly, half ironically, replied to sundry observations of the Captain of the *Impérieuse* by saying it would seem as if he wished to absorb all the merit in his own person. In spite, however, of these ominous indications, and which must have alarmed any man not conscious of having done his duty, Lord

Gambier closed his despatches, and consigned them to the keeping and carrying of *two* personages,—the Captain of the Fleet and the Captain of the *Impérieuse*.

When this amiable, brave, and humane Admiral pressed the hand of the Captain of the *Impérieuse* on his parting for England, how little could he have suspected he was sending forth one to bear witness against him ! But so it afterwards proved ; and, when the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mulgrave) intimated to Lord Cochrane that he meant to move the thanks of Parliament to Lord Gambier, the officers, seamen, marines, and marine artillery of his fleet, for their services in Basque Roads, his Lordship replied, that, “if he did, he should oppose the motion in the Commons, though he stood alone in the House.”

When this unexpected intelligence was brought by many-mouthed Rumour to the Commander-in-Chief, he called for an immediate investigation into the whole of his conduct ; and the Admiralty desired the Captain of the *Impérieuse* to frame his charges ; that is, to put his insinuations into a tangible shape. This, however, was evaded, upon which the Admiralty, by one of those anomalous proceedings so inimical to the spirit of

the constitution, made themselves the prosecutors, and subpoenaed Lord Cochrane to give evidence against his Admiral, whom he had declined directly to accuse. The result of this inquiry is well known ; the Captain of the *Impérieuse* was pronounced by the court-martial "to have calumniated his Commander-in-Chief; and that Commander-in-Chief was at the same time declared to be most honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against him."

There is a vulgar proverb that "One man can steal a horse while another cannot look over the gate." How it happened that the Captain of the *Impérieuse* (who to be sure happened to be the son of a Scotch earl, and member for Westminster) escaped either a court-martial or being struck off the list, it would be puzzling to say. Instead, however, of either being the case, he was rewarded with what in those days was indeed a proud distinction—he was created a KNIGHT of the BATH.

As I am not writing the life of this, after all, fortunate seaman, I shall stop here. I regret the pertinacity with which he still refuses to do justice to others, who did their duty as well as he did at Basque Roads ; but I rejoice in his restoration to

the Navy, and have so high an opinion of his great professional powers, that, were I called upon to select from amongst the Admirals of her Majesty's fleet he that would be incomparable at need, I should point to the flag of Thomas Earl of Dundonald.

A pendant to the naval achievement at Basque Roads was soon after furnished by the glorious military triumph at Talavera.

On the 22nd of April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon ; on the 28th he proceeded to Coimbra, and assumed the command, and then reviewed the army. From thence he marched rapidly on Oporto, where Soult, who had a keen recollection of the drubbing he had got from poor Moore at Corunna, did not wait his coming, but stole out by a stratagem, and got away.

Sir Arthur now directed his views to the south, whither Marshal Victor had proceeded by the banks of the Tagus, and subsequently united with General Sebastiani in the neighbourhood of Toledo, where they were presently joined by King Joseph and Marshal Jourdain, and 8000 men, composed of the Royal Guard and other troops, drawn from the garrison at Madrid.

As he approached this vicinity the British Ge-

neral put himself in communication with old Cuesta and his reassembled legions from the panic at Medellin. But some time was consumed before Sir Arthur could model Cuesta and his army into a useful co-operative body. Cuesta was himself a brave but obstinate old man, without the higher qualifications to constitute an able commander. But Wellesley's patience and tact brought things round, and on the 20th of July the two armies joined in co-operation.

On the 27th the position of Talavera de la Reyna was chosen and taken up, and in the evening of the same day the battle began. The Allied position presented a front of rather more than two miles; the ground was open on the left, where the British army was stationed, and was commanded by a height, on which, in echelon, and in second line, a division of infantry under Major-General Hill was stationed. Beyond this height there was a valley, and beyond it again, upon the left, was a range of mountains, which, however, appeared to be too distant to have any influence upon the expected action. The right of the position was composed entirely of Spanish troops, drawn up immediately in front of the town of Talavera, and extending down to the Tagus. This ground was

covered with olive-trees, and intersected with banks and ditches. The high road to Madrid, leading from the bridge over the Alberche, was defended by a battery in front of a church, and occupied by Spaniards. There was a commanding spot of ground in the centre, between the two armies, which was occupied by a division of infantry under Brigadier-General Alexander Campbell, who was supported in his rear by General Cotton's brigade of dragoons and some Spanish cavalry.

As early as two o'clock the enemy appeared in strength on the left bank of the Alberche, and manifested an intention to attack General Mackenzie's division of infantry, who, with a brigade of cavalry, occupied an advanced post. These troops were withdrawn in good order, but with some loss. They consisted of two brigades of infantry and a brigade of cavalry under General Anson, supported by General Payne, and four regiments of cavalry, in the plain between Talavera and the wood. The steadiness and discipline of the 45th regiment and the 5th battalion of the 60th were conspicuous; and "I had particular reason to be satisfied," says the Commander-in-Chief,

“ with the manner in which General Mackenzie withdrew his advanced guard.”

As the day advanced the enemy appeared in great numbers on the right of the Alberche, and it was obvious he was advancing to a general attack. General Mackenzie continued to fall back gradually upon the left of the position of the combined armies, and took his place in the second line in rear of the Guards ; Colonel Donkin's brigade being still further on the left, and in the rear of the German Legion.

At the gloaming, as the Scotch poetically call the evening twilight, the enemy commenced his attack by a cannonade on the left of our line, and made an attempt with his cavalry to overthrow the Spanish infantry posted on the right. But the Spaniards stood firm, and this attempt failed entirely. Early in the night he pushed a division along the valley on the left of the height occupied by General Hill, of which he gained a momentary possession ; but General Hill attacked it instantly with the bayonet, and regained it. This attack was repeated in the night, but failed ; and again at day-light on the morning of the 28th, by two divisions of infantry, and was repulsed by General

Hill. In the defence of this important post, the 29th regiment and the first battalion of the 48th particularly distinguished themselves, as well as the corps of Major-General Tilson and Brigadier-General Richard Stewart ; and here we lost many brave officers and soldiers ; amongst others, Brigade-Majors Fordyce and Gardner ; and Major-General Hill was wounded.

The defeat of these attacks was followed, about noon, by a general assault, with the enemy's whole force, upon the British army. In consequence of repeated attempts upon the heights on our left, by the valley, two brigades of our cavalry were posted in that valley, supported in the rear by the Duke of Albuquerque's division of Spanish horse. The enemy then placed light infantry in the range of mountains beyond the valley, which were opposed by a Spanish division of infantry under Lieutenant-General Bassecourt, an Iberian Daniel Lambert, but a good man and true.

The general attack began by the march of several columns of infantry into the valley, with a view to another attempt to carry the height occupied, and so admirably defended, by General Hill. These columns were immediately charged by the 1st German dragoons and 23rd dragoons, under

General Anson, directed by Lieutenant-General Payne, and supported by General Fane's brigade of heavy dragoons ; and, although the 23rd dragoons suffered considerable loss, the charge had the effect of preventing the execution of that part of the enemy's plan. At the same time the enemy directed an attack upon Brigadier-General Alexander Campbell's position, in the centre of the combined armies, and on the right of the British. This attack was most successfully repulsed by Brigadier-General Campbell, supported by a regiment of Spanish cavalry ; and the Brigadier-General took the enemy's cannon. General Campbell spoke highly of the conduct of the 97th, the 2nd battalion of the 7th, and of the 2nd battalion of the 53rd regiments ; and the manner in which this position was defended has also always been the subject of great applause. An attack was also made at the same time on Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke's division, which was on the left and centre of the first line of the British army. This attack was most gallantly repulsed by a charge with bayonets of the whole division ; but the brigade of Guards, which were on the right, having advanced too far, they were exposed on their left flank to the fire of the enemy's battery,

and of their retreating columns, and the division was consequently obliged to retire towards the original position, under cover of the 2nd line of General Cotton's brigade of cavalry, which the Commander-in-Chief had moved from the centre, and of the 1st battalion of the 48th regiment, which his providence had also moved from its original position on the heights, as soon as he saw the advance of the Guards. These troops were formed in the plain, and advanced upon the enemy, and covered the formation of General Sherbrooke's division.

Shortly after the repulse of this general attack, in which apparently all the enemy's troops were employed, he commenced his retreat across the Alberche, which was conducted in the most regular order, and was effected during the night, leaving in our hands twenty pieces of cannon, ammunition, tumbrils, and some prisoners.

The enemy's force consisted of the corps of Marshal Victor and General Sebastiani, and 7000 or 8000 men, composed of the Guards of King Joseph and the garrison of Madrid, commanded by the King in person, assisted by Marshals Jourdain and Victor, and General Sebastiani. Of these, whole brigades were destroyed, and the

battalions retreated in skeletons, with the loss at least of 10,000 men; amongst whom were Generals Lapisse and Morlot killed, and Sebastiani and Boulet wounded.

Here was a pretty foretaste of what was afterwards to happen at Vittoria. Here was his Madrid Majesty in person, with Marshals Jourdain, Victor, and General Sebastiani, all beaten in a bouquet, their artillery abandoned and taken.

But, in achieving this signal victory, we sustained a heavy loss, amounting to at least 6000 men. For, although the enemy's attacks were principally directed against the British, almost all the Spanish army was or ought to have been engaged. But the truth is, they threw down their arms, and saved themselves by flight, when they were neither attacked nor menaced with attack, but were merely frightened at their own fires. Cuesta subsequently decimated the fugitives, who, in their flight, actually pillaged the baggage of the English army, at that instant of time in the heat of action for their cause!—So much for Spanish courage and honour!—at least on this occasion.

Amongst the valuable officers and men who gloriously fell in this long and hard-fought action,

Generals Mackenzie and Langworth, and Major Picket of the Guards, were particularly named.

Bear with me, gentle reader, while I indulge in a little *esprit de corps*, and exult in the recollection that General Mackenzie, who rose into glory from his death-bed on the field of Talavera (that field from whence sprung the immortal title of Wellington), not only began his military career in the Royal Marines, but was born and cradled in the corps.

Major-General John Ronald Mackenzie, whose conduct was so much admired, and who fell so gloriously in the battle of Talavera, was the representative of a very ancient family, whose patrimonial estate (Suddie) lies in that part of the county of Ross called the Black Isle. He fell in the 47th year of his age. He began his military career in the Marines, under the immediate eye of his uncle, General Mackenzie, of that distinguished corps; and for some time previous to 1794 he did the duty of Adjutant to the Chatham division. Upon the death of his uncle, by which he succeeded to some personal fortune, he relinquished the Marines, from a wish and natural ambition to get forward in his profession more rapidly than that service admits of. In the

spring of 1794 he became Major of the 2nd battalion of the 78th foot, raised by Lord Seaforth. Early in 1795 both battalions of the 78th were consolidated, by which means this gallant officer became attached to the 1st battalion, and, with the officers and men of the 2nd battalion, joined the 1st at the Cape, whence they proceeded 1200 strong to India. There the regiment served with distinction under Colonel Mackenzie Fraser. With this corps the gallant Major-General served many years in India, and latterly commanded the regiment. He returned to Europe in 1801-2, sincerely regretted by his regiment, and all who knew him. Promoted to the rank of Colonel soon after he came home, on the breaking out of the war, 1803, he was placed on the northern staff as a brigadier. He was afterwards made Governor and Commandant of Alderney, and soon replaced on the northern staff as Major-General, from which situation he was removed, at his own request, in 1808, to the command of a brigade in Portugal. He was in Parliament,—first for the Sutherland districts, and latterly for the shire of Sutherland. He was a zealous, steady, cool soldier, a mild and most friendly man. The service lost in him a most excellent officer, his friends

a most amiable and exemplary companion. The 78th adored him, and will long lament him; and so will his country, in whose service he gloriously died.

Most true is the saying that one example is worth a thousand precepts. It was Mackenzie's bright career that first gave me the idea of shaking off the yoke of a gradation corps. But then I hardly dared hope—I scarcely even dreamt—that I should eventually succeed, and, like him, become one in the Peninsular War, and that Knighthood from two Kings might grace my humble brow.

The battle of Talavera closed this short but dazzling campaign: for, although Sir Arthur Wellesley drove Soult before him at Oporto, and, as we have seen, beat Victor out of the field at Talavera, when they found means to unite their forces they were numerically too powerful for him; more especially as he could put no dependence whatever on the Spanish Commander-in-Chief. He therefore retired, crossed the Tagus, and on the confines of Portugal constructed that monument of his genius, strategy, and skill, the Lines of Torres Vedras.

But every picture has a reverse—and the ill-fated, ill-conducted expedition to Antwerp, fur-

nished more than a set-off against the glories of Talavera. At the very moment of time when all was being won at Talavera, the expedition to Flushing, in which all was lost, sailed from the shores of England — 40,000 men, completely equipped, and a magnificent fleet of British men-of-war ! Had they been destined to the direction of Wellesley, and the reinforcement of his army, what a different fate would have been theirs ! Instead of dying of disease, they would have lived in glorious victory. The object of the expedition to Antwerp was perhaps wisely conceived ; it was intended to destroy the French fleet and arsenals of Antwerp and Flushing, to burn all the dock-yards for building on the coast, to render the Scheldt no longer navigable for ships of war, to seize and keep Flushing, to attract the eyes of France from Austria and the Peninsula, &c. But Lord Chatham, to whom the realization of these projects was committed, too well proved the truth of the proverb that “delays are dangerous,” to the cost of his country, and the utter failure of the whole expedition.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Vestal—Maiden Mission of Mr. Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay)—Pretensions of Attachés—Talleyrand—Lisbon—Marshal Beresford—The Marquesa—Sights—Cintra—Maffra—Leave the Tagus—Captures—A man overboard!—The Lieutenant and the Dog—The gallant Gordon of the Guards—Vestal paid off at Portsmouth—Captain Willis Johnson—Lord Exmouth—Lieutenant (now Captain) Wolrige.

EARLY in 1810 the Vestal was ordered to receive on board the British Envoy to the government of Portugal; and we carried Mr. Stuart on his maiden mission to Lisbon. Thus began my acquaintance with the present Lord Stuart de Rothesay: his coming on board was a kind of event in the frigate. A salute was fired, and I turned out my guard duly to receive his Majesty's Minister. With his Excellency came an attaché or two, and General Alexander Campbell (who did me the honour to approve what he was

pleased to call the admirable and soldier-like appearance of my little detachment of marines), and poor Busche, Aid-de-Camp to Marshal Beresford, subsequently colonel of a Portuguese regiment, at the head of which he fell in the battle of Barossa.

In those days, I was struck by the simplicity of the envoy, as it presented itself in broad contrast with the *pretension* of the attachés or suckling diplomatists about him ; and, although habit has since accustomed me to the airs of attachés, there is no reason to hope they have left them off. Go where you may,—to Lisbon, or Madrid, or Paris, or elsewhere,—your attaché is ever a sweet-scented, solemn, and sometimes a supercilious individual, fancying himself the shadow of a king, while he is, in fact, but the shadow of a shade. But Mr. Stuart was, and is, enough to redeem all the sins of a mission. Nobody talks of diplomatic conceits of any kind, without especially excepting Lord Stuart of Rothesay ; and, surely, if there ever was a person unchanged by success, or unspoiled by fortune, he is the man. Whether envoy or regent in Portugal, ambassador and grand cordon at Paris, or privy councillor and peer in England, Lord Stuart de Rothesay is steadfast and the same. Most nobly born, with great talents for

his inheritance,* Charles Stuart proved himself a match for Charles Maurice Talleyrand, or any of his successors; and, although that notorious personage changed his colours while living more frequently than the dolphin does while dying—although he was deist and democrat, revolutionist and atheist, republican and bishop, imperialist and royalist, slave to tyrants and sycophant to kings—the palpable personification of *all things to all people*—he could never get to windward of Charles Stuart, who, like Sir William Temple, obtained truth by telling the truth, and scorning a quibble; in short, who triumphantly practised the proverb that, "*honesty is the best policy*." While the one was all art, the other was all nature; if the one, according to his own maxim, used speech to conceal his thoughts, the other exercised this great gift of Heaven to give utterance to what he felt and wished. Lord Stuart de Rothesay is, in fact, by common consent, one of the best ambassadors England has had in his generation.

As we sailed from England with a flowing

* He is grandson of the Marquis of Bute by a daughter of the Duke of Ancaster, and son of General Sir Charles Stuart, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; one of those men whom *opportunity* would have made immortal.

sheet, we expected a merry passage, especially as the fair wind had carried us across the bay ; but off Cape Finisterre it veered round and blew a gale. On our reaching the Tagus, we found it occupied by a British fleet, and the banner of blue floating over transports, traders, store-ships, and ships of all descriptions, while the town of Lisbon had become an English depôt. Before landing, the Envoy invited all the officers to come and see him on shore, and, when we went to pay our respects to his Excellency, we met British uniforms at every step. Marshal Beresford was there organising the Portuguese and preparing the Patriots ; and, on my asking what was the meaning of the chain of peasants, handcuffed together, whom I saw marching along the streets with a mounted dragoon at each end of the train, the reply was that they were "volunteers for the army."

At the residence assigned to the British Minister, one saw a specimen of the gloomy grandeur and dingy dignity of the palaces of the Portuguese nobility, and of the consequence assumed by the new-made Anglo-Portuguese Marshal, who, on entering the drawing-room of a Marquesa, handed his plumed hat and bâton to his aide-de-camp de service, Captain Sewell, to be laid on a sofa ; and,

on his Excellency's going away, had these things returned to him with the same etiquette.

It was impossible, by-the-by, not to be captivated by the Marquesa just alluded to, who looked like Beauty amongst the roses, so completely was she enshrined in those most becoming and fragrant flowers. She wore them on her head and in her bosom, and her canopy was strewed with them, and they told me her bed was filled with their leaves. And when she took her guitar and accompanied herself, as she sang of love, it was too much—I got up, and pretended to look into the streets, but I saw dimly.

The transition from the bleak spring winds of England to the sultry sun of Lisbon compels you to own his power, and you would fain seek shelter; but in the streets of Lisbon all is dazzle and glare, and your best refuge for shade is Cintra. We went, in our walk, to the Valley of Alcantara, to see the famous aqueduct, the principal arch of which crosses a rapid stream, measures 250 feet in height, and is the most stupendous work of the kind in Europe. The next day, I drove through several parts of the town, and, on turning the sharp angle of a street, came suddenly upon a religious procession. The postilion stopped suddenly, or, as

my messmate and companion called it, "brought up with a round turn;" jumped to the ground, fell on his knees, and began thumping his breast with as much zeal as he had just shown in whacking the ribs of the mules to get them along. On looking round we saw all hands had piped to prayers; every carriage, and every person, on horse and foot, was at a stand still; all down on their knees in the street, or kneeling in the carriages, crossing themselves, praying, and thumping away as if they were indeed sorely sorry and most miserable sinners.

By the time the mules had got into breath, and the penitent postilion out of breath, the saints and the Host were out of sight, and we proceeded to Belem and visited the castle and the church, which latter still remains, solemn and fantastic, like the interior of the Temple of Jerusalem.

To sail into the Tagus is to enjoy one of the richest views in the world. The hills seem covered with palaces; but the disappointment at landing increases at every step. You are obliged to climb along narrow streets; and the longer you are in Lisbon, the less you like it; growing every day more disgusted by the filth, and offended by the putrid smells from dunghills, ditches, and dead

dogs. Some one has said Paris is a compound of dorure and ordure ; but here it is all dirt and no gilt.

It was agreed that we should make an excursion to Cintra and Maffra ; so, early in the morning, we proceeded to Cintra, and bivouacked under the shade of myrtles to breakfast. The palace of Cintra has been compared to the Alhambra ; but, though very Moorish in its general style and architecture, and glorious from its site and prospect, it must not be compared to *the* Alhambra. Nothing, however, can be more beautiful than the view of the cliffs and the village of Cintra, from the Oriental windows of the château.

After mounting to the terrace and tower by a serpentine flight of steps, we were shown a curious chamber, the Mosaic pavement of which had been worn away by the steps and tears of Alphonso VI., who was kept a solitary captive within its narrow walls for many weary years.

From hence we proceeded about four leagues to the marble towers of Maffra. No language can do justice to this renowned monument of man's power : but, as it is more exquisitely and exactly treated by Mr. Beckford than by any of the many subsequent visitors who have seen it and written

on it, and as a good copy in writing, as in painting, is infinitely preferable to an indifferent original, I shall freely avail myself of his masterly description.

“ After coasting the wall of the great garden, we turned suddenly the corner, and discovered one of the vast fronts of the Convent, appearing like a street of palaces : I was admiring their ample range as we drove rapidly along, when, upon wheeling round the lofty square pavilion which flanks the edifice, the grand façade, extending above eight hundred feet, opened to my view. The centre is formed by the porticoes of the church, richly adorned with columns, niches, and bas-reliefs of marble. On each side, two towers, somewhat resembling those of St. Paul’s, in London, rise to the height of near two hundred feet, and, joining on to the enormous *corps de logis*, the palace terminates to the right and left by its stately pavilions. These towers are light, airy, and clustered with pillars remarkably beautiful. The platform and flight of steps before the entrance of the church is strikingly grand, and the dome which lifts itself up so proudly above the pediment of the portico merits praise for its lightness and elegance.

“ To screen ourselves from the sun, which

darted violently on our heads, we entered the church, passing through its magnificent portico, which reminded me not a little of the entrance of St. Peter's, and is crowded with statues of saints and martyrs, carved with infinite delicacy.

“The first *coup d'œil* of the church is very imposing: the high altar, adorned with two majestic columns of reddish variegated marble, each single block above thirty feet in height, immediately fixes the eye. Trevisani has painted the altar-piece in a masterly manner: it represents St. Anthony in the ecstasy of beholding the infant Jesus descending into his cell amidst an effulgence of glory.

“Never did I behold such an assemblage of beautiful marble as gleamed above, below, and around us; roses of white marble and wreaths of palm-trees, most exquisitely sculptured, enrich every part of the edifice. I never saw Corinthian capitals better modelled, or executed with more precision and sharpness, than those of the columns which support the nave. We followed our conductor through a long covered gallery into the sacristy, a magnificent vaulted hall, panelled with some beautiful varieties of alabaster and porphyry, and carpeted, as well as the adjoining chapel, in a style of the utmost magnificence. We traversed

several more halls and chapels adorned with equal splendour—till we were fatigued and bewildered, like knights errant in an enchanted palace.

“The library is of prodigious length, not less than 300 feet, the arched roof beautifully stuccoed, and the pavement of red and white marble. We ascended a winding staircase, which led us upon the roof of the convent and palace, which form a broad smooth terrace, bounded by a magnificent balustrade, and commanding a bird’s-eye view of the courts and garden.

“From this elevation the whole plan of the edifice may be comprehended at a glance: in the centre rises the dome, like a beautiful temple from the spacious walks of a royal garden; it is infinitely superior in point of design to the rest of the edifice, and may be reckoned among the highest and best-proportioned in Europe. A fresh balsamic air, wafted from the orchards of citron and orange, fanned me as I rested on the steps of the dome, and tempered the warmth of the glowing æther.”

It was late in the evening before we reached Lisbon on our return from this enchanting expedition; we therefore took a shore-boat, and rowed off to our ship, which was to sail at daybreak.

When the fair Vestal spread her wings, nothing could catch and nothing could escape her. Almost as soon as we set sail she darted at and captured a beautiful privateer, *L'Intrepide*, of 20 guns; and also the *Bellona* merchant-brig.

Before we reached the Channel one of those accidents occurred which, happen when they may, invariably electrify a ship's company. The night-watch was set, the breeze was blowing, and the frigate was flying through the water, when "A man overboard!" was cried from aloft, and instantly echoed in the ship below. Two-thirds of the crew were rocking in their canvass nests; but quick as lightning all hands were on deck; for one other alarm alone produces more positive consternation:—need I add, it is the withering cry of "The ship's on fire?"

To throw all aback, cut away the life-buoy, man and lower the quarter-boats, was the work of a moment. But what splash is that? It is the intrepid lieutenant of the watch, who, following the warm impulse of his manly heart, had rushed into his "native" sea (for he was born and nurtured on her swelling bosom) to save his sinking shipmate.

But where, meanwhile, was "*Alpine Corvo*,"

the Captain's dog, the pet between decks?—he that broke biscuit at every mess? Far into the ship's wake had sprung the noble brute!

All was silent and dark, as if death was nigh, save the fresh wind howling through the shrouds, or the faint light gleaming from the boats. At intervals you might hear the murmur of voices, calling to the drowning man, or encouraging the dog. Then a burst of joy—for "Corvo has got him!" The white star on his broad black forehead appeared under the cutter's bow, while in his mouth he bore the body of the apparently dead sailor. Our generous messmate, Tim Scriven, swam till he was exhausted in fruitless search, and was at last picked up, and all got safely on board.

We brought home with us the gallant Gordon, of the Guards, brother to Lord Aberdeen, who, having served in all the battles of the Peninsula, on the staff of the Duke of Wellington, was killed in the arms of victory, at Waterloo; and Captain, now Colonel Freemantle, of the Guards, also Aide-de-camp to the Duke.

Soon after our arrival at Portsmouth an order came down from the Admiralty to pay off the *Vestal*; so those who had been so happy together were separated, many never to meet again.

Amongst those with whom I have since had the happiness to renew my old acquaintance is the present Captain Willis Johnson, who, as a seaman, a poet, and a painter, possesses high character, raciness, and talent. From the *Vestal*, Johnson joined Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, and served with that great sailor during the remainder of his career. He was his Lordship's flag-lieutenant when Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, and received his Commander's commission when his illustrious patron finally hauled down his flag.

The mention of Lord Exmouth's name leads me to observe that Sir John Barrow, in his recent life of Lord Howe, has (though contrary to the proverb) made a by no means odious comparison between Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson. So far, so good ; but why are they to stand alone on the page of history ? why are we not to look upon their like again ? Have they not left any of their breed behind ?—With Rodney immediately before, and Exmouth cotemporary and after them, how can it be pretended that they stand alone ?—or where is the memory of Collingwood ?—Have we not Dundonald ? And are we not within a few years of Howe ?—Why should the

talented but cruel commander, St. Vincent, whose nostrum for the lieutenants of His Majesty's Fleet was, "Keep them poor, and they'll serve;" and who, having in the Foudroyant of 80 guns taken the Pégase of 74 in sight of our fleet, was made a Knight of the Bath for this small service, and elevated to an earldom for one victory;—why should he, I say, be hoisted over the head of Pellew, who as a practical seaman was immeasurably his superior? Indeed, as a *thorough sailor* Exmouth *had no equal*. As a seaman he bore the palm from all three; while in gallantry, talent, enthusiasm, and devotion to the public service, he might have been rivalled, but he was never surpassed. Look what complete order his Mediterranean fleet was in! As Wellington said of his army, it was "the most perfect machine of its kind" the world ever saw. Then the great diplomatic address and tact he displayed at the restoration of the Courts of Naples and Sardinia; and, to crown all, the consummate skill and intrepidity of his last achievement,—the positive seamanship of his bringing his fleet to anchor in Algiers, within fifty yards of the mole, bristling with cannon, so close in, that his flag-ship, the Queen Charlotte, had only two feet water under

her bottom!—Then the coolness and humanity of the Christian hero, as, standing on a gun, he waved to the unbelieving multitude on shore to stand clear before he gave the word *to fire*—the first broadside of which fire swept away five hundred souls.

In putting forward the claims of this illustrious Admiral to a high place, as high a place as any in Westminster Abbey, I need not (with this record on his tomb*) do more than allude to the rescue of the troops on board the Dutton, or give a long account of a victory, the glorious results of which were announced to the fleet in so terrible a storm of thunder and lightning (which immediately followed the battle), that it would seem as if the declaration, “That Christian slavery was abolished for ever!” was confirmed by the voice and fire of Heaven; and that Providence had chosen the British fleet to enforce this merciful dispensation before the world.

I cannot, however, consistently with that principle of justice which sways all I have to say in these pages, even allude to the battle of Algiers

* During his naval career he saved hundreds from shipwreck, and terminated it by rescuing the Christian world from slavery for ever.

without seizing the occasion to correct that part of Lord Exmouth's official report which describes the burning of the Algerine frigate, which was moored across the mole, about 100 yards from his Lordship's own ship, the Queen Charlotte : we have all our foible, and the brave Admiral had his. He was not absolutely free from the petty fault, called tuft-hunting ; and was naturally tainted with that sort of elementary jealousy of the marines which has ever been exhibited in the treatment of their services by the navy. For instance, Lord Exmouth writes—" There were awful moments during the conflict, which I cannot now attempt to describe, occasioned by firing the ships so near us ; and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt on the outer frigate, distant about 100 yards, which I at length gave into ; and Major Gosset (of the Engineers) by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of miners, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in the ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze."

So much for the Admiral's statement ! *Now for the facts* :—Lieutenant Wolrige, of the Royal

Marine Artillery, went up to Lord Exmouth at a moment when there was nobody near him, and proposed to be allowed to go and burn the frigate ; to which his Lordship immediately acceded, and desired him to go and do it. Wolrige directly took some *marine artillerymen*, went below to get some carcasses (previously prepared by him) and other combustibles, to execute the service ; and, as such things are kept for security in the lowest regions of a ship, in a three-decker, in a severe action, it required a little time and great exertion to get at them, as well as to get a boat manned. On Wolrige coming on deck, the First Lieutenant (Richards), seeing his preparations, asked him " if he was going to burn the frigate ?"—to which he replied, " Yes, and I am sure I shall succeed." The First Lieutenant accompanied him ; and on his, Wolrige's, stepping into the barge, he was followed by Major Gosset. They boarded the frigate ; Lieutenant Wolrige and his marine artillerymen went below, placed his combustibles, and, as Lord Exmouth says, " in ten minutes she was in a blaze."

Now, to whom is the merit of all this due ? clearly to Lieutenant Wolrige, of the Marine Artillery ; yet that officer's name does not appear

in the despatch ! Lord Exmouth could not bear to acknowledge in a *public* letter what he owed to a lieutenant of marine artillery. Besides which, perhaps, he wanted to serve a connexion who had *borough interest*. To be sure, his Lordship does not say Gosset proposed to fire the frigate, but he leaves it so that people may suppose he did.

Lieutenant, now Captain, Wolrige, was very naturally offended by this unfair treatment from the Commander-in-Chief, and was only deterred from public remonstrance by the interference of mutual friends. He however declined the honour of dining with him at an anniversary dinner given when his flag was up at Plymouth, in commemoration of Algiers.

God knows, I do not make this statement to detract from the memory of Lord Exmouth, but to do tardy justice to Captain Wolrige and the marine artillery ; and, if the statement is not exact, Captain (now Colonel) Gosset and Lieutenant (now Captain) Richards are both alive, and can gainsay it.

CHAPTER IX.

Island of Anholt—Lords of the Admiralty—Sir Joseph Yorke—The Island of Anholt converted into a 50-gun ship of war—Captain Nicolls—"Upright, downright, and never right"—Mrs. Wilkins's Visit to Anholt—Subjects of Conversation in 1810.

To return to my narrative. In May, 1810, I marched my detachment of marines to head-quarters, and they were mingled with the division; and in July following I proceeded to the Island of Anholt.

A great deal has been written and said at different times about the appointment of sea-officers to be Lords of the Admiralty; Sir John Barrow, no inexperienced judge,—having been for between thirty and forty years the working Secretary to the Board—a kind of axis upon which the wheel has turned, gives very good reasons why the *First Lord* should not be a sailor; and Lord Chatham seems to have thought that an automaton

would answer the purpose; for, when he (then Mr. Pitt) took the helm, he insisted upon the First Lord of the Admiralty not having the correspondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson (not to mention his junior Lords) was obliged to sign the orders issued by Mr. Pitt, *while the writing was covered from their eyes!*

Somebody has said the Admiralty is a nursery for statesmen, and a lieutenant of dragoons, having been appointed a junior lord, was called the horse inarine. But surely such a nursery is more likely to force a fool than form a politician. In the first place, the nomination of the young naval lords is never made from any particular aptness for business or shrewdness in affairs, but simply as they may happen to be connected. Thus, when Mr. Charles Yorke became First Lord of the Admiralty, he appointed his brother Joseph, of the navy, to the Board, who, in his turn, appointed himself to the Bath, contrary to the statutes of the order. When old Lord Keith was told that his friend Sir Joseph was appointed to be a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty, he drily observed, in his Scotch accent, "They might just as well have put Grimaldi there."

But, joking apart, there does not seem to be any good accruing to the service from having naval scions placed at the Admiralty. In the first place, all their chums and cousins, unto the third and fourth generation, must be provided for ; and, among the Scotch, how innumerable are those who can call cousin ! It follows that their prejudices, jealousies, and dislikes, contracted in the service, are to be gratified by the exclusion of particular persons from active employment. Moreover, it gives such tempting opportunities for these gentlemen to notice themselves, and put badges, ribbons, and stars upon their own coats, instead of upon those who have real claims to them, as in the instance already quoted, and, in later days, that of T. T. to be C.B., &c. &c. &c.

Sir Joseph Yorke had not been long at the Admiralty before he began his performances, as Lord Keith seems to have expected. He persuaded his brother and the Board to promulgate a kind of ukase, changing the island of Anholt into a 50-gun ship of war ! The first impulse, on hearing of such a procedure, is to smile. But, when one considers the consequences of so unconstitutional an experiment—when one reflects that, by this order, the Marine Military Bill,

or Act of Parliament for the better government of the marine forces while on shore, is set aside, and the naval Articles of War unlawfully set up in its stead—one wonders how Mr. Yorke, and those acting under him, escaped the Court of King's Bench. We shall, by-and-by, come to some of the fruits of this left-handed arrangement, by which a sea-captain was appointed to provost marine soldiers on shore.

In the month of May, 1809, Captain Nicolls, of the marines, was landed, with a detachment of his corps, to reduce the Danish island of Anholt, situated, lat. $11^{\circ} 55'$ east, long. $56^{\circ} 38'$, north, in the Cattegat. The object in taking this otherwise insignificant spot of sand was to have possession of the light-house, so absolutely essential an object to our ships passing to the Baltic Sea. After some resistance the place surrendered at discretion, and was taken possession of. Admiral Sir James Saumarez, the naval Commander-in-Chief in the Baltic, gave Captain Nicolls charge of the place his gallantry had won, and, by drafts of marines from the fleet under his command, supplied him with sufficient strength to insure its safe keeping. And surely he acted advisedly in so doing. Everybody knew the high reputation of Captain Nicolls,

whose feats of extraordinary enterprise and gallantry in the Mediterranean had procured him the surname of *Fighting Nicolls*—besides which, the only individuals killed or wounded in the capture were marines ; and Sir James Saumarez thought that what marines had won they might wear ; or, more properly speaking, that what the marines had conquered by their gallantry, they were entitled to hold and defend. Not so, however, Sir Joseph, who, when, he came to be nursed at the Admiralty, had some of the usual predilections to gratify ; or rather he wished to do something out of the common ; and so the island of Anholt was suddenly metamorphosed into a 50-gun ship, and a captain appointed to her, with a military “crew,” consisting of a battalion of Royal Marines, with a mounted staff, and a brigade of marine artillery, the latter consisting of four field-pieces, which, with the vidette service, &c., required an establishment of 40 horses. To complete the naval fiction of the ship Anholt, Lieut. H. L. Baker was appointed to her. He was, however, usefully employed against the enemy’s cruisers, on board the schooner attached to the island ; and, having assisted in his little vessel at the defence, carried home the despatch, was promoted to the rank of com-

mander, and acquired post rank and the Companionship of the Bath, at the close of the war ; and I believe no better fellow or better officer breathes than our comrade at Anholt, and our esteemed friend all over the world, the present Sir Henry Loraine Baker, Bart.

The Commandant of this battalion was the present Lieutenant-Colonel Torrens, and the Commanding officer of the brigade of guns, Captain R. C. Steele, K. S. F., of the Royal Marine Artillery. It was fortunate that two such men happened to succeed the present Col. Nicolls and Captain Perceval (now of the Guards) in their respective commands ; for the notion of a ship was by no means palatable to our purely military garrison. When we paid our respects to Sir James Saumarez, the naval Commander-in-Chief, ere we landed, he shrugged his shoulders at the new turn things had taken on the island ; but he received us with his usual dignity, and treated us with the good breeding of a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. Captain Hope, the Admiral's right-hand man, and Captain of the fleet, and Captain P. Dumaresq, of the flag-ship, said little, but seemed to think a great deal upon the subject.

The mention of these three persons puts me

in mind of a clever sketch, or caricature, by a reefer of the starboard berth (which I saw at the time), representing this nautical trinity, on the quarter-deck of the Victory, just on that spot which is marked by a diamond cross, where the immortal Nelson received his death-wound. There, in full uniform, stood Saumarez, Hope, and Dumaresq; *Sir James*, in his star and ribbon, than whom a more stately person never moved;—*George Hope*, the most honest and blunt of seamen; and little, troublesome, but not mischievous *Phil. Dumaresq*. The likenesses were irresistible, and on the superscription they were called

“*Upright*,” “*Downright*,” and “*Never-right*.”

On our taking our respective posts on the island, we found some works commenced for the protection of it, which we carried on as far as our means would allow. The light-house, which we considered our citadel, was defended by an octagon battery; the men's huts, including the officers' mess-room and quarters, were surrounded by pallisades; and the approach to our redoubt was strengthened by the Massareene battery of eight 18-pounders, placed on a platform, raised on bags of sand.

While our fleet remained in the Baltic, and the

fine weather and the claret lasted, and the works and drills were going on, our time passed pleasantly enough. But as ship after ship went homeward bound, or paused here for an hour, to take in water and take leave, time moved heavily and our spirits flagged. But, just before winter set in, the Golden Grove, store-ship, arrived with ordnance and other supplies ; and, in the Grove, there nestled one of the prettiest women I almost ever saw. We presently agreed to ask the Captain and his sweet spouse to dine at the mess, and a formal invitation was accordingly sent and accepted. The next day, at the witching time of wine, our glasses were levelled on the Golden Grove, so anxious were we to see the bird come from its cage. The boat was hauled up, and the Captain, as spruce as Will Honeycomb himself, stepped into her, shoved off, and pulled for the shore.

“ Well,” said O’Hanlon, who was always, in one way or other, quoting or alluding to the “ immortal Bill,” as he called Shakespeare ; “ well—there is that fellow, who was but yesterday as black as Othello, coming without the divine Desdemona.”

“ But *he shan’t feed*,” said I.

“ Why, what can you do ?” said joking Jellicoe, the very heart of good humour, and who was always for fun.

"Let us go down to the boat and meet him," said I; and away several of us went to the south shore. The bow-oar was laid in, the boat beached, and the gang-board passed along.

"Pray, Captain, where is Mrs. Wilkins?" we all inquired as he stepped on shore.

"I am very sorry, gentlemen, and she is more than sorry, for she is not very well, and so (for the honest fellow did not like a fib), and so *she is not come.*"

"And you, my dear fellow," replied I, becoming the spokesman of the party, "*you* to think of leaving her when she is ill! No, no; we should be delighted with *your* company under any other circumstances, but to countenance your leaving her sick, sorry, and alone—no, never: go on board and come to-morrow if she is better, or the day after, or whenever she is well."

"Yes," all exclaimed, "to-morrow, Captain; to-morrow your wife will be well—come both to-morrow."

And so we jostled him into the boat, and away went the dinnerless skipper.

The next day, at the same hour, we having sent to inquire about the lady's health, and been assured she would certainly come, greater preparations

were made, and the bulk of the last hogshead of claret was broken. As the boat was hauled alongside, the crimson-lined cloak was spread in the stern-sheets, and presently a creature as light as a fawn sprang into her. Then slowly, and, as it seemed, rather reluctantly, came the Captain. On her landing many arms were offered ; but the belle was carried by the staff-strap and waist-belt, and led in triumph across the sands.

Our drums beat the "Roast-beef of Old England," and the band played "Blue Bonnets over the Border," as we ushered Mrs. Wilkins into our mess-room. There on the right of the president she sat, between two rows of military, like a white lily in a carnation-bed. What emotion and strife to please did not this pretty creature excite in our hearts? A bursting cherry amongst the birds—the first May-fly amidst the fishes! How her bright eyes sparkled, brighter and more exciting than the sparkling partridge-eyed champagne, with which we bathed our glasses to the brim, as we all joined Dick Turnbull's song—

"Then, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee ;
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young to me."

After dinner we got up a dance, sent to the *West End* for some Danish damsels, daughters of the fishermen of the island, who came hoydening down in their stiff stomachers, short thick petticoats, blue stockings, and wooden shoes; their figures resembling the Dutch dogger, and the more crummy ones among them approaching to the porpoise, with legs like battering-rams, and palms as impracticable as the dried skin of the seal.

At 11 P.M. we manned our boat, and, with the key-bugle sounding on its bow, restored the mermaid and her flattered but somewhat uneasy husband to the Golden Grove.

We had nothing now to amuse us; for the birds had migrated, and left us with the sea, frozen round a great part of the island, and, in our despairing dulness, we wished that the frost would go and the enemy come. Before the arctic expeditions, under Parry and Ross, (both of whose acquaintance, by the way, I had the honour to make about this time,) the very solitude and desolation in which we were left would have excited sympathy and made a story; but, compared with *their* dreary banishment, our temporary deprivation seems but a one night's dream. Besides, the store-ship had left us journals and letters to a late date; and,

before the ice begirt us, our schooner had arrived from Gottenburg with the last news. By these, and by other expedients, we contrived to kill time, to get rid of those precious moments which, in our youth, we know so little how to value. We used to talk over the leading events of the epoch, the wretched expedition to Walcheren, and its consequences upon the health of so many of our men, who carried not only away with them, but to the grave with them, the Walcheren fever, with its ague and shivering fits; and those who did recover showed, by their early grey hair, what a shock their constitution had received. But to set against this we took the glories of Busaco, fought on the 27th of September, 1810, where the French, having 90,000 men under Masséna, lost 50,000, and left his wounded, who were seized and would have been massacred by the Spaniards, had they not been saved by the interposition of our German Legion. This was followed on the 14th of November by Masséna's retreat during the night, when Portugal was delivered. Another of the topics of this period was the famous feats of Sir Francis Burdett and his friend Gale Jones. Then the abortive proceedings of the Spanish Cortes, where you had words without works, eloquence

without matter, and much ado about nothing, and, what was worse still, nothing done.

Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation, which have since triumphed over all their opponents, were then hardly listened to, but rejected with disdain by great and overwhelming majorities.

Then came the good, the great, the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, with his ameliorations of the criminal law. Mysterious Heaven! that such a man should sever himself from this earth, where he laboured so profitably for the benefit and improvement of his country and the people!

All these things passed under our review, as we were frozen in upon the sand-bank in the Cattegat.

It was in this season too that the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French, and of whom we shall have a great deal to say by and by, first gave promise of those great natural and acquired talents which have since distinguished him above all the monarchs of the earth. I have been near him at every review, and on many occasions; from the programme of the Hôtel de Ville, and the giving the colours to the National Guard on the Champ de Mars, to the affair of Fieschi, and so on to the present hour; and I will, when the course of my story brings me to the proper point,

give a true picture of this Napoleon de la Paix. Meanwhile, I must just observe that he was by no means duly appreciated, or fairly or judiciously treated, by the Cortes, in 1810, when they, from suspicion or jealousy of qualities, rare indeed, if not extinct amongst themselves, refused to ratify his nomination of the Regency to the command of the Spanish armies.

The year 1810 also witnessed the marriage of Napoleon with a daughter of the house of Hapsburg. He is said afterwards to have declared that he made a great mistake in not marrying a Russian Princess. But, it would seem, the mistake he really made was, to repudiate or divorce himself from his devoted Josephine, whose letter to him, when dying, is one of the most beautiful and affecting productions I ever read. All its touching truth recurred to my mind, when I visited her white marble tomb, many years after, at the village church of Ruel, between St. Germain and Paris. It was one of the first great political as well as moral errors of his career, and palsied his hand ; for, while he gathered within his mighty grasp “ the scattered fragments of the empire of Charlemagne,” he insensibly relaxed his hold, and they fell apart, were beaten to atoms, and are now crumbled into dust !

But *nearer to ourselves*, was the dethronement and arrival in England of the King of Sweden ; the nomination of the French General Bernadotte to succeed to the throne ; and the declaration of war by Sweden against England.

This year also closed the political life of George III. His Majesty being pronounced to be unable to transact public business, the House of Commons passed the Regency Bill, which on the 20th of December was acceded to by the other branch of the Legislature.

CHAPTER X.

Severity of the weather at Anholt—Landing of the enemy—
Their attack—Their surrender—Killed and wounded—
Marines still neglected by the Lords of the Admiralty—
Friendly solace—The Tartar frigate and the Sheldrake—Cor-
poral Punishment in the moment of victory—Velasquez's
picture of the Flayed Martyr—Flogging and mutiny on
board the Edgar.

THE new year of 1811 dawned brightly upon us, and we danced it in. On the 10th of January, while our schooner was frozen up on the south side of the island, an enemy's vessel anchored within a few miles of her. In the course of a few days the ice disappeared, the schooner went on a cruise and returned with three prizes, which we unloaded with much glee, and counted our gains.

Then came a heavy fall of snow, and the cold returned more intense than ever. But it is astonishing with how very little real inconvenience one bears intense cold, though the thermometer be

many degrees below zero, if one is well clad, and *there is little or no wind*. I have seen a tear crystallize on the eye-lash, and yet there was no suffering from cold. Not so if you let sleep surprise you. The sleep of cold is the sleep of death, and snow, the winding-sheet from which you never rise. One morning, as I went my rounds, I found one of our poor fellows a corpse in the snow, with his musket beside him.

On the 7th of February all our torpor was shaken off—all our energies called into play. A vessel arrived from Sweden, and brought us intelligence of a projected armament of 12,000 men against the island. The nights were anxious, long, dreary, dark, and cold ; but we had videttes riding and picquets patrolling at all hours, from the moment darkness came on till day-light dawned. We slept but little, and I was at all calls, instructed every vidette, inspected every picquet, was the depository of every order, and the receiver of all reports. A return of severe frost, or, now and then, milder weather, made our anxiety or repose depend upon the vicissitude of climate ; and we were therefore glad when, on the 27th of February, such a thaw came on the wings of a westerly wind as seemed to drive back the

frost for the year, and shut him up beyond the Pole.

As the days crept on and the weather gradually ameliorated, our expectation of attack increased, and guns were heard in the distance ; but they came from the friendly schooner, who soon hove in sight with another prize.

On the 14th of March, Mr. Leth, a merchant, arrived from Gottenburg, and brought us letters and certain intelligence that we were to be attacked. As we had many Paddies in our battalion, and they are rare fellows for a spree, we thought the enemy might fancy the 17th of March for a descent upon us, thinking to take us in our cups and by surprise. But, when the suspicion was announced to our brave fellows, they took the hint, and "every mother's son of them," as O'Hanlon declared, *was sober* at the evening parade of St. Patrick's Day.

It was just dusk on the 26th when a frigate and a brig came to anchor some miles from the north beach, and, by the numbers shown, we found they were the Tartar and the Sheldrake. "Well," we all said, "the Danes have lost their chance for this year at least, and to-night we may sleep snug in our beds." However, as a matter perhaps of

habit, perhaps of precaution, added to the lateness of the hour, the usual patrols were inspected and sent out, and the videttes went their customary rounds. On my part, having set all the wheels in motion, for the first time since the intelligence of a projected attack, I entirely undressed myself, and soon sunk on my pillow to sleep. About four o'clock in the morning, the serjeant-major, Darby, one of the most valuable non-commissioned officers I have ever met, knocked smartly at the door—I was wide awake in a moment. “Who’s there? come in!” The door opened and was shut with precisely two motions, while with two corresponding motions the Serjeant-Major stepped within the room and brought his left hand to his cap. He had to inform me that the vidette on the south beach had fired an alarm, and that one of the patrols had repeated the signal. “The time is past for their false alarms,” said I peevishly; “is there not a frigate and a brig at anchor in the offing?” A soldier never replies except to a direct question; so the Serjeant-Major retired, and I composed myself down, but not to sleep—for in a few minutes Darby returned to say “The picquets were retiring and firing.”—“A repeated firing?” The distant sound of a musket was my instant

answer. “ *Then, beat to arms !* ” said I, bounding from my lair, and I was booted and mounted in half the time I have taken to tell the story. I darted like an Arab across the sand, in the direction of the picquet, encountered a vidette,—was challenged—gave the countersign—and found the enemy had positively landed ! As I returned to the redoubt, there was Torrens on the Massareene Battery—all the guns manned—the battalion formed in the square—and the field-pieces horsed and ready to move.

Of all the effects I have ever heard ascribed to *alarm*, surely none the least resembled those produced at Anholt. Joy, unbounded joy, pervaded every heart, and cheer followed cheer as the videttes rode in, describing, after their estimate, the numerical strength of the foe.

As morning broke, we first saw, from the octagon battery round the light-house, the enemy's flotilla on the southern side, at a distance of between three and four miles. They were hauled up ; a little wood of transports, flanked by eighteen heavy gun-boats, with two twenty-four or eighteen-pounders in each. The whole British force consisted in a battalion of 350 marines and thirty-one marine artillery-men ; all the sailors attached to

the isle, amounting to only from fifteen to twenty, were on board the schooner and at sea.

It was determined to make a strong reconnaissance, and to ascertain as accurately as possible the real amount of the attacking forces, such various estimates of which had been made by the videttes and out-picquet. Two companies were therefore marched out to cover the four howitzers, which took the field, and we advanced to a ridge of sand-hills on the south side, upon the highest point of which we had placed on a platform (which enfiladed the south beach) one gun. At the foot of this ridge the howitzers were halted, while the Adjutant proceeded to the platform to reconnoitre. Being on horseback, he was there before the escort, and on looking down, saw a heavy column of troops, marching in silent and compact order, immediately below, supported at no great distance by another column of yet superior force. It struck him that if the leading column wheeled into line, it would considerably outflank our guns and the 200 men drawn up to support them on both flanks. He made his report accordingly, and the guns were limbered up, and our troops returned to the redoubt. As we retired across the plain from the range of sand-hills, the Danes having wheeled into

line, and got upon them, opened their fire and cheered, as we quietly entered the redoubt. They at the same time threw their column of reserve across the island, advanced along the north beach, and menaced us with an overwhelming attack, while all their flotilla opened their fire and supported them. A heavy fire from the guns of the south-west angle of the Massareene Battery, however, soon checked the attack from the south, drove them over the sand-hills for shelter, and blew them out of the one-gun battery which they tried to turn against us, and on which they had hoisted their colours. They now occupied two large houses on the south beach ; but on these the octagon guns were brought to bear, and they were forced to abandon them.

The column of attack on the north side met a similar fate ; for although the hillocks of sand, breaks and inequality of ground, afforded them protection in their approaches, and were equal to entrenchments, the marine artillery (and there was one stationed at each gun the moment the field-pieces returned to the redoubt) pointed so exactly at the interstices through which the enemy endeavoured to rush into our works, that no forlorn hope could go to more certain death ; for while

they rallied behind these natural approaches, our men waited before them, with the match lit and the muzzle of their gun levelled at the breaks through which they so bravely tried to come at us. The column on the south side brought up a field-piece, and made repeated efforts, which were as repeatedly frustrated by our destructive fire.

A signal had been made, as soon as the flags could be distinguished, to the Tartar and Sheldrake, that the enemy's flotilla were on the southern side of the island, and firing on us at point blank. They immediately weighed, the Tartar running to leeward round the shoal of the Knob, and presenting her broadside to the gun-boats, while the Sheldrake remained on the north side ready to cut off their retreat.

The bringing up of the field-piece on the south seemed to be a signal for another general struggle. The advance upon the north side, under Captain Reytz, were within pistol-shot, when Melstedt commanded and led a general assault. I shall never forget this moment. Our guns and musketry absolutely mowed them down. Melstedt, the commander-in-chief, fell by a musket-ball, and the next in command, poor Reytz, had both his legs shot away by a cannon-ball; and another cannon-

shot at the same time killed the brave Holstein, who commanded the southern column of attack. The destructive fire of our batteries had already strewed the plain with killed and wounded, and their chief officers had fallen, when Lieutenant Baker, in the schooner, with some men of the light company, under Lieutenant Turnbull, who had been on a cutting-out expedition, anchored on the northern shore on the flank of the besiegers ; while Captain Holtaway, who commanded at the town at the west end of the island, finding his retreat cut off from the garrison, launched the Danes' fishing-boats, came firing along the north shore, and landed under the guns of the octagon battery, amidst our hearty cheers.

In this extremity, the assailants on the north side hung out a flag of truce, and the adjutant, accompanied by a serjeant of marine artillery, who spoke the language, went to meet it. They asked "If we would surrender?" which he treated as a piece of insolence, and turned round to walk off. On this, an exceedingly fine young man caught him by the arm, and, holding up a white handkerchief, said, "Will you allow us to lay down our arms, and leave the island?"

"Certainly not."

“ Then, what terms will you grant ?”

“ None but *unconditional surrender*.”

Upon which the three senior officers took off their swords and handed them to him, and asked, “ If a vessel, with letters, might be sent to Jutland ?”

“ Yes—unsealed letters ;” and, as he was leading them prisoners to the garrison, he met the Captain of His Majesty’s ship Anholt, who, on being told what had transpired, threw his gold-laced hat into the air, and jumped for joy.

During these proceedings the Tartar had made her appearance to the flotilla on the south side, which instantly got under weigh and ran to the westward. This obliged the column of attack on this side also to hold out a flag of truce. The Adjutant went as before to meet it ; and, on his informing them of the fall of Melstedt and Reyzt, and pledging his honour that no terms whatever had been accorded to the northern column of attack, this party also laid down their arms ;—making, with those who were by this time in our power, 680 prisoners—more than double the force with which we commenced the action.

The enemy landed about 2000 men, and lost

200 in killed and wounded. When all those who had surrendered were secured in the stables, a gun was pointed at the door, and a sentinel placed with a slow match, with which he was directed to fire instantly if they attempted to break out. We then took the field with the howitzers, to harass the remaining thousand, who were embarking at the west end. Their force, however, was still so formidable, our success so complete, our responsibility in the garrison so great, and our means so comparatively small, that we first halted, and then reluctantly retired within our lines, having sustained in this memorable defence only a loss of two killed and thirty wounded, including in the latter our gallant and beloved commandant, Colonel Torrens.

The following is a copy of the Danish surrender from the original, still in my possession :—

“ The Commanding-Officer of the troops of his Danish Majesty, occupied in the attack on Anholt, agrees to surrender prisoner of war, *at discretion*, with all the troops, to the forces of His Britannic Majesty, with the reserve, that their personal property shall be retained by them, and that, at the convenience of the commandant of the Island of

Anholt, a cartel, with unsealed letters, shall be sent to Jutland.

“ Given at Anholt, the 27th of March, 1811.

“ BORGEN,

“ Commandant of the Danish troops
at Anholt.”

This expedition sailed from Randers, and was commanded by Melstedt, a very distinguished officer.

Return of the Ordnance Stores taken from the enemy in his attack at Anholt, 27th of March, 1811:—

1 Brass ordnance, field-carriage, 4-pounder.

2 Four-inch mortars.

484 Muskets and bayonets.

470 Swords.

16,000 Musket-balls.

14 Four-inch shells, fixed.

R. C. STEELE,

Commanding R. M. Artillery.

Danish officers killed.—1 Major; 2 Captains; 2 Lieutenants.

Their wounded were very numerous, and the wounds from cannon-shot so severe, as in most cases to require amputation. Our mess-room, in

this little barrack of sand, was given up as a hospital for them, and the next morning, as I was passing by the door at our usual breakfast-hour, there stood two wheelbarrows full of arms and legs, which were sent off to be buried at low-water mark. I called to inquire for poor Reytz, who had suffered amputation of one leg, and the surgeon said he was just going to take off the other. I waited but a little, when the surgeon came out with the newly-amputated limb bleeding in his hand, to show us the nature of the wound. "How is the poor fellow?" we anxiously asked. "*I left him asleep!*" replied the doctor: but, alas! an hemorrhage came on, and the brave Dane died.

Taken prisoners.—5 Captains; 2 Adjutants; 9 Lieutenants; and 440 Rank and File, exclusive of the wounded belonging to the following corps:

2nd Battalion of Jutland Sharpshooters.

4th Battalion 2nd Regiment of Jutland Jagers.

4th Battalion 1st Regiment of Jutland Infantry.

Officers of the Royal Marine corps engaged in the defence of Anholt:—

Robert Torrens, Commandant.

W. Holtaway, Captain.

W. Steele, „

J. N. Fischer, Lieutenant and Quarter-Master.

Robert Steele, Lieutenant and Adjutant.

R. Turnbull, Lieutenant.

— Stewart, „

J. Gray, „

R. Ford, „

Rd. Jellicoe, Second Lieutenant.

— Atkinson, „ „

— Curtayne, „ „

Royal Marine Artillery :—

R. C. Steele, Lieutenant Commanding.

John Bezant, Second Lieutenant.

The news of this defence, though met in England by the glorious intelligence of the Battle of Barossa, excited great public attention.—The press, that mirror of the soldier's fame, spoke of it in glowing terms. One writer said it brought back the memory of the days of Thermopylæ ; and Mr. Perceval, the prime minister, speaking of it in the House of Commons, called it “ the romantic defence of Anholt.”

It might fairly have been supposed that, as this was purely an achievement of the marines, those who contributed to it would be rewarded by some signal marks of the Prince Regent's approbation. But what followed ?—The Lieutenant of the navy, who took home the despatch, got his promotion ;

while the Lieutenant commanding the Marine Artillery, who so vitally contributed to the defence, got nothing ! The Board, who had so sapiently fabricated the ship Anholt, doled out one brevet-majority, which, of course, went to Torrens, and one brevet of Captain, which, of course, should *not* have gone to the Quarter-Master, but it did ; and the only reason I have ever heard for its doing so was, that the said Quarter-Master was a sort of Guernsey Cousin to the naval Commander-in-Chief. Moreover, when we petitioned the Admiralty for permission to wear “ Anholt ” on our breastplates, as a memorial of the “ good fortune ” which had attended our defence, this small boon their Lordships were most graciously pleased to refuse ; though one of their “ Lordships ” had been made a Knight of the Bath, without ever having been in action.

Our consolation, however, under the disappointment caused by such treatment, was found in the perusal of the public praises already alluded to, and in the welcome congratulations of our families and friends. My dear mother wrote me that she had been down on her knees in humble thanksgiving to the God of mercy and the God of battles, that he had vouchsafed his protection to

us, in so glorious a conflict ; and my good father declared that, like the old Roman, he had almost died of joy, that his "two sons were victorious on the same day."

Such communications give a glow to the spirit, beyond the power of princes to bestow. Their effect, then and even *now*, that both these parents are gathered away, go far to convince me that, of all human praise, that is sweetest and most lasting which comes from home.

It would, perhaps, be wrong not to pay tribute to the assistance afforded us by the frigate and the brig. The Tartar was so far to leeward, as she rounded the eastern reef, that she could not get at the gunboats before they had swept away ; and, from their slight draught of water, passed amongst the western reefs and embarked the beaten troops. The Sheldrake could not attack them from being to leeward. Towards the afternoon the flotilla made sail in the direction of the Sheldrake, but shortly afterwards separated ; eight of the gun-boats, and nearly all the transports, steering for the coast of Jutland, and the remaining four gun-boats, and a vessel armed *en flute*, running before the wind for the coast of Sweden.

While the Tartar stood after the division steer-

ing for Jutland, the Sheldrake gave chase to that running for Sweden. At half-past four the Sheldrake went beautifully into action, and captured the gun-boat, No. 9, of two long 18-pounders, and four brass howitzers, with a lieutenant of the Danish navy, and 64 men. Having taken out the prisoners, the brig continued the chase, and captured a large lugger, No. 1, mounting two long 24-pounders, and four brass howitzers, with a lieutenant and 70 men. Another heavy gun-brig was sent to the bottom by the Sheldrake's shot; while the Tartar drove her chase to the island of Lisssoa, having captured two, and was obliged to haul off from the shoal water to the southward of the island.

I wish I could stop here ; but truth must reveal what was passing on board the British brig at this victorious moment, when, with an ensign flying at each mast-head and at the mizen-peak, she bounded into battle. The laurels she won must be passed aside, and the snake which was coiled beneath them be shown, not as a reproach, but as a warning. As she went into action, a proof that tyrants are not always cowards was given; an offender (for I do not mean to say he had not offended) was on the instant seized, stripped, and

fastened to a gun. He was then exposed and punished, in a manner and to a degree that ought not to be used towards a dog.

Amongst the pictures purchased for Louis Philip in Spain, and just now brought to Paris, is one by Velasquez, representing a martyr being flayed alive. This will give some idea of flogging: the only difference being that, in the *reality*, the flesh is torn from the bones with knotted cords; in the *picture*, it is perpetrated with pincers. You have the same writhe of agony in the face; the body is in a state of collapse; blood gushes from the wound; and tears of blood and bitterness drop from the inflamed eye. But the scream—the yell of agony!—who can paint that? On board the British brig, in the instance above cited, the yell of agony was drowned in the roar of artillery, and smothered in its smoke. So apt is mankind to abuse unlimited power, and indeed so utterly unfit is human nature to possess it, that it is looked upon at last as a toy—a something to play with, and, of course, to abuse.

In Sir John Barrow's *Life of Lord Howe*, which I have before alluded to, he remarks significantly that, in neither of the great mutinies, was "flogging" made a matter of complaint amongst the

seamen ; and he would therefore infer that this execrable mode of punishment was not deemed a heavy grievance by them. But the reply to this sophism is, that the heavy grievances against which the seamen rose were *general*, and pressed upon all alike ; whereas the cat comes from the captain—it depends upon his caprice, or his natural disposition, or what you will ; and it is reasonable to suppose that in some ships, and with some commanders, there was, at the period alluded to, not only no cause of complaint, but comparatively much cause for congratulation. Moreover, against Sir J. Barrow's inference, that "flogging" does not excite or contribute to *mutiny*, I will here relate an instance in which flogging alone provoked it, with all its sanguinary and deadly consequences.

The cause to which I allude occurred on board the *Edgar*, of 74 guns, Captain —, after Lord Keith's flag was struck on board of her. Lord Keith had commanded the whole Eastern coast, from the Downs, during the time that invasion was most expected and dreaded from the flotilla at Boulogne. But on the coming into office of a new Board of Admiralty, they wished, as usual, to provide for some claimant. Accordingly, they cut the command in two, and appointed another Admi-

ral to hoist his flag,—as old Keith called it,—“ under his nose.” But his Lordship, being of the first Bishop of Bath and Wells’ school, would have *baith*, or none,—all, or nothing ; and, this not being acceded to, he struck his flag. The Edgar had been so long stationary in the Downs, that, although exceedingly alert in furling sails, and other incidental harbour duty, when she went to sea the men were unaccustomed to work together in stormy weather : they were slack, and required time, patience, practice, and moderate discipline, to bring them round. A man of mild method and firm purpose would soon have done this ; but their Captain pressed them with an iron hand, and flogged them, till, as he told his first lieutenant, he was “ tired of flogging,” and therefore handed them over to the lieutenants to be started—a more prompt punishment even than flogging. It used to be said that a good starting (that is, beating a man with a rope till he cannot see) was worse than a bad flogging at the gangway. However, their compound effect was to drive the Edgar’s crew to madness and mutiny ; and it is since known that they had agreed amongst themselves to seize the first leading wind into the harbour, rise upon their officers, carry the ship into Rochfort, (which port

they were blockading,) and deliver her and themselves into the hands of the enemy. It came to pass, however, that this plan was disconcerted, by the *Edgar's* being ordered to Plymouth to refit. As she approached the shores of old England, (the boasted land of justice and liberty,) her miserable and persecuted crew addressed a round-robin, signed by nearly 200 names, to the Lords of the Admiralty, stating their grievances from "flogging and starting,"* and begging for an inquiry into the state and discipline of the ship. By a "round-robin," gentle reader, is meant a letter with the signatures written all round it, so that it is impossible to know whose signatures were placed there first ;—for, although their letter expressed perfect loyalty to their king, and firm devotion to their country, (in whose service many had bled, and all were ready to die,) had it been known who signed first, a broad R. or black letter would have been set against their names. When the ship anchored in Cawsand Bay, the "round-robin" was confided to a trusty hand, slipped into the post-office, and in due course read to the Board ; who

* Some captains of ships kept their cats steeped in brine, to make their horrid punishments still more cruel ; but this was unusual and always reprobated.

forthwith sent down an order to the Rear-Admiral at Plymouth, to take with him the two senior captains of the ships lying there, and go on board the *Edgar*, and inquire into the complaints made by the crew.

The *Edgar's* captain treated this matter *de haut en bas*. He sent his first lieutenant into the cabin to know if the Court of Inquiry wanted him, as he was going on shore. But the court desired him to remain on board during their sitting. Afterwards the captain of the *Edgar* applied to the Admiralty for public leave, and left his ship.

What report the Court of Inquiry made to the Admiralty, I know not; but *Sir J. Barrow can and perhaps will tell us*. At any rate, the ship's company fancied the captain and officers would be changed; and so went on cheerfully with their duty. Some alarm arose, however, that all was not fair,—in consequence of a draft that was required for a most unpleasant service being made exclusively from those men who had signed the round-robin, and which, it was afterwards known, was done by an express direction by letter from the captain to the first-lieutenant; but their worst fears were realized when it was known that Captain —— was returned from leave, and was

actually coming on board. This drove them into open mutiny. It was soon after 12 o'clock, when all hands had been piped to dinner, and the first-lieutenant had gone below, that a serjeant of marines came to tell him that the whole ship's company had rushed on deck, and were swearing they would not go to sea with the same captain and officers. The first-lieutenant went on deck, and was met by cries of "A new captain!"—"A change of officers!"—"We proved our grievances before the Court of Inquiry!"

The boatswain was ordered to pipe "all hands down:" but not a man moved. The marines were then ordered under arms, and they formed in line upon the poop. They were next ordered to load with ball. To give the mutineers a moment for reflection, the first-lieutenant went below for his dirk and the articles of war; and, on his return, he said to a boatswain's mate who stood near the ladder, "I order you below immediately;" the boatswain's mate did not budge an inch. He touched his hat, but stood still. The first-lieutenant then desired the commanding officer of the marines to send him down a corporal and file of men. They were sent accordingly. "Now, Sir," said the first-lieutenant, again addressing the

boatswain's mate and the men, "if you do not go down, I will run you through, and the marines shall fire."

At this terrible crisis—whether from a wish to avoid extremities with the first-lieutenant, who was of a humane and generous disposition, and who had never himself had the men started—from this, or whatever other reason, I know not, but there was a simultaneous cry of "*Down, all hands*;" and in an instant the officers stood alone upon the quarter-deck.

A boat was immediately despatched with a letter to the captain, acquainting him with what had happened. He contented himself with sending directions to the first-lieutenant to put the boatswain's mate and half a dozen of the *foremost* in irons; and upon them he applied for a general court-martial for mutiny. The men were tried by a general court-martial, the president of which was the very Rear-Admiral who conducted the inquiry into the complaints of the ship's company, and for which no redress had been given; and that court-martial sentenced these unhappy men *to go through the fleet*; which sentence was carried into execution, by their receiving some hundred lashes, divided into five-and-twenties and fifties, along-

side each ship of the fleet, beginning with their own.

I believe no man has ever been known to hold his head up after going through the fleet. The heavy launch is fitted with a triangle, to which the wretch is tied as if to a cross. It takes some hours to row (sometimes against wind and tide) through the fleet. The torture is therefore protracted, till (to use the sailor's phrase) "their very soul is cut out." After this dreadful sentence they almost always die.

The first-lieutenant of the *Edgar*, long since a captain in the navy, and an ornament to his profession, told me the other day, he never could forgive himself for having put these unfortunate men in irons ; and that his distress and remorse had been greater of late than ever ; " For," said he, " several years afterwards, when I was living in Scotland, some of the old *Edgar's* crew found me out, and came to see me, and to get some certificates, to enable them to recover some prize-money ; and, on my asking them about the mutiny, they shook their heads, and said ' The punishment had fallen wrong.' "

With respect to Sir John Barrow's other inference, that impressment had nothing to do with

the great mutinies in 1797, because no express notice was taken of it in the complaints of that time—I will only observe, that if crimping and kidnapping, and forcibly carrying a man to a ship of war, and perhaps lashing him there, does not stir his heart up to resistance, whenever he dares to show it, it can only be, because his heart was broken by the process.

CHAPTER XI.

Admiral Reynolds arrives at Anholt—Captain D. O. Guion—Shipwreck of the Defence and St. George off Jutland—
—and the Hero off the Texel—The frustrated court-martial—
—return to England—Battle of Salamanca—Lord Wellington's Despatch—Possession of Madrid.

As the spring advanced, Anholt became, as usual, enlivened by the coming up of ships ; and at dusk, on the 7th of May, my old captain, Reynolds, with his flag now flying on board the St. George, anchored off the island with a large convoy. I was most happy to see him, and he received me in his naturally kind manner. He seemed the very type of what is called a "beloved commander." With him, as flag-captain, was gentlemanly Guion, a man whom the men admired and the women loved, but whose fate

seems to have been spun with malice aforethought by the weird sisters.

It was while I was with Captain Reynolds in the Princess Royal that Daniel Guion, then a post-captain, came on board to see his elder brother, the first-lieutenant of the ship. We were all dining with Captain Reynolds, and the conversation turned on the probable promotions in the navy.

"It will not be long, I hope, before you get your flag, sir," said the first-lieutenant to Reynolds.

"Not yet, Guion, certainly," he replied.

"But *when you do*," said his brother, half jokingly, "you must make me your flag-captain."

"That I will, I promise you," rejoined Reynolds, holding out his hand as a pledge of his sincerity.

Some years afterwards, when most likely all had forgotten what had passed, except he who made the promise, Rear-Admiral Reynolds was ordered to hoist his flag in the St. George; and, by his special application, Captain Daniel Oliver Guion was appointed to command the ship.

When I sat at dinner on board the St. George, off Anholt, the circumstance recurred to my mind, and I mentioned it; upon which these excellent fellows, whom I was with for the last time, shook

hands, and said how happy they were together. The disasters that befel so large a part of our fleet in the Baltic, at the close of this year, are well known. They, alas, included the fate of the *St. George*, and with her the lives of two men I loved best in the world. But it seems wrong to talk of two only, when more than two thousand perished.

The *St. George* had encountered a heavy gale of wind, in November, while passing the Belt, and many of her convoy (she having been compelled to cut away all her masts) *fell into the hands of the enemy*. After much danger, she got safe into Wingo Sound. There she rigged jury-masts, and fitted a temporary rudder.—On the 17th or 18th of December, the fleet, consisting of eight sail of the line, several frigates and smaller vessels, and more than 150 merchant-ships, sailed from Wingo Sound.

The line-of-battle ships were—

100	The Victory.	{ Vice-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, K.B. Captain George Hope. „ Philip Damaresq.
98	Dreadnought.	„ S. Hood Linzee.
„	St. George.	{ Rear-Admiral R. Carthew Reynolds. Captain Daniel Oliver Guion.
74	Cressy	„ Charles D. Pater.

74	Hero,	Captain James Newman.
„	Vigo,	{ Rear-Admiral Manley Dixon.
		{ Captain M. H. Dixon.
„	Defence,	„ D. Atkins.
„	Orion,	„ Sir A. Dickson, Bart.

From the crippled condition of the *St. George*, the *Cressy* and *Defence* were appointed to attend her. In the course of a few hours, a violent storm overtook and dispersed the fleet ; but the *Defence* stuck to the *St. George*, and they remained in the utmost peril together for five days ; at the end of which time, after a terrible struggle, both these magnificent ships were stranded on the west coast of Jutland. This happened on Christmas eve. The *Defence* struck first, and in less than half an hour was beat to pieces, and every soul perished, except five seamen and one marine, who were thrown upon the shore, as they clung to a beam of the wreck.

There is little doubt but the *Defence* might have saved herself, by abandoning the *St. George* at the commencement of the gale. But her noble, brave, and humane commander risked all, and lost all, rather than forsake his consort.

The *St. George*, on seeing the *Defence* strike, immediately let go her anchor ; but in bringing up she grounded abaft, and was deluged in foam.

Although so close, it was impossible to afford them any assistance from the shore. Even had "Pel-lew," the saviour of the Dutton's crew, been there, Reynolds could not have been rescued from the shore. Every boat was hoisted out, but they were unmanageable. The moment they touched the furious sea, they drifted from the ship, were upset, and lost. Out of all the crew only eleven were saved. At the time these men were washed from the wreck the Admiral and Captain (Reynolds and Guion) lay dead upon the quarter-deck, their hands pressed and *frozen* together in that friendship which death, even in this horrible shape, could not sever. More than 500 of the crew lay lifeless about them ; some fifty groaned and screamed in agony a few hours longer. Their shrieks were heard on the shore, but help could not reach them ; and, when the last remains of the St. George went down, they sunk with her, only 300 fathoms from the land.

Many persons have blamed the risking a three-deck ship, under jury-masts, at such a season, and in such a sea. But both Reynolds and Guion were prime sailors ; and the ship was surveyed and reported on to the Commander-in-Chief at Wingo Sound. Indeed I was myself with the Admiral on a

former occasion, when his ship was on shore, and I know how his seamanship saved her. But, as if to rescue their name and fame even from doubt, one of the finest men of war in the world, in complete equipment, and belonging to the same fleet, was wrecked on the same sea, at the same time. I allude to the *Hero* of 74 guns, which, on Christmas-day, was lost, with all her crew, on the Haak Sand off the Texel—making the appalling amount of 2000 men swallowed by the sea!

A circumstance worth relating occurred in connexion with the Island of Anholt this year. “My Lords” of the Admiralty had thought proper to appoint a “boatswain” to their anomalous island, or ship-island, or Phantom Ship, as above named; and the said boatswain thought proper to do something which, had he been on board ship, would have subjected him to be tried by a naval court-martial. “My Lords,” however, determined that the island *was* a ship and should be a ship, and subject to all the rules and ordinances “in such cases made and provided.” Accordingly, a court-martial was assembled, with Sir George Hope (“The Down-right”) at its head. But they very soon came to the determination that, however potent the plan of

Mr. Croker might be, it was not *quite* equivalent to an act of Parliament. In short, not wishing to bring a nest of hornets from Westminster-hall about their heads, they refused to proceed, and sent their reasons to the Commander-in-Chief, for the information of my Lords of the Admiralty. The Admiralty, however, resolutely wrong, remained steadfast in their purpose, and sent out a peremptory order to Sir James Saumarez to re-assemble the court-martial, and to give it positive instructions to proceed. But neither the president of the court, nor the honourable members of it, were to be intimidated. They would not act contrary to law. They came to the same resolution as before, and refused to go on with the trial.

By this time the season was so far advanced, that the fleet was about to return home ; and the Admiralty were rescued from public exposure by the death of their boatswain ; he and all the witnesses against him, *and against them*, being lost, either in H. M. S. Defence, or in the St. George.

Shortly after this there was a change of Administration ; Lord Melville succeeded Mr. Yorke at the Admiralty ; and a corps of veterans were sent

to relieve the marine battalion on the island of Anholt.

On returning to England, I found that the despair which had so long prevailed respecting our ultimate success in the Peninsula was beginning to disappear. The triumph of Albuera, the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, and of Badajoz, but above all, the glorious battle of Salamanca, and the clearing the south of Spain, gave courage to the despairing.

Marshal Beresford, in his letter to the Commander-in-Chief after Albuera, says, "I have infinite satisfaction in communicating to your Lordship that the allied army under my orders obtained on the 16th instant (after a most sanguinary contest) a complete victory over those of the enemy, commanded by Marshal Soult." But neither Soult nor the French acknowledge that they were beaten: "Because," say they, "our object was to relieve Badajoz, and Badajoz was relieved; and, our object being gained, the battle was not lost."

Even this, however, Marmont could not say of his attempt to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo, for Wellington stormed and carried it, as he afterwards did Badajoz, in the teeth of Marshal Soult. But Salamanca, or Los dos Arapiles, as the Spaniards

call it, was and is the battle *par excellence*. There Marmont was out-manceuvred, out-generalled, and completely beaten. During three days' previous manœuvres Wellington avoided action, and almost retreated from a consciousness of numerical inferiority. But by a sudden burst of genius—by a sudden and prompt movement, and an astonishing exactness in the calculation of time, he turned the enemy's flank—broke like a thunderbolt through the very centre of the superior army to which he was opposed (who imagined they were hedging him in, and preventing his escape!)—and not only routed and destroyed 26,000, but took 7000 prisoners. The following are the words in which the illustrious conqueror tells the story:—

“ Flores de Avila, July 24th, 1812.

“ My Aid-de-camp, Captain Lord Clinton, will present to your Lordship this account of a victory, which the allied troops under my command, gained in a general action fought near Salamanca, on the evening of the 22nd instant, which I have been under the necessity of delaying to send until now, having been engaged ever since the action in pursuit of the enemy's flying troops.

“ In my letter of the 21st I informed your Lord-

ship that both armies were near the Tormes ; and the enemy crossed that river with the greater part of his troops in the afternoon, by the fords between the Alba del Tormes and Huerta, and moved by their left towards the roads leading to Ciudad Rodrigo.

“ The allied army, with the exception of the 3rd division, and General D’Urban’s cavalry, likewise crossed the Tormes in the evening by the bridge of Salamanca, and the fords in the neighbourhood ; and I placed the troops in a position, of which the right was upon the two heights called Los dos Arapiles, and the left on the Tormes, below the ford of Santa Martha.

“ The 3rd division, and Brigadier General D’Urban’s cavalry, were left at Caburines, on the right of the Tormes, as the enemy had still a large corps on the heights above Babilafuente, on the same side of the river ; and I considered it not improbable that, finding our army prepared for them in the morning, on the left of the Tormes, they might alter their plan and manœuvre by the other bank.

“ In the course of the night of the 21st, I received intelligence, of the truth of which I could not doubt, that General Clausel had arrived at

Pallas on the 20th, with the cavalry and horse artillery of the army of the North, to join Marshal Marmont; and I was quite certain that those troops would join him on the 22nd or 23rd at the latest.

“ During the night of the 21st the enemy had taken possession of the village of Calvarasa de Ariba and of the height near it, called Nuestra Señora de la Peña, our cavalry being in possession of Calvarasa de Abaxo, and shortly after daylight detachments from both armies attempted to obtain possession of the more distant, from our right of the two hills called dos Arapiles.

“ The enemy, however, succeeded, their detachment being the strongest, and having been concealed in the woods nearer than we were, by which success they strengthened materially their own position, and their power by increased means of annoying ours.

“ In the morning, the light troops of the 7th division and the 4th caçadores belonging to General Pack's brigade were engaged with the enemy on the height called Nuestra Señora de la Peña, on which height they maintained themselves with the enemy throughout the day. The possession, however, of the more distant of the Arapiles by

the enemy, rendered it necessary for me to extend the right of the army, in potence to the right of the heights behind the village of dos Arapiles and to occupy the village with the light infantry ; and here I placed the 4th division under the command of the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cole ; and although, from the variety of the enemy's movements, it was difficult to form a satisfactory judgment of his intentions, I considered that, on the whole, his objects were upon the left of the Tormes.

“ I therefore ordered the Honourable Major-General Packenham, who commanded the 3rd division in the absence of General Picton, on account of ill health, to move across the Tormes, with the troops under his command, including Brigadier-General d'Urban's cavalry, and to place himself behind Aldea Tejada, Brigadier-General Bradford's brigade of Portuguese infantry, and Don Carlos d'España's infantry having been moved up likewise to the neighbourhood of Las Torres between the 3rd and 4th divisions.

“ After a variety of evolutions and movements, the enemy appears to have determined upon his plan about two in the afternoon, and under cover of a heavy cannonade, which, however, did us but

little damage, he extended his left, and moved forward his troops, apparently with an intention to embrace, by the position of his troops and by his fire, our post on that of the two Arapiles which we possessed, and from thence to attack and break our line ; or at all events, to render difficult any movements of ours to our right.

“ The extension of his line to his left, however, and its advance upon our right, notwithstanding that his troops still occupied very strong ground, and his position was well defended by cannon, gave me an opportunity of attacking him, for which I had long been anxious. I reinforced our right with the 5th division under Lieutenant-General Leith, which I placed behind the village of Arapiles, on the right of the 4th division, and with the 6th and 7th divisions in reserve ; and as soon as those troops had taken their stations, I ordered Major-General Pakenham to move forward with the 3rd division, and General D’Urban’s cavalry and two squadrons of the 14th light dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, in four columns, to turn the enemy’s left on the heights, while Brigadier-General Bradford’s brigade, the 5th division under General Leith, the 4th division under the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cole,

and the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, should attack them in front, supported in reserve by the 6th division under Major-General Clinton, the 7th division under Major-General Hope, and Don Carlos d'España's Spanish division, and Brigadier-General Denis Pack, should support the left of the 4th division, by attacking that of the dos Arapiles which the enemy held: the 1st and light divisions occupied the ground on the left, and were in reserve.

“ The attack was made upon the enemy's left in the manner above described and completely succeeded. Major-General the Honourable Edward Pakenham formed the 3rd division when across the enemy's flank, and overthrew everything opposed to him: those troops were supported in the most gallant style by the Portuguese cavalry under Brigadier General D'Urban, and Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey's squadrons of the 14th dragoons, who successfully defeated every attempt made by the enemy on the flank of the 3rd division.

“ Brigadier General Bradford's brigade, the 5th and 4th divisions, and the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, attacked the enemy in front, and drove his troops before them, from

one height to another, bringing forward their right so as to acquire strength upon the enemy's flank, in proportion to the advance. Brigadier-General Pack made a very gallant attack upon the Arapiles, in which, however, he did not succeed, except in diverting the attention of the enemy's corps placed upon it from the troops under the command of Lieutenant-General Cole, in his advance.

“ The cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, made a most gallant and successful charge against a body of the enemy's infantry, which they overthrew and cut to pieces. In this charge Major-General Le Marchant was killed at the head of his brigade, and I have to regret the loss of a most noble officer.

“ After the crest of the height was carried one division of the enemy's infantry made a stand against the 4th division, which, after a severe contest, was obliged to give way, in consequence of the enemy having thrown some troops on the left of the 4th division, after the failure of Brigadier-General Pack's attack upon the Arapiles, and the Honourable Lieutenant-General Cole having been wounded.

“ Marshal Sir William Beresford, who happened to be on the spot, directed Brigadier-General

Spry's brigade of the 5th division, which was in the second line, to charge its front, and to bring its fire to bear upon the flank of the enemy's division; and I am sorry to add that, while he was engaged in this service, he received a wound which, I am apprehensive, may deprive me of his counsel and assistance for some time. Nearly about the same time Lieutenant-General Leith received a wound, which unfortunately obliged him to quit the field. I ordered up the 6th division, under Major-General Clinton, to relieve the 4th, and the battle was soon restored to its former success.

“The enemy's right, however, reinforced by the troops which had fled from his left, and by those which had now retired from the Arapiles, still continued to resist, and I ordered the 1st and light divisions, and General Stubbs' Portuguese brigade of the 4th division, which was re-formed, and Major General William Anson's brigade, likewise of the 4th division, to turn the right, while the 6th division, supported by the 3rd and 5th, attacked in front. It was dark before this point was carried by the 6th division, and the enemy fled through the woods towards the Tormes. I pursued them with the 1st and light divisions, and Major-General W. Anson's brigade of the 4th

division, and some squadrons of cavalry, under Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, as long as we could find any of them together, directing our march upon Huerta and the fords of the Tormes, by which the enemy had passed on their advance ; but the darkness of the night was highly advantageous to the enemy, many of whom escaped under its cover, who must otherwise have been in our hands.

“ I am sorry to report that under this same cause Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton was unfortunately wounded by one of our own sentries after he had halted.

“ We renewed the pursuit at the break of day in the morning with the same troops, and Major-General Bock's and Major-General Anson's brigades of cavalry, which joined during the night, and having crossed the Tormes, we came up with the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry and infantry near la Serna : they were immediately attacked by the two brigades of dragoons, and the cavalry fled, leaving the infantry to their fate. I have never witnessed a more gallant charge than was made on the enemy's infantry by the heavy brigade of the king's German Legion, under Major-General Bock, which was completely successful, and the

whole body of infantry, consisting of three battalions of the enemy's 1st division, were made prisoners.

"The pursuit was afterwards continued as far as Penasander last night, and our troops are still following the flying enemy. Their head-quarters were in this town, not less than ten leagues from the field of battle, for a few hours last night, and they are now considerably advanced on the road to Valladolid by Arevalo. They were joined yesterday on their retreat by the cavalry and artillery of the Army of the North, which have arrived, it is to be hoped, too late to be of much use to them.

"It is impossible to form a conjecture of the amount of the enemy's loss in this action, but from all reports it is very considerable. We have taken from them eleven pieces of cannon, several ammunition waggons, two eagles and six colours, one General, three Colonels, three Lieutenant-Colonels, 130 Officers of inferior rank, and between 6000 and 7000 soldiers are prisoners, and our detachments are sending in more every moment. The number of dead on the field is very large. I am informed Marshal Marmont is badly wounded, and has lost one of his arms, and that four general officers have been killed, and several wounded.

“Such advantage could not have been acquired without material loss on our side ; but it certainly has not been of a magnitude to distress the army, or cripple its operations.

“I have great pleasure in reporting to your lordship that throughout the trying day, of which I have related the events, I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the general officers and troops.

“The relation I have written of its events will give a general idea of the share which each individual had in them, and I cannot say too much in praise of the conduct of every person in his station.

“I am much indebted to Marshal Sir W. Beresford for his friendly counsel and assistance, both previous to and during the action, to Lieut.-Generals Sir S. Cotton, Leith and Cole, and Major-Generals Clinton, and the Hon. E. Pakenham, for the manner in which they led the divisions of cavalry and infantry, to Major-General Hulse, commanding a brigade in the 6th division, Major-General George Anson, commanding a brigade of cavalry, Colonel Hinde, Colonel the Hon. W. Ponsonby, commanding Major-General Le Marchant's brigade, after the fall of that officer, to Major-General W. Anson, commanding a brigade of

the 4th division, Major-General Pringle, commanding a brigade of the 5th division and the division after Lieut.-General Leith was wounded, Br.-General Bradford, Br.-General Spry, Colonel Stubbs, and Br.-General Power of the Portuguese service, likewise Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, of the 95th, commanding a brigade in the 3rd division, Lieut.-Colonel Williams of the 60th foot, Lieut.-Colonel Wallace, of the 88th, commanding a brigade in the 3rd division, Lieut.-Colonel Ellis, of the 23rd, commanding General the Hon. Edw. Pakenham's brigade in the 4th division during his absence in the command of the 3rd division, the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Greville, of the 38th regt., commanding Major-General Hay's brigade in the 5th division, during his absence on leave, Br.-General Pack, Br.-General the Conde de Rezendi, of the Portuguese service, Colonel Douglass, of the 8th Portuguese regiment, Lieut.-Colonel the Conde de Ficalho, of the same regiment, and Lieut.-Colonel Bingham, of the 53rd regiment; likewise to Br.-General D'Urban, and Lieut.-Colonel Hervey of the 14th light dragoons, Colonel Lord Edward Somerset, commanding the 4th dragoons, and Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, commanding the 12th dragoons.

“ I must also mention Lieut.-Colonel Woodford, commanding the light battalion of the brigade of Guards, who, supported by two companies of the Fusileers, under the command of Captain Crowder, maintained the village of the Arapiles against all the efforts of the enemy, previous to the attack upon the position by our troops.

“ In a case in which the conduct of all has been conspicuously good, I regret that the necessary limits of a despatch prevent me from drawing your Lordship’s notice to the conduct of a larger number of individuals ; but I can assure your Lordship that there was no officer of corps, engaged in this action, who did not perform his duty to his Sovereign and his country.

“ The Royal and German artillery, under Lieut.-Colonel Framingham, distinguished themselves, by the accuracy of their fire, wherever it was possible to use them ; and they advanced to the attack of the enemy’s position with the same gallantry as the other troops.

“ I am particularly indebted to Lieut.-Colonel de Lancy, the acting Quarter-master-General, the head of the department present, in the absence of the Quarter-master-General, and to the officers of that department, and of the staff corps, for the

assistance I received from them ; particularly the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sturgeon of the latter, and Major Scovell of the former, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Waters, at present at the head of the Adjutant-General's department ; and to Lieutenant-Colonel Lord FitzRoy Somerset, and the officers of my personal Staff ; amongst the latter, I particularly wish your Lordship to draw the attention of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent to His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Orange, whose conduct in the field, as well as upon every other occasion, entitles him to my highest commendation, and has procured for him the respect and the regard of the whole army.

“ I have every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Mariscal del Campo, Don Carlos d'España, and of Brigadier Don Julien Sanchez, and with that of the troops under their command respectively ; and with that of the Mariscal del Campo, Don Miguel Alava, and of Brigadier Don Joseph O'Lawler, employed with this army by the Spanish government ; from whom, and from the Spanish authorities and people in general, I received every assistance I could expect.

“ It is but justice to draw your Lordship's at-

tention upon this occasion to the merits of the officers of the civil department of this army: notwithstanding the increased distance of our operations from our magazines, and that the country is completely exhausted, we have hitherto wanted nothing, owing to the diligence and attention of Mr. Commissary General Bisset, and the officers of the department under his direction.

“ I have likewise to mention, that by the attention and ability of Dr. MacGregor, and of the officers of the department under his charge, our wounded, as well as those of the enemy left in our hands, have been well taken care of; and I hope that many of these valuable men will be saved to the service.

“ Captain Lord Clinton will have the honour of laying at the feet of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent the eagles and colours taken from the enemy in this action.

“ WELLINGTON.”

On the 14th of August, the conqueror, following up his victory, took possession of Madrid by capitulation.

CHAPTER XII.

Marshal Marmont—Lord Wellington appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish Armies—Sir Charles Doyle arrives in England to recruit for Officers—Lieut. Meerhay enters the Spanish service as Captain, arrival at Lisbon—English Wives—Climate of Portugal—Portuguese Beggars—Bad Inns—Elvas—Entrance into Spain—Badajoz—Anniversary Dinner in the Breach.

IT was many years after the events related in the preceding chapter, that I had the honour to be introduced to Marmont. It is no small praise of this general to say, that he was the opponent of Wellington in the most skilful and scientific of all his battles. Indeed, the fact of his having been so, will immortalize him.

On my first introduction to Marmont, I was struck by his handsome countenance and elegant manners. To be sure, it was under circumstances in which, after the field of battle, a French soldier is seen to the greatest advantage; he was in ladies' company. There was a knot of three very remarkable persons sitting together; viz., Marmont,

Duc de Raguse, Madame Barraguay D'Hilliers, widow of the famous general of that name, and her daughter, since become the wife and widow of the noble soldier, who, like our Wolfe, died in the arms of victory, in the breach at Constantine : I allude to General D'Amremont.

After the battle of Salamanca, Lord Wellington advanced without opposition to Burgos ; but there, for want of artillery, he was stopped ; and ultimately retreated to Freynada, where he entered into cantonments for the winter, but from which he started like a giant refreshed in the spring, fought his first battle against the King in person, on the right bank of the Ebro ; drove the French into the passes of the Pyrenees, and sent the baton of Marshal Jourdan to be laid at the feet of the Prince Regent of England.

While Wellington lay in his winter cantonment, the Spanish Government resolved to perform at least one act of sound policy and justice to their cause : they appointed him Captain-General, and General-in-Chief of all the Spanish armies, and His Excellency mounted the red Cockade in addition to those of England and Portugal, which he already wore.

It was at this time, also, that the want of British

officers to instruct and lead the British troops, as Marshal Beresford and his officers had instructed and led the Portuguese, was acknowledged by the hitherto zealous and suspicious government of Spain ; and Sir Charles Doyle, who had the rank of Lieut.-General in the Spanish service, and who commanded the Depôt of Instruction in the Isla de Leon, near Cadiz, came to England for recruits.

From the troops of the line not one more could be spared ; and, after great coaxing, Lord Melville, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, consented that six should “ be spared,” as he called it, from the marines. Of these I had the happiness, the unspeakable good fortune, to be one ; for I was determined to be a colonel or a corpse before the close of the war.

In taking leave of my old corps (for I never served with them afterwards), I may say, that if I have met their equals, I have never met their superiors, in all the qualities of good soldiers. The marines really fight *con amore*. As a body, no other country has a more formidable or better disciplined, or a more efficient force—loyal and true to the crown, they have always been found good at need, animated by the highest principles of military virtue, governed by precepts of the

strictest honour and integrity, and pursuing individually a straight path of duty to their sovereign and to society, they are entitled to a place, if not amongst the highest, certainly among the most meritorious classes of either public or private life—they may not be what I once heard a mustachoied Dandy term a “fashionable corps,” but they are more—they are a “respectable corps,”—a corps of gentlemen, taken from the middle, and most healthy, as well as most moral part of the British community, and are, as soldiers and men, “sans peur, et sans reproche.” Still, I must repeat, a more neglected body does not exist in the service. They have been used worse than the German Legion, who, during the war absolutely fought themselves from insignificance to distinction ; for, after the battle of Salamanca, where they even outdid their former doings, the following order was issued, putting them on a footing with the rest of the army :—

“*War-Office, August, 1812.*”

“The King’s German Legion having so frequently distinguished themselves against the enemy, and particularly at the late victory at Salamanca, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is pleased to command, in the name and behalf of His Majesty,

that the officers serving with temporary rank in that corps shall have permanent rank in the army from the date of their respective commissions."

The Life-Guards, too—who does not remember where they *were*, and how they *fought* themselves to what they *now are*? But *the marines*, and the marine artillery, like the noble war-horse, have contributed more than their share in all the great battles in which they have participated; and, like the war-horse, too, they have hitherto been unrewarded with anything but the bare provender which was indispensable to keep them fit for their work. But Parliament have at length been induced to listen to their cause, advocated by no bad judges of military merit;—Lord George Lennox, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Wellington, and his brother, the Duke of Richmond, who served as *Captain* in fifteen general actions during the Peninsular war, and whose only military badge, therefore, according to the unjust distribution of honours at its close, is the medal for Waterloo, hung as a pendant to the jewel of the Garter.

It may be all very fine for the gallant Sir Henry Hardinge, whose spirit as a soldier is unanimously admitted and admired, but who now sinks the soldier in the senator—it may be all very well for

him to object to " the House of Commons being made a Court of Appeal." But to whom, to what tribunal on this earth are the marines to appeal, if not to the House of Commons? If not, in other words, to their country—that country for which they have fought a thousand battles—and are ready to fight a thousand more? I do not take part in the murmurs about the state of the navy. It must be reduced in time of peace. But irreparable mischief was done by Sir James Graham, when he all but annihilated the marine artillery—a corps without a superior in Europe. It does not appear that we shall again have the *same species* of naval war. The application of steam, though yet in its infancy, to ships of war of every class, will make an entire alteration in strategy at sea. In fact so complete a revolution in maritime warfare will not have been effected since the invention of gunpowder. When a war happens it will be a war of steam ships. You can put engines into your frigates and line-of-battle ships, and a certain number of sailors to navigate them; but you must have *marine artillery*—hundreds and thousands of marine artillery, to fight them. An experienced British general* said to me the other

* Lieut.-General Sir T. Pritzler, K.C.B., since dead.

day, "Sir, you must begin again—you must multiply your two remaining companies of marine artillery. You must immediately begin training and forming them; for artillery are the growth of time; so that in the event of a war, we may be able to bring steam into play. You should begin by reducing 5,000 troops of the line, and graft them in your marine artillery, or let them volunteer. The additional pay, and the love of change, will be sufficient stimulus."

"Very true," I replied; "but the first step to induce soldiers of the line to volunteer into the marine artillery corps must be, to put an end to flogging on board ship, *without* a Court Martial."

No bird just escaped from its cage,—no lark rising from the flowery fields of May to sing at heaven's gate,—could be fuller of light and life and joy, than I was at being released from the routine of a gradation corps, with the full sanction of Government to take service in Spain. Moreover, there was an additional ground for rejoicing at the change;—we had each a step of rank, and received commissions as Captains in the Spanish army. The uniform, too, was so becoming—two bullion epaulettes—the Captains in the British service at that time wearing only one; in short, my day-dream

and nightly vision were the renown to be obtained in the Peninsular war.

In the few weeks previously to the opening the campaign of 1813 I was indefatigable in my study of the Spanish language ; and I certainly subscribe to the opinion, that to be able to read *Don Quixote* in the original, (and from having mixed with the chivalrous and romantic Spanish people, so as to really comprehend and enjoy that racy and incomparable work,) would of itself be a sufficient harvest for all the toil and danger I passed in Spain, and for any pains I took to acquire what they themselves call *la Lengua de Dios*, the language of Heaven !

It was Charles V., I think, who said he would speak French to his tailor, Italian to his mistress, English to the birds, German to his horse, but Spanish to his God.

In the month of March all was stirring at Portsmouth. The disasters of Napoleon had effaced the recollection of the retreat from Burgos ; and it seemed to be the decided wish, both of the English Government and the people, to send out supplies and reinforcements without limit to the Marquis of Wellington. Transports, convoys, and troopships were therefore collecting in the harbour, and at Spithead.

As we were entering a foreign service, it was understood we were to find our own passage to the Peninsula ; but I found it quite as much as I could do to fit myself out for a campaign—to purchase one horse, meaning to get another in the country, and equip myself for the field ; so I wrote a letter to Lord Bathurst, the Secretary of State for War and Colonies, and was gratified by the following reply:—

“ Sir, *War Department, 8th March, 1813.*

“ In answer to your letter of the seventh instant, I am directed by Lord Bathurst to acquaint you, that orders have been sent to the Transport Office to provide you with a passage to Lisbon, on board the Transport, No. 137, according to the request contained in your said letter.

“ I am, &c.

(Signed) “ H. E. BUNBURY.”

“ Well,” said I, “ this is a good beginning ; and in forty-eight hours more we sailed with a fair wind for Portugal. But, alas ! in those days, we had no steam on our ships, by which, like the witches of old (upon a broomstick), we might go in the wind’s eye, and against the sea ; so we were treated with some hours’ tossing in the Bay ; when

about half-seas-over Biscay, the whole convoy was taken aback, the wind veered to the south-west, and came on to blow ; as the sun sunk, the wind rose ; it looked greasy to windward, and, at midnight it blew a heavy gale,—how it tore and howl'd, and hush'd and howl'd again through the shrouds,—how the ship shook and trembled, like a thing of life ! Surely one has palpable evidence of the Deity in the invisible wind, which inflicts the blow, though we see not the striker, and alarms us with its voice, though we cannot look on it ; and are we not sensible of His presence, when we breathe the principle of life in the animating air without which we instantly die ? How awful, especially on the ocean, is that hidden mystery—the wind, which, with its invisible arm, churns the sea, raises it to mountains, sinks it in gulphs, and lashes it into foam ; and then the tides, who can account for them ? Alas ! we need not aspire to the stars to feel what atoms we are,—the snail may as well dare comprehend the earth as we the creation. I felt the storm more startling in a transport, where there is much confusion, than on board a frigate, where all is silent but the wind, and the one voice that commands the ship, and where plenty of hands reduce all sail quickly, suddenly repair a

damage, and almost neutralise a danger, by meeting it. While the storm lasted, at times, I wished myself on board that sweetest sea-boat, the *Vestal*. However, God is good ; it was but a twelve hours' burst,—the gale subsided and slept ; and as the morning sun rose, it came with a laughing light wind from the eastward : the scattered convoys came creeping together, so that by evening the swell had also gone down, and we were crowding all sail to make the Rock of Lisbon.

After, on the whole, a favourable passage, we entered an array of reinforcements into the Golden River, and anchored before the fair City of Lisbon, and which, as the breeze died away, it reflected on its bosom like a mirror.

Lisbon sounded in those days almost as English as Boulogne, or the Rue de la Paix do now ; for, as the poor Prince de Condé used to say, “ When I walk in the Rue de la Paix I fancy myself in Bond Street again, for I meet none but English faces, and hear nothing but English tongues.”

We met many of our gallant fellows upon crutches or with arms in sling, recovering from their wounds ; and frequently, some lovely and devoted wife, who had followed her heart's lord so

far, but was stopped by authority from proceeding to the army. And there was the lovely Harriette P., who, like, and as beautiful as Joan of Arc, or the fair maid of Saragossa, unsexed herself, and followed her idol to the field, where he was slain on one of those famous knolls called the *Arapiles* ; and there she found him, and pressed his cold heart to her burning bosom ; and with him perished all her happiness on earth.—His pale bloodless face, her dry and tearless eye, showed that one bullet had taken a twofold effect.

To leave Spithead with a sharp, nipping north-east wind in the beginning of March, and after a few flying hours, cast anchor amongst the myrtles in the Tagus, is ravishing and romantic. There is, after all, a charm in climate that money cannot buy, or any artificial luxury give you the enjoyment of.

From the British envoy (now become ambassador and Regent of Portugal) I received kindness and hospitality ; and when he found I was proceeding to Cadiz on my own ways and means, he said, “ Egad, you are in luck—here are some horses going to Sir Henry Wellesley, our ambassador there—you shall have charge of them, and that will give you great facilities. and an escort,

as well as an introduction to Sir Henry himself, which I will give you."

Elated and happy beyond expression, I joined my charger to the ambassador's stud, and made ready for immediate departure. At Mr. Stuart's table I also had the good fortune to meet two T. G.'s, as they were styled, or travelling gentlemen, making a continental visit, and who, on the minister's recommendation, joined my escort as far as Seville, to which famous city their steps were bent. Besides mules, canteens, and long purses, these charming companions had (under the same beaver) a courier, and a capital cook, who preceded us with our passports, made easy our way, procured us provisions, and captured, killed, and roasted our poultry, by the time of our arrival at our halt for the night.

The breed of beggars, so celebrated in all time as peculiar to Portugal, is fully kept up. Their dirt, vermin, and sores,—their importunity, loudness, and boldness, have undergone no change; and they waylay you at every town, follow you up every hill, and bore you out of all your pence, and more than all, your patience; they pursue and buz about you like that pest of all insects, the musquito, and you trot out of the

persecution of one lot only to meet, and be pestered by another.

The post-house where we stopped the first night was also a holster-house, kept by the principal vintner of the place,—a fact designated by the simple hanging-out of a vine branch, offering at once a contradiction and an explanation of the proverb, that “ Good wine needs no bush.”

We proceeded next day five leagues, to the Venta de Pegoen, one of the most wretched places of entertainment either for man or beast I ever met with, for there was nothing to be had but what we carried with us, except a stringy old cock, and some sour wine.

The third day we passed the remains of a large palace, built above one hundred years ago by John V., for the use of his daughter-in-law, an Infanta of Spain ; but all traces of occupation were gone, and its falling balconies carried sadness to the mind.

Proceeding thence through large groves of olives we arrived at Montenor, which stands on the slope of a mountain, and borders the horizon. From thence we went on about a mile, and crossed a shining river, that ran murmuring in a silver tone clear as itself, and full of cheerfulness, as if it enjoyed the beautiful scenery through

which it wound its pleasant way. Thence we proceeded to Arrayolos to sleep, which we did as soundly as the fleas would let us.

The next morning we crossed a forest track and reached Estremoz,* and from thence, the following day, entered the ramparts of Elvas, a distance of twenty-four miles.

Having reached the confines of Portugal, and taken a peep at the singular Fort of La Lippe, I became exceedingly impatient to enter the dominions of Spain. Early in the morning, therefore, we crossed the plain and came to the rivulet which divides the two kingdoms ; and I felt a sort of personal glow as I regarded the first sentinel of that army in which I was a captain ; and when the usual salute was given to me, I acknowledged it with a feeling of conscious pride, and spoke to the non-commissioned officer of the post with a confidence that made my companions smile. I was, however, too happy to be understood in my newly-acquired Spanish to be vexed by an innocent joke.

* Estremoz, a fortified town of the province of Alentejo, surrounded with walls, with ten bastions. Earthenware, which gives a most agreeable smell, is made here ; and in the neighbourhood are quarries of precious marble.

We soon came in sight of Badajos, yet reeking with the sack of the preceding year, and it so happened that we entered it on the very anniversary of its being taken by storm,—and were invited by the British officers stationed in the place to an anniversary dinner, which was given in the very breach itself,—or rather where the breach had been. This was surely a singular entertainment for the “curious” traveller, and a famous chance for the memorandum books of the T. G.’s.—At the very hour (of the same day, in the succeeding year), when the assault had been most desperate—when blood flowed like a mountain stream, and men fell in heaps in the breach—we poured out goblets of wine, and drank to the living and the dead,

“ And cried, remembrance sadd’ning o’er each brow,
How had the brave who fell, exulted now ! ”

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

SIR JOHN BARROW, who, next to Lord P——, has incontestably the cleverest seat in England, in a supplementary chapter to his *Life of Lord Anson*, gives a very satisfactory statement as to the number of ships-of-war, *en disponibilité*, and shows that we have more than France and Russia, or than America, Egypt, and Turkey, put together. But then they are like empty houses to let. And how are they to be manned? If recourse is no longer to be had to kidnapping, crimping, man-stealing, or, in one word, to *impressment*, how, I repeat, are they to be manned?

A late First Lord of the Admiralty, in the course of the recent debates upon the navy estimates, took occasion to observe that, on quitting office, he had left a memorandum recording his opinion, “*that impressment was the prerogative of the crown*, and that whenever it was relinquished the star of our naval greatness would turn pale and decline.” But under what clause in the chapter of British freedom does he find this prerogative? Is it written in *Magna Charta* or the *Bill of Rights*?

The first article of any charter of constitutional freedom must be that, "*All men are equal before the law.*" Why then should not James—Sir James—Saint James—or any James—be as liable to impressment "from all protection" as Tom and Jerry?—and how would he the said ex-first Lord feel, if he, or any of his country cousins, when sauntering on the Solway Firth, were seized and sent to sea?

But how is the navy to be manned?

The reply is, by an amelioration of what is technically called the Marine Mutiny Bill, or the Rules and Regulations for the better government of her Majesty's ships and vessels of war, the last article of which (I quote from memory) runs after this manner:—

"All crimes not capital, or not mentioned or provided for in these articles, shall be punished according to the usages and customs on board her Majesty's ships and vessels of war," &c. ; which, being interpreted, means that any captain or commander of any ship or vessel of war may, for any offence, real or supposed, at his will, caprice, or discretion, tie up any seaman, marine, or soldier, whose name may be borne on the ship's books for provisions, and inflict lashes and gashes on his

back in a worse way than a whipper-in would rate a false hound.

I would, I say, ameliorate this canine law, and if corporal punishment must be, reserve it for the only terrible extremity on which it may be justified—mutiny; though, for that highest and most dangerous crime, I would prefer the penalty of death. Let the cat then be hung up at the yard-arm, and never be called down, but by the sentence of a court-martial.

A court-martial on board a single ship! exclaims some martinet of the old school; yes, I reply, a court-martial on board a single ship—and why not? Have you not in line-of-battle ships seven, eight, or nine lieutenants, with the rank of captains in the army, who always preside at regimental or detachment courts-martial?—and have you not a captain and two or three subalterns of royal marines?—and have you not a master and a surgeon, the fittest of all men to be consulted in the deliberations of a court-martial?—and in frigates have you not three or four lieutenants, one or two lieutenants of marines, a master and a surgeon?

But in brigs and cutters commanded by one lieutenant, and no lieutenant of marines—there I

would resort to every correction but the lash, till a vessel fell in with a consort, or put into port ; or if the emergency did arise—if rebellion was ripe, death might be instantly and justifiably executed upon the ringleader. Still, however, in a brig or a cutter, there are warrant-officers, a master, a boatswain, purser, and assistant-surgeon, and a serjeant commanding the detachment of royal marines. If the boatswain carries a rope's-end in his jacket pocket to start the last man up the ladder, and the serjeant a rattan to martinet it along the deck, surely these petty officers are, or ought to be, competent judges of crime, and capable of a just award of punishment.

It is remarkable that, amongst all the panaceas prescribed “for the encouragement of seamen to enter her Majesty's navy,” by commanders, captains, and flag-officers, secretaries, deputy-secretaries, and lords of the Admiralty, in or out of parliament, whether Tory, Whig, or Whig and something more, it never has occurred, nor will it be owned by any of them, that the vice is in the system, the sting is in the despotism, against which a free people, under whatever climate they breathe, will rebel. While the power of flogging at the caprice of the captain exists in the navy, no

man who is not drunk, insane, or a fool, will be found voluntarily to enter the service. Whenever the discipline of the navy has been before the House of Commons, no naval officer has been known to admit the anomaly of the commander of a man-of-war uniting in his own person the attributes of accuser, jury, judge, and executioner. On the contrary, they stickle for their *prerogative*, and uniformly declare, that this despotic power, more euphonically called, summary justice, is indispensable at sea.

Perhaps it is natural, constituted as poor humanity is, for these gentlemen to do so; and I war not with them, but the system. When I raise my hand and voice against it, I deny both the premises and the inference; I ascribe to it the increasing aversion for the naval service, and believe that the dry rot is not more pernicious to the ship than despotic power is abhorrent to the sailor. They both alike. eat into the heart of oak, pulverise, and destroy it.

It would be useless to deny that under the mixed tyranny of impressment and flogging, our fleets have been manned and have done wonders. The man-of-war of the martinet was indeed "the most astonishing piece of mechanism the world ever

saw." But the bow was bent to the uttermost ; time and intelligence have now broken it, and no human means can make it available again.

However, there is no occasion to be down-hearted. Britannia shall still "rule the waves." We have the same materials ; we have only to manage them differently and according to the times. Nothing stands still in 'this world ; the world travels almost as fast as light itself. Then why should naval despotism stick where it did in the days of Sir Cloudesley Shovel ? *

* There is no doubt but the Admiralty have issued instructions, which, if duly attended to, go a great way to soften the rigour of naval discipline. Still the snake is only scotched, not killed, as the following *recent* occurrence will go far to prove :—Lieutenant V——, of the Royal Engineers, and a detachment of Sappers and Miners, were on duty on the north coast of Spain, when one or more of these men committed some breach of military discipline, and Lieutenant V—— applied to the officer commanding the Royal Marine battalion, and the senior military officer on the spot, for a detachment court-martial, which Colonel O—— expressed his readiness to grant, desiring Lieutenant V—— at the same time to mention the circumstance, as a matter of courtesy, to the *commodore*, who replied, that the proposed ceremony of a court-martial was superfluous and unnecessary. He then ordered the Sappers and Miners to be taken on board the Tweed sloop of war (Commander Maitland), to whom he addressed a note, ordering

But in disarming the captain with one hand, I would trebly arm him with the other. He should have the full irresponsible power of pardon or mitigation of punishment from the sentence of court-martial held under his order by the officers of the ship under his command. Then the poor seaman, when he saw the cabin-door opened, (as he lay in irons, perhaps, on the threshold,) and his captain coming out, or passing in, would look at him as the only one through whose judgment and power justice might be softened by mercy; and when, in the course of a conscientious performance of his duty, he could remit or pardon! How endeared would he become to the culprit, whose agony he had assuaged, shortened, or better still, whose pardon perhaps he had graciously pronounced before the crew. I think, with this divine prerogative, no British captain can suppose I would desire to despoil him of his authority, or make him a cipher on board the ship whose destiny he rules.

After having protected the seaman from the capricious lash, against which, as the law now stands, no precaution, or character, or conduct *can* that, on their being brought on board, they were to have a good flogging each! and on their arrival on board the Tweed, they were tied up and flogged accordingly!!

assure him—which hangs, like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a hair over his head, and that hair liable to be snapped in a moment of irritation by the captain—after having got rid of this foul blot on the naval character of England, then offer a fair bounty, and make a more equitable distribution of prize and freight money, which, to flag-officers out of sight, and captains in, is now egregiously partial. Revise and make a settlement of pensions for wounds and length of service, not susceptible of quibble, misinterpretation, and change, so that the sea-worn sailor may find a crust and a hammock, in his old age, in his cabin ashore. Do these things, and the strong predilection of the hardy inhabitants of our sea-girt islands for enterprise on their natural element will spontaneously show itself; and, as they now go willingly into the merchant-service, they will feel like men, and go like men up the sides of the wooden walls of Old England, and there, like true sons of the sea, fulfil the immortal Nelson's exhortation, and

“ EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.”

APPENDIX.

NAPOLÉON, I imagine, was too good a judge seriously to believe that he could ultimately succeed in such an enterprise as the invasion of England. The fact, I suspect, is, that he started and kept up the idea, as a sort of balloon to amuse the people, to whom "shows" were (and are) as necessary as "bread;" and it was especially necessary for him to do so, while he was working out the decree, by which the Imperial Crown was voted to him by the servile senate. He had played Hannibal, and crossed the Alps, and overrun Italy; and he would fain add the part of Julius Cæsar, cross the Channel, and conquer Britain! Moreover, the concentration of an enormous flotilla and army at one point not only enabled him to foil the conspiracy of Pichegru and of Moreau, after himself, the most renowned and popular men of the French army, but it enabled him to appeal to that assembled multitude by whom he was most enthusiastically beloved, and who had great weight with the rest of the nation, to sanction and vote that the Imperial Crown should be hereditary in his family.

It should be stated also, that before his expedition to Egypt, Bonaparte had inspected Boulogne incognito, or rather in the assumed character of one of his own aids-de-camp. This event may be considered the date of the first modern project of invading England. He addressed himself, with proper credentials, to Captain Friocourt, commandant of the port ; asked him a thousand questions ; breakfasted with him ; visited the works ; examined the spots where landing or embarkation could be effected ; and then departed like a flash of lightning, leaving the mystified Captain-Commandant of the port in perfect astonishment as to the rarity and extent of "the aid-de camp's" information.

Some years afterwards, when, in common with a great part of the population of the United Kingdom, I visited Boulogne-sur-mer, I endeavoured to ascertain, from oral as well as written authority, what the force really consisted of, with which Napoleon promised to effect a descent upon merry England. The following is the result of my inquiries.

The vessels composing the Armada were of four descriptions.—1st. *The prams*, which measured 110 feet from head to stern, and 25 feet across the beam and drawing eight feet water. They were rigged as corvettes, with a complement of thirty-eight seamen, and carrying twelve twenty-four pounders. They preserved their equilibrium when dry, as well as when afloat, and their hold was fitted up as a stable, to convey fifty horses.

2nd. *The cannonnières*, drawing six feet water, measuring 76 feet from stem to stern, by 17 feet on the beam; brig-rigged, and a complement of twenty-two men; carrying three twenty-four pounders, and an eight-inch howitzer.

3rd. *The flat-bottomed boats*, drawing above four feet water, 60 feet long, by 14 in breadth. Lugger-rigged, carrying one twenty-four pounder, and one howitzer or field-piece, and a complement of six men: in the hold was a stable for two horses.

4thly. *The péniches*, also lugger-rigged, drawing three feet and a half water, measuring 60 feet by 10; carrying a six-inch howitzer, and a carronade, with a complement of five men.

Besides these, there was a smaller sort of boat called caïques, carrying one long twenty-four pounder; and also a multitude of transports of every description, galiots, cutters, brigs, doggers, galley-boats, Newfoundland boats, whale boats, &c., &c.; and lastly, yachts, fitted out with great luxury and taste, to carry the chief of the armament, his generals, and the principal officers. These superb vessels were worked by from four to ten seamen, and were of from 30 to 120 tons' burthen.

The prams were to take on board 120 soldiers, and fifty horses each; *the cannonnières*, 130 men; *the flat boats*, 130 soldiers, and two horses; and *the péniches* sixty-six rank and file. Besides their artillery, each vessel mounted a swivel gun; and the sailors were doubly armed.

The flotilla was separated into divisions, sections, and squadrons, commanded respectively by Post-Captains, Commanders and Lieutenants.

All this Armada, and in a great measure the Port which contained it, was the creation of Bonaparte. It had been worked out with incredible diligence and perseverance during two years, and was "*all ready* for sea," when, on the 19th of July, 1804, the new monarch arrived at Boulogne, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Reaching the Port, or place of embarkation, he beheld an obelisk of great architectural beauty, and on the four faces of the pedestal were inscribed these words :

NAPOLEON Ier.

EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS.

LES DEUX MONDES TE DEMANDENT LA LIBERTÉ DES MERS,
ALBION PUNIE.

DU RUISSEAU DE LA LIANE PARTIRONT TES FOUDRES VENGERESSES.

This in plain English means—"Napoleon the First Emperor of the French, both worlds demand of thee the liberty of the seas,—and punishment to Albion. From the Rivulet of the Liane, thy avenging thunders shall depart."—On his arrival, the Emperor was saluted with a discharge of 900 pieces of cannon. Then, attended by the Prince of Neufchâtel, the Prince Eugene, Soult, and a numerous suite, he visited the forts, inspected the Armada, and reviewed the troops. The following morning he went afloat, set his expedition in motion, brought the English cruisers about his ears, and very narrowly

escaped being either shot or drowned. After this he was attacked by the elements:—a violent north-easter that night swept across the port, carrying confusion and destruction among his ships, and throwing the outer line, which was anchored with their broadside seaward, with violence against the shore, when some foundered and were lost. But in the midst of the storm Napoleon presented himself, and by his orders and example did all that was possible to renew enthusiasm, and repair disaster.

It was at this period that the Emperor passed several days in the midst of the camps, and was engaged in manœuvring the troops, or in visiting the flotilla; and now it was that he instituted the Legion of Honour for the reward of wounds and good service, and fixed the jubilee of the distribution of the crosses to the army on the 15th of August. All this was done with a “pomp and circumstance,” that not only announce him a great general, but a good judge of human nature.

One day, when Napoleon was visiting the left camp, a woman, called Marienne Kinard, threw herself at his feet, crying out, “Justice, Monsieur Bonaparte, justice!” On somebody observing to her that she was addressing the emperor, she again cried out, “Justice, Monsieur l’Empereur! the English have destroyed my house with their bombs: it is you who are the cause; it is you who ought to pay me!” “What did your house cost?” “1500 francs.” “You shall have them.” “Who will

pay them to me?" "This person," said the Emperor, pointing to general Guyot; "come this evening and the money shall be paid you."

The woman went accordingly to head-quarters, and by the hands of M. Sansot, the officer on guard, received the 1500 francs the Emperor had promised her.

After giving the necessary directions for the fête of the distribution of the crosses, Napoleon set out on the 17th of August, at 9 P.M. for Calais, where he arrived at midnight. At day-break he visited all that part of the coast which had any connexion with the expedition. On the 19th he was at Dunkerque, the 23rd in the camps of Ostend and Bruges, and on the 26th he returned to his barrack at the Tour de l'Ordre. There he received bishops, prefects, ministers, marshals, and senators. These receptions of the court of France were held on the heights of Boulogne, overhanging the sea, and within sight of England; and with the same ceremony that audiences are given in the palace of the Tuileries; and these plains on which the Roman Legions of Cæsar had encamped were, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, occupied by soldiers and a general, scarcely inferior in skill and valour.*

On the 28th all the troops from the camp at Montreuil, the reserve, the cavalry in the cantonments at St. Omer, Arras, Calais and other towns, having marched up, a general salute from the artillery told that the day

* Dr. Bertrand's History of Boulogne.

of jubilee had arrived. At nine o'clock the générale was beat in all the camps, and in the twinkling of an eye all the forces were in march towards a small valley situated on the borders of the sea, and half a league from Boulogne, between Hubert's Mill and the village of Jerlincthum. There the ground inclines gently towards the steep shore, and naturally forms an amphitheatre. It is a most favourable position in which to form large bodies of troops, and admit innumerable spectators. In the midst of this amphitheatre a platform was raised, upon which was placed the throne, with no other ornament but the standards, colours, and trophies taken from the enemy at Arcole, Lodi, Rivoli, Marengo, &c. At 12 o'clock the Emperor left his head-quarters on horseback, magnificently attended. One discharge of artillery announced his starting, and another his arrival in the midst of the army. Upon his throne sat the crowned soldier! On his right hand was his brother Joseph, afterwards king of Spain, and behind him the great officers of state. On a bench below were the ministers, marshals, senators, and generals. Below them again, and at the foot of the throne, were the inferior functionaries, military, civil, and religious. At the back of the platform the imperial guard were drawn up in order of battle, with the bands of all the corps on their right flank and more than 2000 drums on their left.

Before the throne sixty regiments were formed in twenty close columns, supported by twenty squadrons in order of battle. At the head of each column in platoons were the brave fellows destined to receive the

decoration of the Legion of Honour. Immediately behind them were the colours and the generals of each division.

A multitude of visitors from Paris, and the interior towns, united to the entire population of Boulogne, covered the country in all directions. At a signal given, the two thousand drums beat the charge, and in an instant the whole army moved. The columns advanced steadily, half the distance, which separated them from the throne. This was a glorious sight: 100,000 men marching together in a space which the eye could easily cover! It looked as if the hills were moving from an earthquake; and their bright arms, reflected in the rays of the sun, appeared like waves of steel. Another signal halted this mighty mass; and, as by enchantment, it stood still, and listened.

At this moment the High Chancellor pronounced a discourse adapted to the occasion; after which the Emperor took the oaths required by the statutes of the order, which was repeated by the whole army. The grand crosses, officers, commanders, and knights of the Legion of Honour, were then individually presented to His Majesty. The respective decorations had been placed in the helmets and bucklers of the ancient armour worn by Bayard, the renowned chevalier, "Sans peur et sans reproche," and the equally famous Duguesclin. From hence the Emperor took them as they had previously been decreed, and conferred them severally, according to the companions of his campaigns, and the partakers of his glory. *

* Bertrand's History.

Meanwhile the collected bands of the army played those airs most calculated to recal the past, and excite to future exertions.

After the distribution of the crosses, the army defiled before the throne, and returned to their respective camps, where double rations of wine, &c., were distributed to every man. Dinners were given by the officers of the respective corps to each other; banquets were given by prince Joseph, the Ministers, Marshals, and Admirals; and this ever-memorable fête, and inauguration of the Legion of Honour, which two succeeding dynasties have been obliged to respect, was concluded by a wonderful display of artificial fire on the mountain of Châtillon.

In return for this jubilee the army, at the suggestion of Marshal Soult, determined to raise a column to the Fame and Name of Napoleon; which, if it did not ultimately defy time, should outlive centuries: and the spot chosen, was that on which the monument now stands, two hundred metres from the high road to Calais. From this spot you command a view of Boulogne and its harbour, and, in the distance, the coast of England.

It may be worth while to add, that while Napoleon was staying at Boulogne a young English seaman, who was detained as a prisoner of war, in one of the dépôts in the interior, had escaped and concealed himself in the neighbouring forest of Hardelot, where he suffered the greatest privations. In the midst of the forest he contrived to form the hull of a small boat, twelve feet long by four

feet broad. It was composed of the branches of trees drawn tight together with strips of bark, and then covered with canvass rubbed over with tar, in such a way as to give it the appearance of a canoe. With these feeble means, and after the manner of the savages of America, did this daring youth intend to cross the Strait at Calais, unless in his passage he should fall in with some vessel of his country, which would take him on board. In this hope did he every day keep watch on the highest trees of the forest : at last, after long waiting, he saw an English brig so near the shore, as to offer him every chance of success. He instantly descended from the tree upon which he was perched, hoisted his boat upon his shoulders, and hurried to the sea-shore. But at the minute he was launching her into the sea he was seen by the patrol on the coast, was arrested, and carried into Boulogne as a spy.

This bold adventure was soon known to all the world, and became the subject of general conversation. Everybody wished to see the boat, which was shown in the court of the Naval Prefect. The Emperor desired to see both the boat and the prisoner, and they were brought before him. The youth stated, with the utmost simplicity, the means by which he proposed to reach England. The undertaking seemed utterly impracticable ; but the seaman, who apprehended punishment for having deserted from the dépôt where he was kept, asked that, by way of commutation of punishment, he might be permitted to execute his project.—Napoleon

was charmed with his courage, and said to him,—“ Tu as donc bien envie de retourner dans ton pays ? ” *

“ No,” he replied, “ it is a beloved mother, poor and infirm, that I long to see again.” The Emperor was struck by this instance of filial affection, and set him instantly free; ordering him money and clothes (for he was destitute and almost naked), and that he should be forthwith conveyed to England: and he added with much feeling, “ Elle doit être bien bonne, sa mère, puisqu'elle a un si bon fils ! ” †

Don Carlos has crossed the frontiers and demanded hospitality from France, and it will be curious to see how his royal relative, Louis Philip, will treat him:—will he improve upon our hospitality to Napoleon, with whom we were at declared war, and make Castilian Charley, with whom he was at peace, a prisoner at large, at unhealthy Bourges ?

Bourges is a great ill-constructed town, formerly the capital of the province of Berry, and now of the department of the Cher: it stands on a rising ground, surrounded by swamps and marshes, between the rivers Evre and Auron, which here unite their streams: like Edinburgh, it is divided into the old and new town, and contains sixteen parishes, 3800 houses, and 18,500 inhabitants. Louis XI. was born here, and founded its renowned University. Bourges was originally called Avaricum, and was taken by storm by Cæsar, after a long siege,

* You are very anxious to return to your country ?

† “ She must be an excellent mother who has so good a son ! ”

and was considered the strongest place in Gaul. It is now the head-quarters of the General commanding the twenty-second military division, the seat of a royal court for the departments of the Cher, the Inche, and the Nievre, and the head of an *arrondissement* containing ten cantons, and is situated nearly in the centre of France.

The only public buildings worth notice are a fine gothic cathedral, and a great tower, once, but I hope not, ominously, used as a state prison,—for poor Carlos (whose hand I have often pressed) has been basely betrayed by a wretch very properly described as uniting and combining in himself the two-fold character of Iscariot and Barabbas.—Yes, the pretender has been betrayed; and, although many may love the treason, all must abhor the blood-stained traitor; so that, while we rejoice gladly that civil war will cease in Spain, and that this favoured and sunny land, and its magnificent and beautiful children, are delivered from this moral Sirocco, this parching blast of the desert, we are almost afraid to inquire into the means by which that great blessing has been obtained — *en attendant*, however, our armed neutrality is at an end, and the fine battalion of Royal Marines, which gained such laurels at Hernani,* under Colonel Owen, and is now commanded by one of the best

* On the 17th of March, the day after the flight at Hernani, the telegraph at Bayonne gave the following message to the King of the French:—"A battalion of the Royal British Marines alone remained firm, and saved the artillery and the whole army," and every paper in Paris repeated the glorious news.

officers in the service, will return to England; and, if government act with prudence and *prévoyance*, they will profit by the occasion, and graft it on the remaining stem of the corps of Royal Marine artillery, and so make ready for conquest in that new species of warfare which the application of steam to the sea will inevitably produce.

Colonel Parke, C. B., who now commands them, was one of the first, and is amongst the ablest and most distinguished officers of the Royal Marine Artillery; and possesses every qualification to instruct his battalion, and make them in due season a perfect corps of artillery.

London, 25th September, 1839.

